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A memorial of the Futtehgur mission and her martyred

A MEMORIAL

OF THE

FUTTEHGURH MISSION

AND HER

Martyred Missionaries:

WITH SOME REMARKS

ON THE MUTINY IN INDIA.

BY THE

REV. J. JOHNSTON WALSH,

SOLE SURVIVING MEMBER OF THE FUTTEHGURH MISSION OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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Preface.

The Author is not willing to send forth this volume without stating that it is not one of his own seeking, or in consequence of any peculiar fitness for its preparation, unless it be that he was an actor in the scenes which he has portrayed, and a fellow-labourer with those whose memorials he has sketched. He was urged to it by those, on whose judgment he could rely, and whose solicitations he did not feel at liberty to disregard. His interest in the companions whose memoirs he has prepared, and his long and intimate association with them, has been a principal cause, why he, and not another, should prepare the memorial of the Mission and the Martyred Missionaries. He has been associated with every member of the Futtehgurh Mission Station, and is therefore perfectly familiar with its history, and all the plans pursued for the successful propagation of the gospel.

The Author has not pretended to give a history, however, of the Mission, but simply a memorial; with the design of connecting the Mission with some of the interest consequent on the bloody death of so many of its missionaries. With reference to the title of the volume, it should be remembered that Futtehgurh is not a distinct mission, but a station of the Furrukhabad Mission, including Agra, Mynpoorie, Futtehgurh, Futtehpore, Banda, and Allahabad. To avoid repetition, it was thought best to call our station "the Futtehgurh Mission," instead of "the Futtehgurh Mission Station."

It has been a sad and mournful task, as also a most difficult one, to sketch the memoirs of our departed and beloved friends, as each biography has brought up in its most vivid colours the past. The old heathen maxim, "*nil nisi bonum, de mortuis,*" is one which has much of nature and humanity in it, and yet, with reference to Christian biography, it is frequently difficult to decide just how far it is right and proper. We have ourselves often felt, and still more frequently have we heard it remarked, that the biographies of good men were so overwrought, as to lose much of their efficacy for good. That our dear brethren and sisters, whose memoirs are recorded in this volume, were not without de-

fects, we would not wish our readers to think. But whilst we have not thought it proper to allude to these slight defects, we can, on the other hand, as honestly say, that we have not indulged in any false eulogy or panegyric. We have not entered into any delineation of their personal appearance, as our readers will be able to form a better judgment from the engravings, than from any description that could be given. We have great pleasure in testifying to the remarkable accuracy of all the portraits, engraved by Mr. A. H. Ritchie, who, we are happy to add, has kindly aided our desire to present them to the public, in a way that will prove satisfactory to all our friends.

Not only has there been a strong desire expressed by many, of having some commemoration of the lives and deaths of those who fell victims to the ruthless spirit of the mutiny, and surrendered their lives for the testimony of Jesus, but this desire has been so expressed, as to assume the magnitude of a demand for a memorial of some kind. And the Author has felt that it was required and needed by the Church, to a right improvement of the painful dispensation of providence, which God, in love as well as in anger, saw fit to inflict.

Before this volume will be in the hands of the

public, the Author will have left his native land, most probably never to return again. Leaving six of his children behind, he returns to India alone, to resume his place and labours is the Mission, with feelings which the reader can better imagine than he feels warranted to describe. Committing his six little ones to the care and prayers of the church, for whose good he has consecrated his life and his all, he bids an affectionate adieu to his friends and readers. J. J. W.

NEWBURGH, N. Y., *Sept.*, 1858.

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Contents.

CHAPTER I. PAGE

Futtehgurh described — cantonment—city—villages — population and sects—Hindus, Mahammadans, and Sadhs. . . 25

CHAPTER II.

Commencement of Mission—Providential guidance—its founders—Colonel Wheeler—Orphan Asylum and famine—Christian village, the people, their character and employments. . . 37

CHAPTER III.

Formation of Church, its state and increase—Congregation, its character and features—Preaching, its simplicity and force—Bazar and village preaching—Itinerations—Translations and Oriental character of the Bible. 53

CHAPTER IV.

Education—Schools, different kinds—English, Vernacular, and Church schools—the Mahá Rajah's schools—their value and importance. 71

CHAPTER V.

Difficulties from Hinduism and Caste—Converts, their character, influence, and prospects—Widow and Orphan Fund—the Khair Khwah i Hind, or native newspaper—Ishwuree Dass, as a Teacher and Author—John F. Houston and Robert J. Breckinridge, native Catechists. 88

CHAPTER VI.

PAGE

The early life of His Highness, the Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh—his conversion and baptism—his character and influence—contrast with the Nawab Ráís of Furrukhabad—the difference between Christianity and Islamism. . . . 107

CHAPTER VII.

The Mutiny—some of its main causes—its character and effects at Futtehgurh—destruction of property and loss of lives. . 121

CHAPTER VIII.

Memoir of the Rev. JOHN EDGAR FREEMAN. 147

CHAPTER IX.

Memoir of Mrs. ELIZABETH FREEMAN. 167

CHAPTER X.

Memoir of the Rev. DAVID ELLIOTT CAMPBELL. . . . 191

CHAPTER XI.

Memoir of Mrs. MARIA IRVINE CAMPBELL. 215

CHAPTER XII.

Memoirs of the Rev. ALBERT OSBORNE JOHNSON, and Mrs. AMANDA JOANNA JOHNSON. 241

CHAPTER XIII.

Memoirs of the Rev. ROBERT MCMULLIN, and Mrs. SARAH COLT MCMULLIN. 269

CHAPTER XIV.

PAGE

The sail down the Ganges—Ráwalganj—Singarampore—Kásampore—Bithour—Náná Sáhib—the last scene on the Cawnpore parade-ground. 293

CHAPTER XV.

The Mutiny continued—prophetic downfall of Islamism—effects of the Mutiny on the government, people, and native church—its results at home. 309

CHAPTER XVI.

Concluding reflections—need of labourers—what kind—the qualifications necessary—Missionary character in India. . . . 328

Illustrations.

PAGE

Portrait of the AUTHOR. . . . Frontispiece.

The Presbyterian Church of Futtehgurh. . . . 53

Portrait of MAHA RAJAH DULEEP SINGH. . . 107

" " Rev. JOHN EDGAR FREEMAN. . . 147

" " Mrs. ELIZABETH FREEMAN. . . . 167

" " Rev. DAVID ELLIOTT CAMPBELL. . 191

" " Mrs. MARIA IRVINE CAMPBELL. . . 215

Map of Route to India, drawn by Mrs. CAMPBELL. . 223

Portrait of Rev. ALBERT OSBORNE JOHNSON. . . 241

" " Mrs. AMANDA JOANNA JOHNSON. . 243

" " Rev. ROBERT McMULLIN. . . . 269

" " Mrs. SARAH COLT McMULLIN. . . 283

The Boat, as it Sailed down the Ganges. . . . 293

The Map of India, showing the Mission Stations. . . 339

A MEMORIAL OF THE

FUTTEHGURH MISSION,

AND HER

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES.

CHAPTER I.

Futtehgurh described—cantonment—city—villages—population and sects—Hindus—Mahammadans and Sadhs.

FUTTEHGURH, since the fearful scenes of the late mutiny, has become a name of familiar sound throughout the world. Before this lamentable revolt, it was known to all, who took an interest in the operations of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, as one of the most favoured and interesting of all our Mission stations in the North-west Provinces of India.

It is situated on the west side of the river Ganges, and is about seven hundred miles from Calcutta. It is the capital of a large district, known as the Zillah of Furrukhabad, and the seat of the European Courts for the district. It is bounded by the Rohilkund on the north, Oudh on the east, Bundlekund on the

south, and Agra on the west. The banks of the Ganges on the Futtehgurh side are high, and the river scenery, especially during the rainy season, when the water rises to its greatest height, is quite picturesque. Though there is not much variety in the scenery of the plains in India, as the same features, more or less, characterize the different stations, yet Futtehgurh will not suffer in comparison with the most favoured; and, owing to its remarkably healthy climate and the variety of its productions, it has been regarded with especial favour by the European portion of the community.

The name of Futtehgurh is confined to the military Cantonment, which extends some two miles along the bank of the river. The bungalows, or residences of the Europeans, are scattered and surrounded with grounds, laid out with taste, and embellished with pretty hedges and flowers of both hemispheres. There are only two styles of building, which give the houses very much the same external appearance, the only points of difference being the size and colour. The thatched houses, or bungalows, are not prepossessing in their appearance, but are much better adapted to the climate than the Kothis or pukka buildings, which are built of brick and covered with plaster. These Kothis are all flat-roofed and much hotter than the bungalows, as they absorb and retain the heat; though, to remedy this defect, it is not unusual to cover the roof with straw, in which are placed as many earthen vessels filled with water as the roof will hold.

The public buildings are those everywhere seen in the civil and military stations throughout the interior of India. They are not numerous or elegant, but built in a very substantial style, and adapted to the purpose for which they were designed. The Kuchchery or Court House, being the most important, is usually situated in a central and commanding position. The Gun Carriage Agency, as also the Clothing Department for the whole of the North-west Provinces and the Punjab were established at Futtehgurh, and efficiently carried on. The first of these occupied part of the Fort, and connected with it are a large steam-engine and work shops. Both of these establishments were on an extensive scale, and gave employment to some fifteen hundred men. The Fort, which is of mud, was to the extreme north of the Cantonment, in the direction of the city of Furrukhabad, and not capable of affording much resistance, unless under the magic hand of a Havelock. The roads throughout the station are of the most excellent material, and kept in the most beautiful state of repair. Farther up the river, and not very far from the Cantonment, is the large and famous city of Furrukhabad, with a population of from eighty to one hundred thousand souls. At the entrance of the city there is a very striking object in the shape of an idol temple, of great external attractions. The city contains a large number of temples, but none that can compare with this. It is the most extensive and elaborate of all the temples, and was built with the profits of the distillery

opposite the temple, both of which are owned by the same person.

It is one of the finest and best laid out cities in the North-west Provinces, and is noted for its brass and copper works, as also for being the entrepot of Calcutta goods which are distributed from this place to all the large cities, such as Agra, Delhi, Meerut, Bareilly, and Lahore. As a business place, it takes a very high rank, and its banking transactions are very extensive. The main street of the city is very wide, and about three miles in length. In some parts of it there are trees of great age and magnificent growth, which, by overshadowing the street and houses, afford a most pleasant and agreeable shelter from the excessive heat of the summer. During the greater part of the day, and especially towards evening, it is thronged with human beings of such a description as an eastern city only can command, and dressed in the gayest colours. The throng is so great that a person driving through in a carriage is compelled to send a man on to open a passage, and even with this it is oftentimes very difficult, as it is very tedious, to effect his object. On the main street there are a number of gateways which divide the city into sections, and, though these are now unused, it must be remembered that under preceding native governments they were found of great advantage as a means of security from night attack. It was formerly, like most of the cities of India, a walled city; but during the British reign in India, the feeling of security has been such that no

attention has been paid to these walls, which have almost gradually disappeared.

The race of robbers and freebooters, which overran the country under the old native dynasties, both Hindu and Mahammedan, has become almost extinct. Until within a comparatively recent period, there existed a peculiar race of this description, who not only robbed but destroyed all traces of their robbery by strangulation and burial of their victims. They were called Thugs, and travelled everywhere in disguise. The government used very energetic measures to ferret out and exterminate them and was finally successful. And however strange it may seem, it is nevertheless true that these Thugs were actuated by a kind of religious frenzy in their cruel acts, and always commenced and finished their fiendish work with worship to one of the many heathen idols. To make the work of extirpation as complete as possible, government collected these Thugs and all their children together, and opened for their especial benefit and reformation a school of Industry; and they had become so efficient in their work as to attract attention at the Great Exhibition, held in London in 1851.

The city contains a large number of immense storehouses, filled with English and American goods of almost every description. The owners of these large establishments are natives, many of whom are wholesale merchants, who are constantly receiving and despatching boxes and bales of goods without even opening or looking at them. From this, it

will be inferred that the city has a great deal of wealth, which is true to an extent not commonly understood or believed. The number of rich men who are engaged in business in the city is probably as great in proportion to the number of the population, as the same class in most of the cities of the Old and New World; though there is not the same display of wealth, owing chiefly to the influence of caste and the difference of habits. The number of large and splendid private mansions is very small, as the strong religious element pervading the character of the natives leads them to expend their money on temples, ghats, and wells, as works of religious merit. The science of architecture is still in its infancy in India, and society will have to undergo great changes before a building mania characterizes the people. Nearly every house is built after the same model, and this model, so far as health and comfort are concerned, is perhaps the worst that could be devised, as no provision is made either for light or ventilation. The entrance opens usually into a large four-sided court, around which are the different rooms, with their little open verandahs, in which they cook and sleep, the greater part of the year; for they live mostly outside and make very little use of their houses, unless it be in the very coldest weather. As to furniture, it is so simple that it scarcely deserves the name. Their plates are either plantain leaves, or brass and copper, the brass being used by the Hindus, and the copper by the Mahammadans. Their meals are always eaten

on the ground, on which sometimes, though not very frequently, a cloth is spread. They eat with their hands, and are inclined to think that knives and spoons spoil the flavour of the dishes. They scarcely ever allow a cup or vessel of any kind to touch their lips; and when the Portuguese first landed in India, they were told it was the etiquette to drink out of the hand and not from a cup, and once, whilst on a visit to one of the native Princes, they were served with melons and water in a golden cup. In trying to drink in the manner of the natives, by pouring the water from the cup into their mouths, they either choked themselves, or wet their clothes in such a manner as to convulse the whole court with laughter. The consequence was that they were so mortified as never to repeat the experiment.

Our mission premises, on account of the Asylum for Orphans, established at the commencement of our missionary operations, were divided: part being near the city, for the purpose of acting on its large population; and part near the Cantonment and surrounding villages, to secure the orphans from the evil influences of a large city. The premises for the Orphan establishment were called Rukha, and those near the city Burpore. Each of these premises contained two bungalows, for the four mission families composing the Futtehgurh mission. The Rukha premises were on a grant of land, given to the mission by government for an indefinite number of years, or so long as it might be required by us for the use of the Orphan Asylum. This land was

formerly the Artillery parade ground, an immense plain, comprising sixty acres, unfenced and uncultivated for many years. It was used for parade purposes, when Futtehgurh was occupied by the English, and at that time being a frontier station, a large artillery force was deemed necessary for its defence; but as other stations were annexed, it lost its importance as a frontier station, and this land was made over, on application, to the mission, at a mere nominal rent of fifty cents per acre. It was taken by us, enclosed and cultivated, and up to the time of the mutiny was the prettiest, as it was regarded the healthiest, part of Futtehgurh. It is literally true that this solitary place was made glad, and this desert blossomed as the rose; for on this ground were not only the mission bungalows, but also a Church, School-house, Industrial establishment, and a large Christian village containing some two hundred souls or more: all of which were exerting strong and most favourable influences on the surrounding masses of the heathen population. And it is an interesting fact that on the return of the troops after the mutiny, Sir Colin Campbell made this spot his headquarters, though midst the desolations of ruins, effected by the mutineers and those of the baser sort who acted with them.

The villages near us are not only large but numerous, and afforded most excellent preaching places for ourselves and native assistants, some of whom almost daily visited one or more in regular rotation. In nearly all these villages we established vernacular

schools, and by this means interested the people in us and our operations. In this we had also the kind co-operation of our good friend, the Maha Rajah Duleep Singh, who evidenced his appreciation of Christian character in the support of some ten of these village schools. And such was the confidence wrought by these schools in us, that many of these unsophisticated people came to us for counsel and medicines. The inhabitants of these villages are usually Hindus, and are a much simpler class than the residents of the cities. Their occupation is mostly farming, and being so much less given to sophistry, they are more willing to listen to the truth, when presented in a simple and forcible way, than those, who by being in cities, become so much absorbed in the cares and anxieties of making money.

The city of Furrukhabad contains three distinct classes of people—Hindus, Mussalmans, and Sadhs. Of these classes the first may be considered the best, and the other two in the descending scale as mentioned. As a race, the Hindus are mild, courteous, and intelligent, and not the unfeeling and savage people many suppose them to be from the developments made of their character during the late mutiny. That there are individual exceptions to this general rule will, of course, be admitted. Being heathen, they have many of the vices peculiar to all heathen races. For example, they are very superstitious and credulous, and consequently addicted to vice in every form, but withal mild and tolerant. Revenge is a strong and marked trait of

Hindu character, having a full development in the people of Bengal, and becoming less as we go north.

The Mussalmans of India are the same everywhere, and characterized by those traits which are almost the opposites of the Hindus. They are proud, insolent, and sensual. Being the last native reigning authority, they feel very keenly the loss of power, and have never manifested submission to their position. During the Seikh rebellion in 1845–'46, whilst the author was stationed at Mynpoorie, it was a notorious fact that the Mussalmans met every day to pray for the defeat of the English and the entire overthrow of the British power; and that, too, when the prominent leaders were occupying important positions as Assistant Magistrates and Police Officers. Their former position and their knowledge of Arabic and Persian, the learned languages of the Mahammadans, have induced in them an overweening conceit of their attainments and power, and a most supercilious contempt for their Hindu neighbours. These, with their admitted superior religious knowledge, make them both arrogant and insolent. They evince a perfect detestation of idolatry, and ridicule it in every conceivable manner. Boastful of their religious superiority, and especially of their correct knowledge of the attributes of God, as taught in their Koran, (and copied from our Bible,) they hate Christians for their views of the Trinity and the doctrine of the Atonement, quite as much as they despise and detest the Hindus for their idolatry. This is intensified by the fact that Chris-

tians are more than able to meet them in argument, and exert their greater knowledge and power for the overthrow of Islamism. The very essence of their religion is hate and malignity, and where they enjoy the power, as up to a recent period they did in Turkey and still do in Persia, they exercise their avowed right of destroying every opposing system and doctrine. There is and can be no toleration where there is Mahammadanism; for the Koran teaches that every infidel should suffer death, and every one is an infidel who is not *ex animo* a believer in Mahammad and his teachings. This is the distinguishing element of Islamism, and has always been its development in Turkey and Persia, and would be now in India were it not restrained by a strong Christian power. That this has been one of the causes, and a chief one too, of the mutiny must be apparent to any one conversant with India and the character and restlessness of its Mahammadan population for the past few years.

Differing from both Hindus and Mussalmans, there is another class of religionists at Futtehgurh, who are called Sadhs. They are very peculiar as a class, and very strict and rigid in their observance of little things: such as tying up their mouths to prevent the inhaling of insects, in straining the water they drink through many fine cloths for the same purpose, and in rejecting all the usual forms of salutation. They reject all external rites, and assert that they believe only in God, but in reality are Atheists. They have no book like our Bible or

the Koran of the Mahammadans and Shastras of the Hindus; nor have they any particular place of worship as the temple and mosque. This sect is not very large, though they have considerable wealth. Their meetings being secret, but little is known of them, and that little does not warrant much hope of winning them to a better belief.

CHAPTER II.

Commencement of the Mission—Providential guidance—its founders—Col. Wheeler—Orphan Asylum and famine—Christian village: the people, their character and employments.

THE selection of a mission station is always a matter of importance, and not unfrequently a subject of great and anxious consideration. This is necessary for the efficient working of our missions, and the removal of all doubts and subsequent disaffection. In this respect Futtehgurh was happily chosen, and without a single exception all the brethren have felt and expressed a high degree of satisfaction in the place, and with the facilities afforded for the execution of their work. Nor has this feeling been confined to the missionaries of Futtehgurh, but those of other stations have regarded it with equally high favour. Its attractive features impressed our first missionaries, whilst simply passing through it as travellers, and without much, if any, intimate acquaintance. Both the Rev. J. C. Lowrie and the Rev. James Wilson called the attention of our Mission Board to the desirableness of its early occupancy as a field of labour.

But however important and desirable, it is not probable that it would have been occupied to this

day, had it not been for the especial orderings of Providence. God himself, by one of those solemn and painful providences, which he frequently uses as an instrument of good, was preparing the way for its occupancy. In the year 1837–'38, the North-west Provinces of India were visited by a famine of fearful extent, and which for its virulence and long continuance is still known as the famine year; though famine seasons are not unusual in India, as from the records kept by government, it has been ascertained that in former times one occurred, on the average, almost every seventeenth year.

It is almost impossible to form a conception of the fearful sufferings of the poor people during the famine year preceding the establishment of our mission at Futtehgurh. The scenes were so terrible and revolting, that those who witnessed them declare, that even to the present day, they cannot pass over the public road without shuddering at the remembrance of what they then saw. For miles the road on both sides was lined by famishing people, who had crawled from their homes to beg of the passing traveller a mouthful of bread. Their emaciated forms and death-struck appearance presented a tale of suffering which rendered language and supplication unnecessary. The dead and dying were together, whilst the living, surrounded by these and fearing the future, were clamorous for assistance. The whole of the large Furrukhabad District suffered, and whole villages were completely deserted and depopulated.

The Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy, who has borne such noble testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus during the mutiny, has been in the service of the mission from its commencement. During this famine he visited the villages and roads for the purpose of relieving the sufferings of the people, and collecting the children either abandoned by their parents or left orphans. He witnessed such scenes as, under other circumstances, seem almost incredible. Mothers would come to him with their little ones and offer them with tears, in lieu of a handful of flour, eating which they would die happy in the knowledge that their children would be cared for. The author remembers hearing him say that, when he had gathered together a number of these starved children, he was really afraid; for they were like famished wolves, never satisfied and constantly demanding food, which he dared not give in great quantities lest it should cause death. During such a time as this, as might be expected, both the government and private individuals exerted themselves to relieve the wants and sufferings of the poor people, by feeding some and employing others on public works. At almost all the large stations there are Hospitals, Tanks, Ghats, and Public Buildings, still in existence, serving as mementoes of the great famine year. Many of the civil officers and others had large ovens built and immense quantities of bread baked, day and night, to supply the wants and remove the distresses of the surrounding population. The conduct of a portion of the native po-

pulation, who had equal ability to benefit their starving countrymen, was in striking contrast to that of the European community; for many of the large merchants demanded such exorbitant prices for wheat that the poor could not purchase it; and others, to increase the weight and enhance the profit, mixed lime and other deleterious substances with the flour, the eating of which produced almost instantaneous diarrhœa and death. Indeed, their conduct was so unfeeling and disgraceful, that, when known, permission was given by those in authority to the people to help themselves to that which was good. At Futtehpore, where our native brother, the Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy, has for the past few years been a faithful and successful labourer, and from which he was compelled to flee for his life, Dr. C. Madden, then in the medical service of the East India Company, took charge of a number of these poor starving children, and opened an Orphan establishment, in the care and supervision of which he secured the services of Gopee Nauth and his wife, both of whom were active in teaching and training these children. At that time Gopee Nauth was not in the ministry, but had recently come from the Church of Scotland's Institute at Calcutta, on a visit to the Upper Provinces. Owing to the death of his wife, Dr. Madden was unable and unwilling to continue the labours he had commenced in behalf of the children collected during the famine; and consequently, the recent establishment of a refuge and school for the orphans was broken up, and arrange-

ments were about being completed to send the children to Benares, when the news came that an American missionary was on his way up the river to form a new station; and as Captain Wheeler, who was stationed at Futtehgurh, had also collected a number of orphans, he was anxious to have some one more suitable than himself to assume the responsible work of their future training and education. The missionary referred to was the Rev. H. R. Wilson, Jr., on his way to join the Lodiana Mission; and being so strongly solicited by both of these gentlemen to relieve them of their charges, and with the promise of ample pecuniary means, Mr. Wilson, with the concurrence of his brethren, consented to remain at Futtehgurh, if not permanently, at any rate until another reinforcement could be sent out. Under such circumstances as these was commenced the station at Futtehgurh, and from that period to the time when the dark and disastrous cloud of the revolt broke upon it in its wild fury, it was prospered of the Lord and blessed abundantly.

Futtehgurh was very much favoured in having for its founder such a man as Mr. Wilson, who was admirably fitted for the work committed to his charge, that of putting in motion and giving direction to the machinery necessary to the successful operation of an Orphan Asylum. The task was no ordinary one, but encompassed with great difficulties. The children were addicted to almost every vile practice, and unaccustomed to restraint of any kind. It, therefore, required much patient and persevering

labour to bring them into proper working order. For this Mr. Wilson possessed peculiar qualifications, and the system started by him and followed by others, was crowned with more than ordinary success. Captain Wheeler, who collected the first orphans at Futtehgurh, also established and supported at his own expense Bazar Schools for the heathen. Before Mr. Wilson's arrival he was acting as a missionary, and for many years afterwards was a liberal supporter of the mission. He is a man of great simplicity of character, and seems to be actuated by a strong love for souls and a glowing zeal for the Saviour. On more than one occasion has he visited the Asylum, and addressed the pupils in his simple and effective manner, like a father speaking to his children. He is now Lieutenant-Colonel, and both before and since the mutiny has been censured for acting out his Christian principles. It may interest some of our readers to hear his noble vindication, which, in a letter, dated Barrackpore, April 15, 1857, he sent to the Adjutant-General of the Presidency Division. It is as follows:—

Sir—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your memorandum of yesterday's date, requesting me to afford the fullest information in my power relating to the subject-matter of the letter dated Council Chamber, Fort William, the 13th of April, 1857, from Colonel Birch, Secretary to the Government of India, Military Department, and addressed to Major-General Hearsey, C. B., commanding the Presidency Division. In reply to this second communication, I would beg to express my regret that I did not explain myself so explicitly, or afford so full an explanation, as was expected in my first answer, as regards my addressing the sepoys and others on the subject of religion.

I would now, therefore, beg to state that it has been my invariable plan to act on the broad line which Scripture enforces: that is, to speak without reserve to every person; when I therefore address natives on this subject, whether individually or collectively, it has been no question with me as to whether the person or persons I addressed belong to this or that regiment, or whether he is a shopkeeper, merchant, or otherwise, but speak to all alike, as sinners in the sight of God; and I have no doubt that I have often, in this way, indeed, I am quite certain, addressed sepoys of my own regiment, as also of other regiments at this and other stations where I have been quartered. I have told them plainly that they are all lost and ruined sinners both by nature and by practice, like myself, that we can do nothing to save ourselves in the way of justifying ourselves in the sight of God; our hearts being sinful, all our works must consequently be sinful in his sight, and therefore there can be no salvation by works on which they are all resting and depending. The justice of God demands an infinite punishment for sin; and there is but one way in which guilty man can stand just before God, who is infinite in holiness and purity, and that is by believing and embracing the sacrifice made for sin by Jesus Christ, the Son of God; in this way, and only this, can the sinner become reconciled to an offended God, and this salvation is freely offered to Hindus, Mussalmans, and every denomination of men in the whole world. These have constituted the leading points which I have generally endeavoured to bring to their notice, and which in declaring them leads to various interesting questions as to the efficacy of their own works of washing in the Ganges, proceeding on pilgrimage, worshipping all kinds of creatures instead of the Creator, and other methods of man's invention, all of which I endeavour to answer according to the spirit and principle laid down in the Scripture of truth, the standard by which alone we can meet all their arguments. As to the question whether I have endeavoured to convert sepoys and others to Christianity, I would humbly reply that this has been my object, and I conceive is the aim and end of every Christian who speaks the word of God to another: namely, that the Lord would make him the happy instrument of converting his neighbour to God, or, in other words, to rescue him from everlasting destruction; and if there is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, (whether sepoy or other,) should not the instrument of that person's conversion join in rejoicing likewise? Such, I feel confident, would be

the feelings of every commanding officer being an experienced Christian, whereas the very opposite would take place in the feelings of one who never studied the subject, and therefore possessed no deepened views of spiritual religion; the fear of man would then preponderate, and the very idea of a sepoy of his regiment becoming a true convert to Christianity, would, if I mistake not, so far from rejoicing at the event, set him trembling from head to foot with fear; and thus it will ever be when the fear of God is found legion, I feel myself called upon to act in two capacities—"to render unto Cæsar (or the Government) the things that are Cæsar's, and to render unto God the things that are God's." Temporal matters and spiritual matters are in this passage clearly placed under their respective heads. When speaking, therefore, to a native upon the subject of religion, I am then acting in the capacity of a Christian soldier under the authority of my Heavenly Superior; whereas, in temporal matters I act as a Government officer under the authority and orders of my earthly superior. In carrying out these duties towards my Heavenly Superior, I am reminded by the Saviour that I must count the cost and expect to meet persecution; to be brought before Kings and Rulers for his sake; to be condemned by the world and all around me; but his favour and protection is promised, and grace and strength in every time of trouble and difficulty, and a rich reward hereafter. I take shame to myself in having manifested such coldness and lukewarmness in the service of Him who underwent the most agonizing and ignominious death, in order that he might fully atone for our guilt and sin.

In conclusion, I trust I shall be excused for having taken more liberty in speaking on this delicate subject than on another occasion. I have, &c.,

S. G. Wheeler, *Lieutenant-Colonel,*
Commanding 34th Regiment Native Infantry.

In less than a year after Mr. Wilson's arrival at Futtehgurh, he was joined by the Rev. J. L. Scott, and the Asylum for Orphans was for some time under their joint care. In 1845, Mr. Wilson was compelled by the ill health of his wife to return to America, when the entire charge of the Asylum

was made over to Mr. Scott. In 1850 Mr. Scott's presence being required in Agra, the Asylum was placed under the charge of Rev. J. J. Walsh, who on his return to America in the latter part of 1856 was succeeded by the Rev. J. E. Freeman. In consequence of the mutiny which broke out soon after Mr. Walsh's departure, Mr. Freeman was only permitted to labour in connection with the Asylum a little over six months.

It is impossible to look back upon the history of this Institution without the most lively feelings of gratitude for that providential kindness by which it has been sustained, as also for the measure of success which has crowned the labours bestowed upon its care. Though often compelled to sow in tears, we have been permitted to rejoice in hope over many who, being born again, have been made members of Christ's kingdom. The blessed effects of Christianity have been exhibited in the happy deaths of some who have been taken from us, as well as in the lives of those who still survive. The number of conversions from the wards of the Asylum has been large, and of these many have been, and some still are, in the employment of the mission as valuable Assistants, Catechists, and Teachers; and owing to the fact of their having received their early training under our care, and being so long and well known to us, have enjoyed our confidence and made themselves extensively useful.

Our Christian village at Futtehgurh grew out of our Asylum. From the very first of our operations

there, it was designed, as the children of the Asylum grew up and were married, to settle them in a Christian colony, and by furnishing them with suitable employment, retain them under Christian influences. These two objects, giving them a suitable education with religious culture, and providing them employment, characterized all our labours from the commencement of the Asylum; for it was foreseen that unless these two objects were kept in view, our wards would, after a certain period, break loose from us, and by exposure to the peculiar temptations of their situation, probably return to heathenism, and thus our labours would be lost and their souls placed in jeopardy. Accordingly, as our wards grew up and were married, we built for them houses on a separate piece of land, and these buildings have so multiplied as to entitle the place to the name of a village, which has been called I'sáipur or Christian town.

It was thought desirable to have the village as near to us as possible, that it might be under our immediate inspection and near the Church, and consequently it was placed in the rear of the Asylum and adjoining the Mission premises at Rukha. It consists of two rows of mud walled buildings, divided by a wide street, which is lined with a row of trees on each side. At the end facing the main road, there is a large gate, and at the other end opposite the gate there is a very respectable sized Village Hall, which is used for holding public meetings, chiefly however for those of the Bible classes

and Panchaiyat. The latter is a Court of Inquiry and is a complete organization, the officers being chosen by the villagers. The Panch, or Council, are required to take into their consideration any complaint made by the villagers which has the signatures of two or more of their number. The parties are then summoned, witnesses heard, and decision rendered in accordance with the rules of the constitution. This is in accordance with the village system known among the Hindus from time immemorial, but on a Christian basis.

With reference to the Village Hall, it may interest some of our readers to know that it was built by subscriptions, of which the greater part was given by the villagers and the people employed in the Institution. It is a plain building of mud, and sufficiently commodious for all the purposes it is required. In the row first built, each house has two comfortable rooms, having a narrow verandah of about five feet in front, and a small yard, both in rear and front, enclosed by a mud wall. The second row, on the opposite side of the street, being built originally for other purposes, and only accommodated to its present use, has larger rooms and higher ceilings; and as these are so much superior to the other houses, they are only given to those whose consistent walk and conversation justify the distinction.

Having thus examined the externals of this village, let us now inquire about the people who live in these houses,—what character do they bear, and

how do they deport themselves? What they were when first received into the Asylum you know, poor, starving, heathen children, ignorant of God and his holy word and addicted to every kind of vice and wickedness. But now how different their circumstances are from what they would have been, had not Christianity thrown over them the mantle of her purity and elevation! It is painful to dwell upon the possible contrast. Shunned and despised as degraded outcasts, they must have sought fellowship with the lowest of the low, or perhaps endured all the miseries of slavery, ignorant and besotted for life. Theirs must have been a weary and cheerless existence. Such is caste and her withering influence. Though they are comparatively a little flock, it cannot be said that they are feeble, for their influence is felt and increasing more and more. The day of small things must not be despised, and the future who can tell? At the present they are dispersed, and some have been probably called to fill a martyr's grave; but the majority, we trust, will find their places again, and with newness of life and experience reflect greater light, and shine forth with a greater brilliancy. The future of this little flock is radiant with hope and pregnant with promise.

May we not anticipate the next twenty years, when doubtless a sufficient number of people will be found in this village professing Christianity, who by their numbers, intelligence, and deportment, will exert a most powerful and favourable influence on the

great mass of heathen, near and remote? May we not hope, then, to see Christianity exemplified in the lives of numbers, a sight most devoutly wished for and hitherto not known to any great extent in India?

Notwithstanding the late sad exhibition of heathenism and false religion in India, the present seems most auspicious to the development of such a state of things. We feel a greater confidence than ever before of seeing a town, if not a city, of Hindu Christians, honouring the word of God; and as a city set on a hill, holding forth the light of sanctified lives, and an example which the surrounding heathen may safely, and, we trust, cheerfully too, imitate. This time will come, for the mouth of Jehovah hath spoken it. The children of our native Christians must not be overlooked in the estimate we form of the future success of this Christian village. They are, in our estimation, a very important part of its population, and being the second generation of Christian growth, are more likely to turn out far superior to their parents. What may we not expect from them? They know but little of heathenism as it exists around them, and being so early trained, will enjoy superior advantages for religious culture. All their feelings and prejudices are in favour of Christianity. Some of these children are large, and all are receiving instruction.

Thus is laid the foundation for a noble superstructure, and we cannot but earnestly express the hope that they will not be forgotten in the prayers of

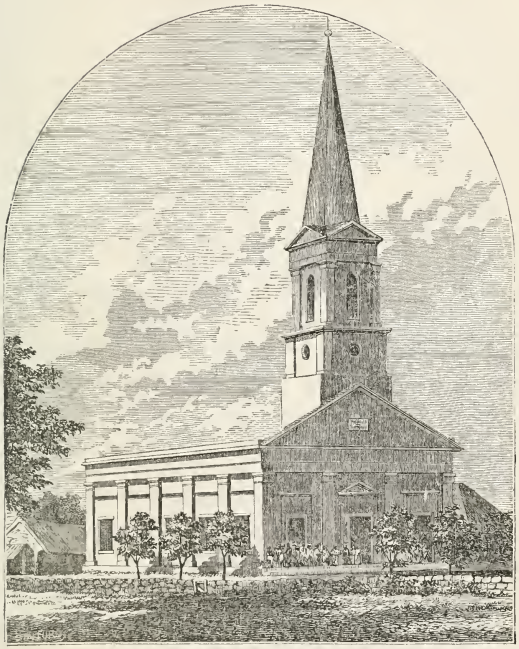
God's people. The youth of our country are the hope of the Church, and with us they are our peculiar ground of rejoicing. Our village people are not only well behaved and outwardly correct in their deportment, but they manifest a commendable disposition to improve and grow both in grace and knowledge. We feel safe in asserting that the internal state of the Christian village far surpasses that of any heathen village far or near, and will compare favourably with many in any Christian land.

The support and employment of our native Christians has always been a subject to us of much thought and solicitude. Their position as outcasts cut them out of all the usual channels of employment, and made it obligatory on us to devise something which would enable them to earn their own support. This was not a pleasant position for us to fill, but as it seemed necessary, we were willing to do any thing to advance the interests of the mission and our native Christians, by whatever name it might be called, and by whatever unpleasantness it might be accompanied; and, accordingly, we introduced several branches of manual labour in connection with the Asylum for our wards, the first of which was the manufacture of woollen carpets, and afterwards that of tents. Both of these were successful, and the tent department flourished beyond our expectations, and furnished the means of permanent support to the villagers and wards of the Asylum. The heaviest part of the management, involving the secular

part of the labour, was taken by two of the young men who acted as Assistants, and filled their post with much satisfaction and success.

The above is a historical fact; and the plan pursued, however environed with objections and difficulties, was the only feasible one that could be adopted to meet the case, and we believe eventuated in much good to our people and church. A comparison with other places, which under like circumstances have pursued a different plan, we think, will clearly prove this point. The greatest defect of our plan exhibited itself in a want of self-reliance and manliness on the part of our people. It kept them in a state of tutelage. We rejoice, therefore, that a change in the welfare of our native Christians has been wrought by the mutiny, and their position entirely altered. Government, which never before gave the least encouragement to them as a body, but contrariwise seemed to ignore their existence and despise their character, now is willing to advance their interests every way, and has given employment to nearly all at Futtehgurh. Whilst the author is penning these lines, he has received a communication from the Rev. J. L. Scott, who is now labouring at Futtehgurh, in which he says: "The trials through which our native Christians have passed, have done them good. They seem to be more manly and self-reliant. We shall now have no difficulty in getting situations for them, and they will henceforth take a standing in the community as a respectable class of men."

Caste, which interfered with our native Christians, and acted as a great barrier to all our operations, has received, we trust, a death-blow; and if so, the cause of our greatest difficulty is removed, and with it the secularity of our position as missionaries. God has accomplished it, and to his name be all the praise.



CHAPTER III.

Formation of Church, its state and increase—Congregation, its character and features—Preaching, its simplicity and force—Bazar and village preaching—Itinerations—Translations and Oriental character of the Bible.

The Church at Futtehgurh was organized in 1841, and consisted of ten members, of whom four were

natives. It is an interesting fact that these four members received into the Church at its formation have been called, and by grace have been enabled, to testify to the sincerity of their belief and the reality of their profession by an ordeal of the most severe and remarkable character; for each one of them during the late mutiny has passed through scenes of danger and imminent peril, such only as we read of in the annals of the most persecuting era. Two of these, and the very first of our Church members, were the Rev. Gopee Nauth Nundy and his wife. The history of their sufferings, told in the simplest style, is replete with touching interest and pathos. Forced to fly, they wandered, not knowing whither to turn, until their feet became blistered, and fatigue, heat, and hunger had almost exhausted them. Accompanied by three of their little ones, they had to endure the agony of their piteous crying and suffering. At one time robbed of their clothes and Bible, and at another beaten with many stripes. Imprisoned and threatened, they were confined to the stocks, and made to sit in a burning sun, and during all this more than once threatened with instant death. Life was offered and with it emoluments of the highest character, on condition that they would deny their faith and accept in its stead the doctrines of Mahammad; but all without avail, for Jesus and eternal life were worth more than life and all its honours. One of the other two was imprisoned at Mynpoorie, and, though subjected to many privations, was enabled to remain firm and

true to his covenant vows. And the fourth, speaking of himself and the party with him, states, "We passed the day under trees, and the night in the houses of some heathen acquaintances who pitied us. On the morning of the 19th June, our hearts were ready to burst with grief as we saw the smoke of the Mission premises ascending to heaven. It seemed as if the Lord had visited us in his hot displeasure, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger. Many of us had large families to take care of and provide for. All our things were taken away, and the little money and jewels that some of us had we could not use, as that also would have been taken away from us without the least pity. We were without a home, and the whole country seemed against us; so our misery and anguish may be conceived, but not described. Hunger and thirst, of course, did their work; and uncertain flight under a burning sun, or in a dark, rainy night, with our little ones in our arms or on our backs, was sometimes our portion. In short, so great was our suffering in every respect that very often death was more desirable than life."

These, however, are not the only ones of our Church members who were called to pass through the fiery ordeal. All were subjected to the same trial, and it is not at all surprising that one here and there should be found wanting, or that the faith of some was not always equally strong. We know, however, of no test to show the state of our little Church so well as this has proved; and we

have only to suggest to the reader the trial of the same test to be applied in imagination to any Church in our own beloved land, to realize its strength and virtue.

The Rev. Mr. Fullerton has given a most interesting account, in his visit to Futtehgurh, of the condition of our native Church members after the mutiny. He says, "As soon as it was known that I had arrived, men, women, and children gathered around me. We met in silence, neither they nor I could for a time trust our voices to speak, for fear we should break down. They are the children of the Mission, and in *Rukha* they had formed a happy home. In the midst of their prosperity, and at a time they least expected it, the storm arose which swept with such pitiless fury over these provinces, desolating many of its fairest fields and filling many of its homes with unutterable woe. It seized and scattered them like the leaves of the forest. For seven or eight months they were driven by it wherever it listed. I saw its effect upon them in their miserable clothing, and in their emaciated appearance; but I shall not attempt to describe what my feelings were. They, no doubt, thought of their murdered teachers and brethren, whose faces they will see no more; of their wanderings and their sufferings since they were driven from the station; and their feelings at their return were probably not unlike those which heave the breast of the survivors of a shipwreck on escaping from the horrors of a watery grave.

"When I could control my feelings, I asked for a Bible and Hymn-book. We then sang the 23d Psalm, and read the 103d; and then kneeling upon the bare ground of the court-yard, we lifted our hearts in prayer to God, thanking him for his many mercies to us during the terrible months which have intervened since these calamities overtook us, and for permitting so many of us to return to our home in peace. When we arose, each had his tale of sorrow and of suffering to relate. They had to flee. But all who set out for Cawnpore were not so fortunate as to reach it. A number of little children, unable to endure the privations and hardships of the journey, died.

"A mother, too, fell sick, the wife of an esteemed Catechist, John F. Houston, and by some means became separated from the rest of the company. She was a member of our Church, and had with her an unweaned child. When they were next seen, they were lying side by side in a poor hovel at the edge of a village. Both were dead. There was no one to administer to the wants of that dying mother. She needed no one to smooth her pillow, for her only bed was the hard ground. There was no one there to give her a drop of cold water, or to direct her thoughts above—none to quiet her child, or give it food, and none, when the breath left their bodies, to carry them to the grave. The proud Moslem would not touch them, because their faith differed from his own; and the bigoted Hindu would not do it, for fear of losing caste. At last, when they

could remain no longer in the village, some sweepers came, carried them out, and threw them into a neighbouring stream. But did I say that this mother and her child were alone? No—they were not alone. *He* was with them, who says, '*Lo, I am with you alway*,' and the angels, who bore Lazarus from his wretchedness on earth to a place in Abraham's bosom, were with him. Let me die among cold and heartless strangers, destitute, afflicted, and far from human sympathy—let the cold ground be my dying bed, and the turbid stream my last resting-place; but 'let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.' But the case of the six blind orphan girls, poor blind Lullu, and the leper Khurga, is the one which has excited my commiseration most. Here were seven persons without sight, and one a most helpless leper, who were driven from their homes at the beginning of the rainy season. Such persons would not be allowed to want in any village at home, but it is not so here. The Hindus turn away from those of their own caste who are afflicted in this manner, because they look upon their sufferings as the just retribution of heaven upon them for their sins in a former birth. What, then, could these poor Christians expect from them? They, no doubt, expected little, and little they received. They were sometimes days and nights without shelter, and had it not been that He, who hears the young ravens when they cry, sheltered them and provided for them, they must have perished. I found them living under a

miserable shed. All were there but one. Their poverty surpassed any thing that I ever saw. All they possessed in the world would not have sold for twenty-five cents in the streets of New York or Philadelphia. Hearing my voice, they were overjoyed. At one time they no doubt felt that their friends and teachers had all been killed, and that they would never meet any of us again, and hence we need not wonder at their joy. I found poor Lullu lying on the ground, sick of fever, and with nothing but a few rags to cover him. I asked him if he had found Christ precious during the long months of suffering through which he had passed. His reply was, 'Oh! yes, in *dukh* (pain) and in *sukh* (joy), He is ever the same.' As I was returning, I met poor blind Susan, who, I had heard, was in search of me. A little boy was leading her. I asked her who she was, and her reply was—'I am a poor blind girl; I have been looking for my *Padri*, (minister,) but cannot find him.' When she learned who I was, her lips trembled with emotion, while she thanked me for coming to see them. 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'it is very kind of you to come so far to look after poor blind people like us.' Poor girl! she little knew what a privilege I felt it to be; and who would not esteem it a privilege, seeing that our blessed Redeemer has said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me?'"

This narrative so sweetly told has drawn from us tears of sorrow and joy: sorrow for the bitter cup our

dear native Christians were called to drink; and joy that they were not only kept from falling, but enabled by grace to drink of the cup and find even in it *Christ precious*. We can conceive nothing better adapted to show the reality of faith than the trial God called them to endure; and the Church at home ought to rejoice and praise God for his dealings with the Church at Futtehgurh. It should lead her to abound more and more in prayer and gifts for the establishment of the Redeemer's kingdom in India, especially since it has been watered by the blood of his own saints.

From the organization of our Church in 1841 to June 1857, it increased gradually year by year, until the number reached over one hundred. Many of these, however, were dismissed to form and help weak churches at other places, so that we have never had more than eighty native members at one time in connection with us. True to our principles, we who were strong have done what we could to help the weak, and our little Church has been sending forth her small streams to gladden and fructify the barren wastes around us. We have not been without our revivals in the Church at Futtehgurh.

In 1849, a special work of grace was manifested, which resulted in the accession of twenty-eight persons to the privileges of the Church. Our communion seasons have been hallowed by the presence of God, and we have been made to rejoice again and again in seeing both the follower of the false pro-

phet and the deluded idolater renouncing their false systems for the worship of Jehovah Jesus. Mr. Fullerton, in his narrative, says, "I went to the little Church in which our first annual meeting was held, during my last visit to this station, and where only two short years ago I spent one of the most delightful communion Sabbaths it has ever been my lot to enjoy. But where are my fellow communicants who sat down with me then at the table of the Lord? The Freemans, the Campbells, the Johnsons, and our other missionary brethren? The young convert, who that day renounced the religion of the false prophet, and with tears of penitence cast in his lot with the people of God? Poor Bábar Khán, who wept for joy over a brother who was lost and found, and poor Dhoukal? The large number of native brethren who partook with us of the feast which was spread for us?

> 'All are scattered now and fled,
> Some are living and some are dead—
> And when, I ask, with throbs of pain,
> When shall all these meet again?'

The roofless building and the blackened walls reply, *never*, until we eat bread in our Father's house above."

Mr. Fullerton refers to the old Church, in which we worshipped at the time the annual meeting was held at Futtehgurh, in 1856. At that meeting permission was given the author to commence a new Church, as the old one was scarcely large enough for the congregation. This new Church,

of which an admirably correct engraving will be found at the heading of this chapter, was finished in the latter part of 1856. It is a very neat and chaste Church, built by subscriptions, of which a large part was contributed by friends and our native converts at Futtehgurh. Our kind friend, the Maha Rajah Duleep Singh, gave us a donation of two hundred and fifty dollars, and two of our native Church members each gave fifty dollars. Its length is eighty and its breadth fifty feet, with a spire one hundred and twenty-six feet in height. The whole cost was only five thousand dollars. It is built of brick in a very substantial manner, and its graceful spire is the first thing to welcome the visitor to Futtehgurh, come he from whatever quarter he may.

It may be thought by some that the building is too fine and expensive for a mission Church; but we would say that the temple described in our first chapter as standing at the entrance of the city of Furrukhabad, and the child of the distillery, is as fine and costly as our Church. This was erected by a native of Furrukhabad and a heathen. Shall we not as Christians do as much? This Church was solemnly dedicated to Almighty God on the morning of the 18th October, 1856. Our latest accounts from Futtehgurh tell us of the complete destruction of every thing there with the exception of the Church, and this has not escaped mutilation. The roof was removed and the beams cut off near the walls. The gilt ball on the top of the spire has

been pierced with musket balls, and the lightning-rod destroyed. We hope it may be soon repaired, and filled, as it never has been before, with crowds of worshipping Hindus and Mussalmans.

The congregation worshipping in this Church is a very interesting one, and to a foreigner presents a very peculiar and striking appearance. The men, clothed in their white or coloured robes and without shoes, and the women, with their long, thin veils, concealing the face and part of the form, sit promiscuously in the pews. Their complexions of almost every shade of darkness are soft and smooth, and their features pleasant and not unlike friends whom we have long known and loved. The women have very graceful figures, with particularly small and well-shaped hands and feet. Their features are often very pretty, which is heightened by intelligence beaming in their sparkling, black eyes and bright faces. Besides these, we have a large number of our servants, our village school Pundits and Munshís, and our neighbours and strangers who attend quite regularly. They present a different appearance again, as they always keep on their turbans, and have no Bibles or hymn-books in their hands. Nor do they join us in prayer or any of the outward acts of devotion. The demeanour of all is very devout, and the attention remarkably good. In this respect ours may be considered a model congregation. The form of service is precisely similar to what we are accustomed to observe at home, with the exception of kneeling instead of standing

in prayer. This is owing to the climate and the necessity of having Punkahs, or large fans, over our heads, and hung so low that no other posture could be adopted.

Our preaching is always without notes, and the style generally adopted is expository, though we do not confine ourselves to any one plan, but to give variety, employ all kinds. We aim at great simplicity, which we find to be exceedingly difficult to accomplish. And however easy this may appear at first thought, experience will soon convince those who make the effort that hard study is required for its accomplishment. The Hindus are a very simple people, simple in their habits, manner of life, and all their occupations. This peculiarity characterizes them more perhaps than any other single thing. There is less artificiality about them than any other people. The truth presented in its greatest simplicity and illustrated by figures, seems to come with great force to our hearers. It is remembered with greater distinctness, and consequently the impression made is stronger. The figures used are those in common use among them, and not unlike those found in the Bible. Our preaching, while it is simple, is systematic, and admits of as much variety as any other mode.

Our Bazar preaching is quite different, and subject to every kind of interruption. It is what is known as street preaching in America, a thing more common of late than formerly, though in our opinion not as common as it might be. We believe that

many who are too poor to pay for pew rent, and unable to make a decent appearance when contrasted with the showy style of dress of the great mass of church goers, might be reached by street preaching, who would shine as lights in the Church. But however it may be regarded here, we feel in India that it is a very important and highly useful means of reaching the heathen. Indeed, we cannot reach some without it, and therefore it is that we give it a high place and a daily practice. We find generally a willingness to hear, whatever be the motive, whether it be curiosity to see or hear an European speaking their own language, or the strangeness of the doctrines announced; and as the apostle has declared that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," we are encouraged to go forth and preach Christ and him crucified to the heathen in our bazars and villages. There are times when our hearts are enlarged and our tongues filled with utterances, when announcing the great truths of the Bible, such as, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, and what the *law* could not do, God has done by sending his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh. Our plan is to go into the city, or any of the surrounding villages, and after selecting the most favourable place for speaking and hearing, to commence with either reading the pages of some tract or some part of the Bible. There may be only one or two hearers at first, but soon there will be a large crowd, and scores of gazing eyes and intelligent faces turned to the teacher, who willingly

hear, but are not so seemingly anxious to profit by what they hear. Many of the hearers listen only for the purpose of disputing what is said, and not unfrequently can they be restrained from interrupting the preacher; whilst others are ready to heap all kinds of abuse on his head for his new doctrines.

It will, therefore, be readily understood that it is a most difficult and trying position for any one to fill, and extremely so to one who has not a perfect familiarity with the language, and grace to mortify and subdue his own natural feelings and temper. To one who is willing to become nothing, and even despicable in the eyes of the heathen, for the sake of Christ, it is not so difficult, but contrariwise pleasant. There are, doubtless, many who imagine this would be a very easy and delightful work, but experience, if not deeper thought on the subject, will convince them to the contrary. We are all more or less liable to become angry and confused at abuse of any kind. The Bazar preacher, however, must learn to be calm and self-possessed under the greatest abuse, in order to accomplish good. The very exhibition in the speaker of a calm and forgiving spirit has the happiest effect, and often proves the most powerful argument in recommendation of his subject. For self-control under abuse is a thing of which they are absolutely without any knowledge of, and it is entirely foreign to the teachings of their religion. It is a religion without such injunctions, and without power to enforce them.

The work of bazar preaching presents greater ob-

stacles in the city than in the villages. In the latter, the people are more simple and ready to hear with profit; though it has this disadvantage, that the village people have less ability to comprehend and grasp the truths of God's word. But where the opportunity is afforded of remaining some days in one place, the results have been most encouraging. The people need line upon line and precept upon precept. It accordingly has been our plan to spend a portion of each cold season in itinerating for this purpose. Our object in these journeys is not to go over so much ground, as to make an abiding impression in each village. Our audiences are not so imposing, but our mode better adapted to the end designed. In this way we are often permitted to preach the gospel where it has never been heard, and originate influences which will only terminate with time and be followed out in eternity. And by devoting our cold season to the villages, we are enabled to extend the influence of our labours, as we are shut up to city preaching almost entirely during our hot season. And as we can only give our mornings and evenings to this work in the hot weather, on account of the excessive heat to which we cannot expose ourselves, where the ability exists, ample time and opportunity is given for the important work of translations. In this department much has been accomplished. Tracts have been prepared, books for our schools and controversial works have been written and published, and the Bible put in oriental dress and extensively circulated.

This is a work which requires not only an intimate and accurate knowledge of the native languages, but critical knowledge and ripe scholarship. Our Mission at Futtehgurh has been honoured in having a part in it. Some of the most valuable of our tracts have been prepared by the members of our station, as also several small works, as Henry and his Bearer, and Jesus the Child's best Friend, both of which were translated by the female members of the Mission; and one of our number composed a still larger work on the Mahammadan controversy, and others, part of a volume of sermons, prepared for our native Church members. Most of these books were printed at our Mission press at Allahabad. In printing tracts, Bibles, and works composed by the brethren of our different Mission stations, the press is constantly employed; and during our itinerations, an extensive circulation is given to them; and however many may be destroyed, we know that there are many others carefully preserved and constantly read.

It is not unfrequently the case, that on our arrival at the different villages, copies of the Bible and tracts are brought out, carefully enveloped in cloth, and with marks on them of faithful perusal. The Bible has such an oriental fragrancy about it, and describes so accurately the state of things existing to this day in India, that it possesses a peculiar charm for the Hindus. The scenes described, both in the Old and New Testament, are the scenes of every day life in the experience of both Hindus and

Mussalmans. Go where you will, travelling on the public road or in the midst of the streets of the city, you will see the blind and the lame, the maimed and the leper, to whom our Saviour showed such tender compassion and healed all their diseases. However early you may rise and go out for exercise, it will not be long before your ears will be saluted with the noise of "two women grinding at the mill;" or perhaps you will be met either by men walking with their beds on their head, or perhaps the "man who had devils long time, and wore no clothes, neither abode in any house, but in the tombs," both of which are so common in every part of India. Or should you wait until "the time that women go out to draw water," you would know them by their "making a tinkling with their feet," and meet with many who "love to pray standing in the synagogues and on the corners of the streets." You could not go far without being reminded by the crows and vultures which abound everywhere and act as scavengers, of our Saviour's saying, "Wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles (probably vultures) be gathered together." You may be met by the shepherd with his crook on his back and going before his sheep, who "follow him, for they know his voice;" and were you disposed to try the effect of your own voice, as has done the author more than once, you will find that "a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers."

It is this striking fulness of its narrative that

gives such a reality and beauty to its pages, and commends it so much to the native population of India. The author had in his employ a native servant who was employed as a watchman at night, and he has heard his voice reading from the Bible night after night at such a late hour as he supposed all were in bed. This man seemed to love his Bible, and read it with the utmost pleasure, and showed his love for it by paying its full price.

May we not hope that God will bless his own truth, and make it powerful to the salvation of many souls? For this let us unite our prayers that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified in the conversion and salvation of multitudes in benighted India.

CHAPTER IV.

Education—Schools, different kinds—English, Vernacular, and Church schools—the Maha Rajah's schools—their value and importance.

The design contemplated in our missionary operations in India and elsewhere is to reach all classes, and bring them under the influence of the gospel. In our last chapter we gave an account of our labours to reach the adult population by the preaching of the cross; and now we purpose to narrate the means employed by us to accomplish the same result in reference to the youth of India, both male and female. These means may be stated and better comprehended under the term education, which term will include the different kinds of schools established for the instruction and evangelization of heathen youth. We need scarcely remark that the care and oversight of education in its various departments, from the common Bazar schools to the highest college course, is a most important agency, and one, too, which we fear has not been understood or properly appreciated.

This is a subject which has received much discussion of late, both in the field and at home; not, however, so much on the ground of its being a proper and legitimate means of doing good, as to whether it was not receiving too much exaltation. It

has been suggested that the admitted difficulty of preaching in the native languages, combined with the comparative ease of teaching and superintending schools, tended to promote too great partiality for educational efforts among missionaries; and even more than this, it has been asserted by some that this department of labour, however important, has received too prominent a part in our operations, to the neglect of one expressly enjoined by our Saviour, that of preaching. This may be true in some places, but we know it is not in our own Mission at Futtehgurh. But we admit the tendency, and feel the necessity of carefully guarding ourselves against it; and yet, we should be equally careful not to go, as is frequently the case, to the other extreme of entire neglect of educational training. Much depends on the object aimed at, and the amount of religious influence brought to bear on the youth of these schools, whether they are right and legitimate means of effecting good. Religious training must be kept the first object, and never lost sight of in the details of its execution. The two means of preaching and teaching should be identical in aim and practice. They are one, and these means only contemplate different classes of hearers. They are not antagonistic, as is frequently assumed. We must use both, if we would carry out our Saviour's command to teach all nations.

There are difficulties to be encountered in the execution of both, and we must not turn these difficulties into excuses for neglect of either duty. It is

often said that the adults of India have become so fixed in their habits, and so set in their ignorance, we must abandon all hope of reaching and impressing them with the truth. But however much of truth there may be in this, yet it is not all the truth; for the Hindus have consciences as well as others, which can be addressed and made to feel the force of God's truth as much as men of other lands who are quite as ignorant and besotted. Their consciences accuse and excuse, and can be made and should be made to acknowledge the claims of God. We submit whether there has not been too much stress laid on the difficulties, and too little preaching to the consciences of men; for, however much confined and contracted may be their ideas, both Hindus and Mussalmans admit in general the moral attributes of God, and all the general principles of natural religion. All men admit their own sinfulness, however much they may excuse themselves or heap together a refuge of lies to satisfy conscience, and they also admit their responsibility to their Creator. And cannot the better feelings of their nature, and especially the principles of love and fear, be called out, and so acted upon as to lead them to hope for a better and safer way? We cannot but think it is a very great mistake to suppose that these are subjects beyond the comprehension of any class of men; for in every age and country these have been the honoured means of bringing men "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God."

But however great and imperative is the duty of preaching the gospel to the adults, the process of education is equally important as a means of reaching the youth, and especially the youth of a certain class, who otherwise would not come within the sphere of gospel influences. We believe that education, strictly under religious influence, is of vital importance to our missionary work; and on this belief we have actively, but not unduly, employed it as a means to fulfil the injunction of our Saviour. The especial class of youth to whom reference has been made, are those of the higher and more respectable portion of the community, who attend our High School for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the English language and the higher branches of study. It is only by this means that we can get access to, and obtain an influence over them; and therefore to shut up our schools would be equivalent to giving up all hope of the higher and middling classes, which are the bone and sinew of every country. None of this class can be prevailed upon to listen to our Bazar preaching, as it is considered disreputable according to native custom to listen to street preaching.

We cannot consent to give up these dear youth without using our utmost efforts to bring them to a saving knowledge of the truth, the more especially as we can point to so many who, as the result of these labours, have become burning and shining lights in our Church; and, what is still more to the purpose, have shone in death, sealing the reality

of their faith in Jesus by the blood of their bodies. Indeed, such has been the effect on us of their bloody death, that we feel bound here to record our admiration of their noble steadfastness, as well as our praise to God for vouchsafing his supporting grace.

Dhoukal Pershad, both a pupil and teacher in our High School at Furrukhabad, deserves to be known and loved by the Church in America and everywhere, not only for his firm adherence to his Saviour in his bloody death, but also for his unobtrusive and influential piety. He was meek and docile as a child, with the force and vigour of a man of God. The influence wrought by his daily consistent walk and conversation, and the still greater power of an inner life, was constantly felt and made apparent to all the scholars. A student of the word of God, and living by prayer, he was a savour of life to the pupils he loved and wrestled for with the Angel of the Covenant. His piety was undoubted, and consequently his influence for good in and out of school was without question. His death, like his life, was without a flaw. The form of it was the most painful conceivable. He, with his wife, and four sweet children, were *blown from the guns* at Futtehgurh by the order of the Nawab Ráís of Furrukhabad. His was a martyr's death pre-eminently.

We loved him whilst living, we love him more whilst dying, and though we will not be permitted to behold him again on earth, we shall yet see him

smiling sweeter than ever, and with his head encircled with a martyr's glory, such as no others can wear. Till then, dear Dhoukal, farewell!

With his example, and that of others before us, may we not be permitted earnestly to plead for these dear youth, who, without this instrumentality, would be left without hope and God in the world, to enter the dark abyss of the future, and remain forever in the blackness of darkness? We might tell you of dear Bábar Khán and others, who have thus been rescued from this class, and are now happy at the right hand of Him who so loved us as to give himself for us, in the heavenly world, where there are pleasures forevermore. They have tasted the joys of salvation, and are now singing the new song, "Thou art worthy; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation." We must plead for these Christian schools, when they prove to be such nurseries of piety to the Church. They have other claims upon us, too, which cannot be disregarded—the great claim in particular of training up a native ministry, and a body of efficient helpers in the great work of evangelization. For the work given us to accomplish is not of such a transient nature as to terminate with the present, but reaches far into the future.

We wish to lay a foundation on which such a superstructure will be raised, as to cause future generations to rejoice. To do this, we must train and educate faithful men, who shall be fitted to teach

others what we teach them, and thus perpetuate the good work through succeeding generations. This can only be done through the youth of our schools, when their minds are plastic, and before evil has alienated and hardened their hearts.

Independent of this consideration, however important it may be, there are collateral influences wrought by our schools, sufficient to encourage us in our educational efforts for the good of the youthful portion of the community. Where these schools have been long established, there is a large and influential class of young men, who have graduated, and gone forth to exert a strong influence in favour of Christianity. Though not professing Christians, yet having received a thorough religious education, they have become imbued with Christian principles to such a degree that they express a great love and veneration for the Bible. These young men, from their talents and education, must exert a commanding influence, and instead of concealing frequently avow their sentiments; and the value of this influence will be appreciated, when we add that in no country is such an opportunity afforded of controlling others as in India, where the people assemble within the gates after the most primitive custom, in the evening, and in general assembly discuss all matters which may have come under their observation. After this manner each evening passes, and a person who has talent and intelligence is enabled to influence more or less a whole village.

Thus it is that the graduates of our schools in-

doctrinate a large circle, and as our manners and religion are new, they excite their curiosity. In this way a great preparatory work is being done by the natives themselves, and in a manner to them less objectionable and more suitable than when approached by the missionary himself.

It is to be regretted that a suspicion for evil against these schools should have found currency, on the ground that science is taught. There are some who think a missionary should not give his time to the teaching of any thing else than religion; but it is forgotten that it is chiefly on this ground the scholars come, and without it there could be no school. Besides, may we not ask of such, is it wrong to do in India what is done in America, and with approbation too? Are not many of our most gifted and devoted clergymen employed solely in training up the rising generation in every Christian land, and is not this considered absolutely essential to the vitality of the Church and ministry? It is also said that science will destroy all faith in their own religion, and make the Hindus a race of Deists; but in reply, it is sufficient to say that science is not the only or even the chief thing taught, but the gospel of Christ. And what science pulls down and destroys, Christianity builds up and restores doublefold, and even more; for from behind the dark cloud of error and unbelief, the gospel shines forth to lead the feet of those dear youth taught in our schools in the way of life; and were the prayers of God's people as fervent as they

should be for the influences of the Holy Spirit on these missionary labours, the very first who would come to the standard of the cross and bear it in triumph over heathendom, would be these precious youth who have been indoctrinated in the truths of God's holy word.

In the city of Furrukhabad, we have a large and flourishing High School, which was under the superintendence of Mr. Johnson before his death. It was well attended, having on its roll more than two hundred and fifty scholars. The school is divided into two departments, one English and the other vernacular. All the scholars were required to study the Bible and Catechism, and the familiarity which they showed with the Scriptures, and the frequent application of its principles in conversation, proved that it was not in vain. This knowledge of the Bible they imparted to others, and they were thus made the medium of communication from their religious teachers to us. In this way religious truth was spread, and reached the mothers and sisters of their own families and friends. This important class exert a powerful influence against missions, as they are not only superstitious, but filled with prejudices in favour of their own religion. They cannot be reached by our preaching, as they are not permitted to appear in public, or be seen in the society of men; and even when a favourable impression has been made on the men who hear our preaching, it is effaced and frequently lost through the opposition of their wives. The influence of woman

is everywhere influential for good or evil, and in India it is all exerted against the Bible and Christianity. Their seclusion from public society does not impair that influence, but rather magnifies it, as it enables them to concentrate it in one place, and by pouring its whole fury there to accomplish their object. Their power is astonishing, and among the better and most respectable classes of society it is particularly strong. Without education, and with little therefore to employ their minds, they bestow all their thought and labour to the support of Hinduism, not only in its religious, but also its political aspect and relations. There are some most remarkable instances of the latter development of this, such as Nur Jehan, the wife of Shah Jehan, the most magnificent prince that ever appeared in India. He was the founder of the present city of Delhi, in the palace of which place he had constructed the famous peacock throne, composed of such a mass of diamonds and precious stones, including sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, as to dazzle the beholder. But this, however dazzling, even becomes insignificant in comparison with the Táj Mahal at Agra, the mausoleum of white marble built over the sepulchre of his wife, Nur Jehan. The Táj, or crown, is built of white marble and decorated with mosaics of the most precious stones. Whether considered in reference to the chasteness of design, or richness of material, it may be pronounced the most splendid, as it is the most unique building in the world. Nur Jehan, for whom this

was built, was a person of surpassing lovely features, but she was quite as much noted for her capacity to govern as for her grace and beauty; and there can be no question either as to her capacity or her power to use it, for it was through these she has become known to us, and was raised to honours and eminence as had never been attained by the consort of any other king in India. Begum Sumroo is another instance of the same kind, but not of such an extensive nature or influence for good, though an avowed Papist.

These instances, however, are sufficient to show the power of female influence, and that when once under the constraining influences of the gospel, it might be made to promote in a remarkable manner its progress and stability. It is with great sorrow, too, that we are compelled to refer to another fact, which should make every European in India blush at its record, and that is, through the influence of native women, Europeans, calling themselves Christians, have been led to avow themselves idolaters and followers of the false prophet—to bathe in the Ganges and build mosques. At Futtehgurh we have one of these mosques, built after the model of one at Mecca by a European, who was high in the civil service, and to prevent the native woman with whom he was living from leaving him to go on a pilgrimage to Arabia. The fact is indisputable, but we rejoice to be able to add that this fact belongs to a past era, and that during the last twenty years a great change has been wrought, and these

things have almost, if not entirely, passed away. It illustrates, however, the point we wish to enforce, and prepares us to hear that this is one of the results of our High School at Futtehgurh. Many of our scholars have taught their own wives and sisters the doctrines of Christianity, and in this way prepared them to join with them in an avowal and profession of their new faith.

Bábar Khán and his wife, Zubardast Khán and his wife, with others, have in this manner been enabled, through Divine grace, to renounce their faith in Islamism for a brighter and better belief in Christianity. This is a work, however, which cannot be seen or known to its full extent. More of this, however, is being constantly developed, and it is hoped that as the men become enlightened, the advantages of education will be so felt that it will be extended to the female portions of the different families. We believe that as the men become enlightened, and begin to taste the sweets of education, they will exert themselves to make their companions fit associates for their society. And when this takes place to any extent, we may expect to see a great and decided change in the destinies of India. In the Hindu mind there is a great repugnance existing against all foreign religions, which cannot be removed without some such radical change as education will accomplish. We will better comprehend the force of this repugnance by looking at the treatment which the Mussalmans have received at their hands. Though natives of

the same country, speaking the same language and partaking of the same habits, yet they have never been able to make any impression on the religion of the people. Believers in the unity of God, the Mussalmans despise idolatry, and zealous to an unusual degree, they have exhausted every method of speech and argument to make proselytes, but all in vain. What the Mahammadans cannot do, we trust, under God, our schools will accomplish; and we are encouraged so to think by what has been done.

We have not so much confidence in our vernacular or Bazar schools, as the scholars are less under our control, and the scriptural instruction given is more liable to be counteracted by the class of teachers employed. These teachers are commonly Pundits and Lallas, who, the more strenuous they are in their declarations and promises not to teach their own religion and thwart the teachings of our books, are the more likely to belie these declarations and solemn promises, to accomplish the better their own purposes. We are forced to employ these teachers, or give up the idea of reaching the common classes altogether, as they are in possession of the ground, and will not yield it to others, and especially not to Christian teachers. The examinations which are held statedly, weekly or oftener, prove, however, that a considerable amount of biblical instruction is obtained, and this to such a degree as to encourage us to hope that much good will result. They are the means, too, of giving an elementary course to

many who will thus be enabled to read and make a profitable use of our tracts and publications; and through them we bring ourselves into a more pleasant relation with the parents and friends of the pupils. It is to these schools we go when we visit the city and villages to preach the gospel, and they afford facilities in this way to warrant their continuance, though our hope of great results be small. The expense of their maintenance is of such a small amount, not over three or four dollars per mensem, as to enable us to continue them for their collateral if not direct effects.

The Maha Rajah Duleep Singh established and supported ten of these schools, and employed one of the young men educated in our city High School to superintend them. In order to select a good position, and to encourage the people, he built school-houses and kept them in repair. During the Maha Rajah's absence in England, the author was requested to take the oversight of these schools, and after his return to America Mr. Freeman acted in his place. A month previous to his departure from Futtehgurh he wrote a letter in relation to these schools, which, because of the events since occurred, possesses a sad interest. We, therefore, will listen to his account, which is as follows:—

"I have given ten mornings to gain some knowledge of these schools and their progress. There is a native superintendent who visits them daily, writes on the roll the number present, and records on the lesson-book the page which forms the lesson for the

day. These schools average in daily attendance each forty boys, which gives four hundred boys who are daily instructed. The examination which I have made has been in detail by classes, and each lesson of each class was made the subject of inquiry. The books used are arithmetic, geography, Scripture history, catechism, and religious books. In geography their knowledge is limited, both on account of the want of books and of teachers who are able to teach them. In arithmetic they are apt up to the rule of three, and several beyond this rule. In Bible history they have attained a good degree. Some have become familiar with the whole book. In the catechism they have committed one hundred out of the one hundred and forty-three questions. With the Bible history and catechism examination, I have been greatly surprised and exceedingly delighted. Many have treasured up with great correctness and much thought, much precious truth of the word of life. My mode of examination was to draw out the thoughts and the minds of the boys upon the truths they had read. I do confess every morning was a delight to me. I would like to spend all my mornings thus. I could praise God that these youth had been taught the word of life, though by the mouth of heathen teachers. The apostle Paul rejoiced that Christ was preached, though it might not be in the best way or the way he would have chosen. I never before entered so fully into the apostle's declaration as when sitting with these precious youth before me. Among these lads,

too, was a blind boy who had heard much of Bible truth, and had committed over one hundred questions of the catechism. When he has completed it, I have promised him a reward, and a present of a little book to each one who will commit the entire catechism. One feature brought out in the examination was that some of these boys go up to join our city High School under brother Johnson; and may we not hope that there they will be led on, till by the Spirit of God they arrive at the house of God, and find a home among his people?"

There remains but one more description of schools for us to notice, and that is the most important of all, as it contemplates the education of such children as are entirely separated from heathenism, and nominally at least Christian. They are the children of our native Christians, who are in a peculiar sense entitled to our labours, and give hope of rewarding us for their instruction. Having no one to stand between them and their teachers, and oppose, it may be, the lessons sought to be inculcated, they are under our full moral control and discipline. These are our Church schools, and may be either day or boarding-schools, including both males and females. Our Orphan Asylum was one of these, and it rewarded us by sending forth a considerable number of young men and women, who have been and still are valuable assistants in our work. We have retained the services of some, and at the request of our brethren at other places, have sent others to labour in the great work of preaching and teaching at Mynpoorie,

Futtehpore, and Almorah. The schools for these children at Rukha were under the superintendence for some time of our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, who are now rejoicing in heaven with some of the dear lambs they were leading in the way to the new Jerusalem. One of the leading designs of these schools is to secure to our second generation of native Christians higher advantages and greater facilities for the development of their Christian principles, and stamp on them the impress of a holy religion from youth. This, we think, has been accomplished in the hearts of some who are now living, and others who are in glory. We refer to those who have not simply been Christianized, but fitted by talent and grace vouchsafed to take part in the training of youth and other departments of labour. On this class is our great dependence and hope for the future ministry in India.

In concluding these remarks, we cannot but express the hope that these efforts made for both the adults and youth of India, will be better appreciated, and this appreciation will manifest itself more in prayer both for those who teach and who are taught what they must do to be saved. This is the great object contemplated, and the saving power and influence is from above. May we all go to Him, who, in answer to prayer, has promised to give the Holy Spirit.

CHAPTER V.

Difficulties from Hinduism and Caste—converts, their character, influence, and prospects—Widow and Orphan Fund—the Khair Khwah i Hind, or native newspaper—Ishwuree Dass, as a Teacher and Author—John F. Houston and Robert J. Breckinridge, native Catechists.

Having considered the efforts made in behalf of the adult and youthful population of India, let us now view some of the results of these labours, as evidenced in the lives and death of such as have been rescued from heathenish darkness and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God. The object sought by these labours is a very simple one, the transformation of ignorant and deluded Pagans into intelligent and exemplary Christian communities. The instrument, which is God's truth, is characterized by the same simplicity. The power is the Holy Spirit, whose influences God has promised to bestow on labours in which this simple object and instrument have been employed. Now, however simple the object and instrument, the execution of the work is encompassed with difficulties and obstacles. The missionary stands alone, and almost unaided, to meet the great enemy in his own stronghold, where he has held undisputed sway and reigned supremely for centuries. This is particularly true of India, for there

he has erected his great masterpiece in the huge fabric of Hinduism, in which he has evinced all the cunning and artifice his most malignant nature could invent; for it stands out unique and terrible from its very vastness and apparent immovableness. Not unlike the great Himalaya mountains, it strikes the beholder with awe; and proximity only serves to show his utter feebleness to contend with this monster system of forms and subtlety. The missionary in India is like the traveller amid the fastness of the Himalaya ranges, a mere speck; and it is just as wise to expect him in his own power to make an impression on Hinduism, as it is to suppose the traveller to break into pieces, with his hammer in hand, the barrier separating India from China.

One of the strongest and most peculiar features of this system is its Caste, which makes the higher classes intolerant, and the lower ones dupes. It is a system not only immoral in principle, but debasing in its operation. Forming a part of the very structure and arrangement of society, it interferes with every temporal and spiritual concern of the people. By it the station of every person is unalterably fixed, his destiny is irrevocable, and his walk in life so defined that any deviation involves the deepest infamy. It thus lays in its foundation the greatest obstacle to every improvement, and brings down its anathema on any who may desire a change, or release from its burden. And it is almost inconceivable how dreadful this anathema is, involving disgrace and ignominy of a lifetime's duration.

But the evil effects of caste are not confined to the people, but reach the missionary himself. Cutting us off from all free and familiar intercourse with the people, it regards us as unclean, and therefore unfit for any proper intimacy. It affects us and our native converts. We are barbarians to them, and they are barbarians to us. All the finer and better feelings developed in social intercourse are severed, and all the mainsprings of their hearts' better nature are shut out and closed against us. All our intercourse is of a public character, as we cannot enter into their houses, nor can they eat or drink in ours. It is this anti-social feature of caste which makes it such a formidable obstacle to the spread of the gospel. It has created a public sentiment which is inveterate, and hostile to any change or improvement.

The work of demolishing such a system, and building on it a new and Christian superstructure, is not only a difficult but a protracted one. The work of demolition is gradual, and will be accomplished piecemeal, and so with the work of reconstruction in the new Christian edifice. The Hindu mind is so filled with corrupt and debasing doctrines, so perverted by heathenish notions and prejudices, and so bound down by modes and habits of evil thought, as to forbid the expectation of immediate alteration or exchange for the high and holy doctrines and duties of the Bible; and consequently, the churches formed from such materials, and built on such a foundation, may be supposed to contain much less

religious knowledge and stability of character than what is found to exist in Christian lands where no such difficulties exist, and all the materials are of the best and most favourable kind. The character of our indigenous Christianity in India is not yet perfectly developed. It is like that of individuals, gradually unfolding and growing brighter and brighter to the perfect day. It is yet with us in its infancy, but *it has taken root*, and no human power is potent enough to arrest its progress. That there should exist a wide difference between the Christians of India and of America and Europe, is just what might be expected from an *a priori* view of the subject; and this ought not to occasion surprise or imply suspicion, especially to a careful reader of the epistles of the New Testament. This difference, it should be remembered, however, is only in degree and not in nature or kind, and we almost feel that we are doing our native converts an injustice by stating the difference so strongly, for there are Church members in America, whose views and practices do not approach even the standard of the Bible—and this is the only standard by which to judge Christians of any land—but its application must have reference to the difference of circumstances in which each is placed; and applying this with just discrimination, we cannot but think that He who judgeth the heart, and commended the widow when she cast into the treasury her mite, regards the sincere convert from heathenism with as much favour, notwithstanding all his defects, as the

more consistent American Christian, whose consistency has been obtained without a thought or struggle. Mere consistency in outward conduct, independent of other things, does not necessarily evidence either the reality or degree of piety; though immorality does, the absence of all religion. A convert in India has to contend with difficulties the convert in America is entirely ignorant of, in the shape of depraved appetites, imperious and sensual passions, habits of gross sin long cherished and regarded without evil, the overcoming of which is the literal crucifying of the old man with the affections and lusts.

The view, therefore, we take of the character of our native converts will modify very much the estimate and judgment we form. It will not do to adopt a home test, for the circumstances of the two cases are so dissimilar as to make the comparison, if not impracticable, at least unfair to the native converts of India. To understand this, you have only to recall to mind the darkness, vice, and ignorance in which they have been born and brought up; the impure atmosphere which they have always breathed; the vile society in which they have lived, moved, and had their being; and the habits of thought and action to which their whole lives have been devoted and assimilated. And remembering these, it cannot be considered strange that their Christian character should fall below those whose habits have been formed under the most favourable circumstances for the development of every truly

noble Christian feeling, and the constraints of Bible truth and enlightened public opinion. So far from being strange, there must be, from the very nature of their different positions, a marked difference between the present indigenous Christianity of India and America; for the native Christian portion of India have not the same knowledge nor the same examples for imitation to encourage hope and stimulate action; and every one knows the influence which these exert, not only in the formation of enlightened views and moral conduct, but also in their preservation from the tendency to decline, formed in our corruption. We are quite aware that it is a common opinion among good people that a converted heathen, from the great change which he has experienced, must be a glowing Christian; and so he is to a good degree, but not to the extent generally imagined. But we are inclined to forget how difficult it is for a native Christian, after he has emerged from the great darkness of heathenism, to maintain a close and intimate walk with God, when every thing is drawing him the other way—every thing he sees and every thing he hears—and how extremely hard it is for him to rise above the polluting influences by which he is surrounded, and to which he has all his life given his inclinations. Let this be properly considered and form an item in the estimate of his character, and let us remember what it costs us under the most favourable circumstances to maintain a good degree of nearness to God, and there will greater allowances be made for the less

degree of faith and consistency found among the native Christians of India.

We do not wish to be understood as asserting that our native Christians have not a good degree of spiritual life and a fair proportion of consistency. This they have, and all we wish to say is, that they have not that *degree* of it which we would like to see; and yet from the circumstances in which they are placed, perhaps this ought not to be considered strange or deserving of condemnation. Our people are improving year by year, and we have only to compare their lives and deportment with that of their heathen neighbours, to see the immense difference between these two classes. And this is what we conceive to be the true standard, for once they were like them in all respects; ready to join them in cheerfully doing those things which are hateful in the sight of man as well as of God; ready with them to cheat, lie, and abuse one another as opportunity offered; and ready to make use of any means, however wicked, to the accomplishment of any end, however debasing. The difference is so apparent as to remove doubt and every uncertainty. But however much elevated above his former life, and thus evidencing the power of the new birth, he is still imperfect in many things and weak in others. His strength of purpose may be strong, but the force of old and evil habits, though lessened, is still leading him astray. He may evidence a grossness of thought on many subjects which will discourage his teachers, but not surprise them, if they

have had any long experience in the work of building up the new Jerusalem. We do not wish to disguise this fact, but rather impress it on God's people in other lands, and more favourable circumstances, in such a manner as to call forth their aid and prayers for these lambs of the flock. We are frequently reminded of this, by seeing those whom we know to be true converts doing or saying such things as to evidence a great want of propriety, though not positively wicked. This is more particularly the case when old associations are revived, or temptations suddenly assail them. His character may stand high, and his walk be very consistent for years, when, either by false accusation, or in some other manner, his character may be assailed. Then he will, by losing command of his feelings, subject himself to severe censure by improper and abusive language or recriminations. This is true to such a degree even of our best men, that we tremble when temptation is strong enough to revive old usages, and modes of thought and action. Admitting all this, still we are prepared to assert and maintain the assertion, that whilst it is true many of our converts are but babes in Christ, there are others, and they not a few, who would be an honour and ornament to any church in the world.

Our Church at Futtehgurh contained a good number who were of the latter class, and whose influence has been felt, and is perhaps at the present time being felt more than ever, throughout Bengal and the North-west Provinces of India. In our

notice of the Church at Futtehgurh, we referred to Dhoukal Pershád and Bábar Khán, both of whom have been called to seal the profession of their faith in blood and death, and are now rejoicing in glory. The savour of their names and influence is sweet, and their memory precious. The bond of union and love which should exist between the Church in America and the Church in India is strengthened by such characters, and by suffering our Futtehgurh Zion has won a high place in the regards and affections of all churches throughout Christendom. They have proved themselves worthy of the highest esteem by an ordeal of the severest kind, and we trust that this will be one of the glorious results effected by the late revolt. In the matter of liberality, they manifest that a radical change has been wrought, and this we regard as something decisive; for any one possessing the least knowledge of native character knows how excessively fond they are of money, and that there is scarcely a thing which they will not do to gather a few rupees.

Now, let us see what our native converts are doing with their small incomes. In the first place, they contribute monthly to a Pension Fund for the support of their families in case of their death, about one-eighth of their whole pay. This Fund for Widows and Orphans has been in operation about eleven years, and was in most successful operation about a year ago, and unless its capital, which was deposited in the Agra Bank, has been lost during the great confusion and destruction occasioned

by the mutiny, it is still flourishing. This Fund makes provision for the widows of the subscribers, and in case of the widow's death, also for the children. We all feel deeply interested in the successful operation of this Fund, as it not only teaches our converts to provide for themselves, but renders them independent of all assistance from the mission. A pleasing fact in connection with the working of this Fund is, that the example of our converts so impressed many Hindus and Mussalmans in its favour, as to induce an expression of their wishes either to be admitted to a participation in it, or have one formed for themselves. As it may interest many of our readers, we append the

RULES OF THE PRESBYTERIAN FUND FOR THE RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

I. This Fund shall be entitled, "The Presbyterian Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans."

II. Every married Christian, nominal Christian, or Orphan, may subscribe to this scheme, who is in the employment or under the pastoral care of any Mission or Missionary of the American Presbyterian Missions in North India.

III. 1. The rate of subscription shall not be less than two and a half annas per mensem, but permission is granted to each one to subscribe according to the following scale, to which the pension to be received is fixed.

2. The highest pension that any subscriber can receive will be twenty rupees.

3. That the following be the rate, viz.:—

RATE OF SUBSCRIPTION TO THE PRESBYTERIAN FUND FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

	Rs.	As.	P.		Rs.
A member paying	0	2	6	will receive	*2
" "	0	4	0	"	3
" "	0	5	9	"	4
" "	0	7	9	"	5
" "	0	10	0	"	6
" "	0	12	6	"	7
" "	0	15	3	"	8
" "	1	2	3	"	9
" "	1	5	6	"	10
" "	1	9	0	"	11
" "	1	12	9	"	12
" "	2	0	9	"	13
" "	2	5	0	"	14
" "	2	9	6	"	15
" "	2	14	3	"	16
" "	3	3	3	"	17
" "	3	8	6	"	18
" "	3	14	0	"	19
" "	4	4	0	"	20

4. That when any subscriber wishes to increase his rate of payment, he shall notify the Managers of the Mission to which he belongs six months previously, of such intention. These Managers shall then make a statement of the individual case to the Managing Director, together with their opinion as to the propriety of the measure, the state of health at the time, &c., &c. The Managing Director shall immediately forward such statement to the other Directors, and if the measure be approved of by a majority of all the Directors, the applicant, at the expiration of the six months, will be at liberty to increase his subscription to the amount specified, provided he pays up three years' back subscription, according to the new rate; but in case he should not do so in the course of one month from the day the notice is given, he shall have to give notice a second time, and wait six months longer before the privilege can be granted.

5. Persons when married young, or until they are twenty-four years of age, will be allowed to enter as subscribers to this Fund on the

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* The *rupee* may be estimated at fifty cents of our money. Sixteen *annas* make a *rupee*. The *pie* is a fractional sum like our *mill;* twelve *pice* make an *anna*.

terms specified above; but from a regard to the interests of other subscribers, and to the stability of the Fund itself, it is required that persons over twenty-four years of age pay a bonus or entrance fee of four rupees, if their subscription is under 10 as. per month; of eight rupees, if it is under 1-5-6 per month; and of twelve rupees, if over that sum. Those over forty years of age shall pay a bonus of 8, 16, or 25 rupees for entering on the same rates of subscription respectively, and those over fifty years of age the sums of 25, 50, or 100 rupees as bonus. These entrance fees to be paid in three instalments—one every two months.

Any subscriber ceasing to pay his subscription for a period of three months or more, shall forfeit all claims upon the Fund; provided, however, that suspension of wages shall be deemed a sufficient excuse for ceasing to contribute, except in cases where the subscriber may apostatize from Christianity, or be dismissed from his employment for disgraceful crimes. And if any one who shall thus have fallen be afterwards restored to his standing in the Mission or Church, the Directors may, on recommendation of the Mission or Church Session concerned, restore to him the privileges of the Fund, on payment of arrearages. A refusal to pay arrearages shall in all cases be considered equivalent to a withdrawal from the Fund, and a renunciation of its benefits.

7. Any subscriber who may leave these Missions or Churches, and become connected with any other Presbyterian Church, the Churches of the London Missionary Society, the English Church or the Baptists, may continue his contribution, and his family shall be entitled to receive the benefits of the Fund; provided, however, that if the circumstances connected with his leaving shall be notoriously disgraceful, the Directors may propose to the subscribers to erase his name from the list of subscribers, and a majority of the subscribers may erase it accordingly.

8. No subscriber, on ceasing to be such, shall in any case be entitled to receive back any part of the money he may have paid.

IV. The fund raised by these subscriptions shall be deposited on interest in the Agra Bank, or in such other safe way as the Directors may order; but the Directors may never lend it, or any portion of it, to private individuals, or suffer it to be employed, however temporarily, for any other purpose than that set forth in these rules; and being so deposited, it, with all future subscriptions, and all donations to the

Fund, and interest arising, shall be held sacredly for the purpose of furnishing support to the destitute widows and orphan children of those who shall have been during their lives subscribers to the Fund.

V. 1. When widows with or without children, in receipt of a pension, re-marry, their pension shall cease.

2. And in case of the death of any widow, the pension allowed her shall be continued to her children, until the children, if boys, reach the age of sixteen years; and if girls, until they reach the age of eighteen years or marry; and when any widow shall be proved not to be bringing up her child in Christianity, but to be teaching it another religion, or educating it for a life of vice, and shall refuse to allow her child to be placed as the Mission or Church may see fit to direct, her pension shall cease.

3. And when there is only one orphan child on the Fund, the amount of pension to be allowed shall be left to the decision of the Mission to which he or she is connected, who will be guided by the circumstances of the case.

4. When any widow shall be proved to be living in any illicit connection, or the habitual practice of fornication, her pension shall cease; but if she have children, the children not to suffer by her misconduct, but receive any allowance thought proper by the Mission; and in case of professed penitence, on recommendation of the session of the Church under whose care she may be, and after suitable trial, the Directors may propose by circular to the subscribers to restore her pension to her.

5. When a widow is left without children, or when all her children come to age, or are married and settled in life, the pension she is to receive will be the full amount, when it does not exceed four rupees; and when the pension with children is five rupees, she will receive without children four rupees eight annas, and for every additional rupee of pension an increase of twelve annas, according to the subjoined scale, viz:

PENSION SCALE.

With children.	Without children.
5 0 0	4 8 0
6 0 0	5 4 0
7 0 0	6 0 0
8 0 0	6 12 0
9 0 0	7 8 0

With children.	Without children.
10 0 0	8 4 0
11 0 0	9 0 0
12 0 0	9 12 0
13 0 0	10 8 0
14 0 0	11 4 0
15 0 0	12 0 0
16 0 0	12 12 0
17 0 0	13 8 0
18 0 0	14 4 0
19 0 0	15 0 0
20 0 0	15 12 0

6. Any claimant under these rules, on being dissatisfied with any decision of the Directors bearing on his or her case, may appeal by circular to the whole body of the subscribers, two-thirds of whom may reverse or modify the decision of the Directors; and it shall be the duty of the Managing Director to circulate all such appeals.

VI. This Fund shall be under the management of a Board of Directors, consisting of the Treasurers of the several American Presbyterian Missions in North India, and a missionary from each Mission, together with a subscriber from each Mission, both to be chosen by the subscribers of that Mission.

VII. 1. The Treasurer of the Agra American Presbyterian Mission, or (in case of his refusing the office, or of there being no such Mission or person) any member of the Board, chosen by the Board, shall act as Managing Director, Secretary, and Treasurer; shall deposit the funds in the Agra Bank, or in such other way as the Board may direct; shall conduct all correspondence with the Bank; shall receive from the Treasurers of the several Missions such sums as shall from time to time be collected for the Fund, and promptly add them to the deposit; shall keep a clear account of the receipts and disbursements of the Fund in a separate book, and by circulars to the members of the Board annually shall report the state of the Fund for the information of all concerned; which Report shall contain a full statement of the receipts from each subscriber—his name—and monthly subscription. The rules are to be printed both in English and Hindústáni, in Roman character, and a copy furnished to each subscriber for his guidance.

2. A certificate shall be given to each subscriber, stating that his

wife or child or children after his death shall be entitled to the benefits of this Fund.

3. A second certificate will also be given to the widow, or child, or children of the subscriber at his death.

4. And if the Managing Director shall at any time neglect or refuse to perform the duties hereby enjoined upon him, any Director may propose to the other Directors to remove him and appoint some other Director to the office; and a majority of the Board, excluding the Managing Director, the proposer and the nominee, neither of whom shall vote on questions of this kind, shall finally decide the question.

VIII. Any two Directors may propose amendments of the rules; and, on their obtaining the written requisition of a majority of the Directors, the Managing Director shall circulate the proposed amendment, which shall be adopted, if agreed to by two-thirds of the subscribers, voting separately.

They also subscribe to the only religious newspaper in Northern India, conducted by the brethren of the London Missionary Society at Mirzapore. This paper is called the *Khair Khwah i Hind*, or Friend of India, and is published monthly in Hindústání. It publishes short histories of remarkable places, principally those of the Holy Land, and is illustrated with good wood cuts. It contains, also, abridged biographies of celebrated men, such as Luther, Howard, Sir William Jones, and Mahammad, and articles on universal and natural history. This paper has a very favourable and salutary influence, and is always looked for with eagerness. Our converts are nearly all annual subscribers to both the Bible and Tract Societies. The proportion of their beneficence is on an average about one-eighth of their whole income, and it evidences a willingness to do what they can for themselves, and the spread of truth and godli-

ness; and how many there are in our own land, with much better means and more enlarged views of duty, who do much less!

One of our converts is very favourably known in India as an author, and carried away the prize of five hundred rupees, offered by the Calcutta Tract and Book Society, for the best series of Lectures on Theology for the illiterate natives of India; and notwithstanding the number of competitors, including European Missionaries among them, he was the successful candidate. These Lectures have been printed and form a most valuable and interesting work. The author brought with him to America another volume in manuscript, which was sent to this country for publication by the same person. This work is on the Domestic Manners and Customs of the Hindus, and will prove, we think, quite as successful as his Lectures on Theology. It is not only very accurate, as might be expected, but also very minute in its information. The reason why it has not been offered for publication before this, is owing to the fact that he had not quite time to complete a fair copy of all the manuscript when the author was leaving, and promised to transmit the remaining part and send it by the time we reached America. Before this, however, the mutiny broke out and prevented the execution of his promise and design. He was called to wander about the country, and suffer much. He writes, however, since his return to Futtehgurh, that he will soon send the remainder of his work. In the preface of this

work he has given the following account of himself:—

"Readers always wish to know something about the author whose work they read, more especially if he be a foreigner. He, therefore, begs to say briefly that by an afflictive dispensation of a wise Providence he lost his parents in early childhood. This afflictive dispensation came in the shape of a famine which swept away thousands, and made hundreds of children orphans. He was then with others taken under the care of Charles Madden, Esq., a pious and benevolent gentleman in the medical service of the British East India Government. He was with him about five years, after which public duty made a separation unavoidable. He was next taken under the care of the Rev. H. R. Wilson, a missionary from America, and was with him about ten years. It was with this gentleman that he paid a visit to England and America. He is extremely thankful to the Sovereign Disposer of all events that his lines have fallen in such pleasant places. He has been highly favoured, and both of his guardians have paid the strictest and most faithful attention to his mental, moral, and spiritual education and improvement, and he will always be under the greatest obligation to them for their kindness." His name is Ishwuree Dass, and he is now engaged as a teacher in the city High School of Furrukhabad. As a teacher he stands high. He is faithful, patient, and well qualified. As a scholar, teacher, and author, he has earned a good reputation, and is

making his influence felt far and near. India needs such men. He has aided the cause by some of his translations, for which he possesses no ordinary qualifications."

In the early period of our Mission we conformed to the old plan of giving the name of the supporter to our orphan children, and this will account for the names of John F. Houston and Robert J. Breckenridge, the names of two of our native catechists, who have been for years engaged in the work of teaching and exhorting the people around us. They are men of strong solid worth and long standing in the Church—men whose Christian characters shine, and with sufficient amount of knowledge and ability to render their services valuable to the Mission and acceptable to the people. God has preserved their lives, and they are now, as before, actively engaged in visiting the people both in the city and villages, and spreading abroad the knowledge of the great salvation. Their employment is very similar to what is termed now-a-days colportage. These young men were all wards of the Asylum for Orphans, and show the importance and result of our labour in that department. There are others from this Institution filling important positions and exerting a wide influence, such as Hulass Roy at Mynpoorie and John Darby at Almorah; but as our notice is confined to the Futtehgurh Mission station, we will not refer to them with more particularity.

In concluding this notice of our converts, we trust

that our readers will be impressed with the power of the gospel as manifested by the quickening and controlling influences on the lives and its supporting, triumphing effects in the death of these once heathen and now Christian members of the Church; and however great the obstructions and obstacles in its way, the gospel we see is just as powerful in India as in America or Europe. This should afford us encouragement to persevere in our attempts to send and to preach the gospel to such as are covered with darkness and exposed to a fearful condemnation. Let us all, then, labour and pray for the Divine blessing on the labours of God's servants, that he would remove all difficulties, or overcome them by his grace, and make our converts to shine as lights amid the gross darkness that covers the people. Commending these dear and long tried friends, whom we have been privileged to introduce to your notice, to your favour and regard, we conclude this chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

The early life of His Highness, the Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh—his conversion and baptism—his character and influence—contrast with the Nawab Ráís of Furrukhabad—the difference between Christianity and Islamism.

Futtehgurh has been honoured as being the spiritual birth-place of the first Christian Prince of India, His Highness, the Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh. Though not a member of our Church, yet, both as a resident and Christian convert, we feel that no notice of Futtehgurh and our Mission would be complete without some reference to this interesting personage, and his connection with our indigenous Christianity. His first sight and knowledge of Christian truth, his first taste of Bible doctrine, and his first breathings of the divine life, originated with our little Church, and all were nourished and strengthened by us to their fullest extent. The accompanying portrait, engraved from a photograph sent out from England (where he at present remains) to Futtehgurh, is a very striking and faithful representation of his personal appearance. The reader will notice something very winning about the expression of his face, and which we cannot but regard as the impress of the true religion he was permitted to embrace, and still honours by a consistent walk.

The dress is the usual *Sikh* costume, and requires only to be painted yellow to give a living reality to the picture. His Highness is the son of the renowned Runjeet Singh, known as the Lion of the Punjab. His father was a man of no moral character whatever, but as a warrior and statesman is deserving of very distinguished praise and honour. He possessed unbounded energy and unfailing courage, with great natural force of mind and sagacity. By means of these, and without any prestige of name or rank, he absorbed all the small principalities and consolidated them into a great empire.

In June of 1839 he was removed by death, and his son Duleep Singh, then only four years old, was placed on the throne. From the death of his father until the first Sikh war, in 1845, the Punjab was governed in the name of Duleep Singh, but really by his uncles, one of whom, Sher Singh, was assas sinated; and such was the state of the country that there was an almost uninterrupted succession of scenes of anarchy and bloodshed. The large body of well-trained Sikh troops were without a leader after Runjeet Singh's death, and became so lawless as to invade and threaten the British territories. A battle ensued, which nearly resulted in the entire overthrow of the British power; for India had almost passed out of the hands of its rulers, when the hard fought and bloody battle of Ferozshahar was being fought; but God interposed, and put to flight thirty thousand men who had the power and the victory in their own hands, but knew it not.

The night of that battle will never be forgotten by the actors in the scene: neither by Lord Hardinge, the Governor-general of India, who was so pressed as to destroy all the State papers in his possession; nor by Lord Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, who by madly rushing into danger courted death rather than endure the shame consequent on defeat. The English troops and their companions, the Company's sepoys, were without ammunition and powerless when Sirdar Tej Singh came up with his cavalry, mounted on prancing steeds; and though strong and valiant for battle, yet without any apparent cause he turned and ordered a retreat, which proved the salvation of British India. The deliverance wrought was most singular and providential. A treaty was made—an indemnity, amounting to above seven millions of dollars, was paid; and a large military force was stationed at Lahore, the capital, to keep the soldiery in abeyance and fulfil the terms of the treaty. This did not, however, continue long; for, in 1849, another battle was fought, and the Punjab annexed to the British dominions. A guardian was appointed by the government for the young Mahá Rajah, and we rejoice that this appointment was given to one, who, perhaps above all others, was fitted for the responsible work committed to his care. Dr. (now Sir John) Login, of the medical service, and a professed Presbyterian, was the person honoured to fill this appointment.

In the early part of 1850, Dr. Login, accompanied by his charge, marched with tents from Lahore

to Futtehgurh, which was the place chosen by Government for the Mahá Rajah to reside. Nor was the selection of a tutor of less importance, and we rejoice to say that it was equally as happy as the choice of a guardian. Mr. Walter F. F. Guise, who occupied this post, possessed peculiar qualifications for the discharge of his duties, and he laboured hard and most patiently to impart the best advice and instruction in all matters, both of a worldly and religious nature. But his greatest power consisted in the influence of an example worthy of the Mahá Rajah's imitation, and in the beautiful harmony of his Christian character, which was the greater because of its simple and meek characteristics. These, more than his instructions, were instrumental for good. Quiet, but persevering—patient, and yet with strong determination, he exerted himself to bring his pupil, who had never been accustomed to restraint of any kind, much less to study and books, to a willingness to hear and learn; and to do this, it became necessary to coax and humour the young Prince, and even to follow him from place to place. Every inducement was held out if he would learn, and all kinds of plans adopted, which in the end proved successful, and the little ex-king at last formed better habits, and a more decided taste for study.

As he expressed a desire to have some one of good birth and talents for a companion, Bhajan Lál, one of the young men educated in our city High School, and a Brahmin, was chosen for this purpose.

This young Brahmin soon became a great favourite with the Prince, and so won his regard as to enjoy his entire confidence. Whilst in our school, Bhajan Lál acquired a fondness for the Bible, which he read in his leisure moments at the Mahá Rajah's palace. This was noticed by the Prince, who began to inquire about the book which so much interested his chosen companion. He was told; and Bhajan Lál, at the Mahá Rajah's request, promised to read and explain the word of God on condition that it should not be known. Anterior to this, however, a process had been going on in his own mind by which he became alienated from the Sikh religion, and prepared for the reception of gospel truth; for such was the impression made on his mind by the extortion of the Sikh priests, who accompanied him from Lahore, and their great unwillingness to leave their own country, the Punjab, that disgust and almost an entire withdrawal of affection was produced. Their mummery and oppression was the more impressed on his attention, by the complete contrast furnished in the example and spirituality of Christians, whose friendship was not only undoubted, but dictated too by purer feelings than lucre and selfishness. Being thus prepared for a purer faith, he could not but admire the religion of the Bible, which has more reference to the heart and inward life than to the body and outward rites and ceremonies. The reading of God's word, as taught and explained by a heathen youth and Brahmin, led him to give up his form of idol worship and to express a desire to

break his caste. But as this was such a very important step to take, and the Mahá Rajah was so very young, he was advised to take it into longer consideration, and to wait until he could know and understand more of the religion of Jesus. He did so; and such was his improvement and knowledge, and his faithful attendance on the means of grace, that on the 8th of March, 1853, he was baptized and received into the Christian Church. The ceremony was performed at his own palace, by the Rev. W. J. Jay, the Military Chaplain of the station. It may interest our readers to know that Mr. Jay is the gentleman in whose charge little Davidson Campbell was left at the Hill station of Landour; and who since the death of this dear boy's parents has kindly treated him as his own son, and spurned even the thought of remuneration. Whilst stationed at Futtehgurh, he was a warm friend of the Mission, and the affectionate and sympathizing companion of his missionary brethren.

The baptism of our young friend, the Mahá Rajah, was witnessed by all the Europeans and by a few native friends; and the sight was one of deep interest to all, but especially to the members of our own Mission, some of whom had been engaged in teaching him the way of life; for he had not only been taught by the missionaries, but instructed also by a tutor who was a member of our Church, and a heathen young man who was a graduate of our High School. Through these instrumentalities he was led to embrace Christ as his Saviour, and received a

member of the Christian Church, and we could not but feel particularly interested in his baptism. The interest of the occasion was increased by the fact, that his was the first instance of the accession of a Christian Prince to the communion of the Church. Though it should not be forgotten that about a year previous to this, the Christian Princess of Coorg was permitted to make a like profession of her faith in the Redeemer's blood. These were the first offerings on the altar, of the children of India's Princes, and though not the last, we cannot but express the hope that both will be honoured to do much for the Indian Church. The scene of the Mahá Rajah's baptism was, therefore, invested with the deepest interest, and we could not help rejoicing as we beheld him, clad in his kingly robes, and surrounded by his sable attendants, renouncing his former belief of heathenism, and professing in its stead the pure religion of the meek and lowly Jesus. And who among all the Christian spectators then present failed to offer the silent but fervent prayer, that the vows he had made of renouncing the world, and the promise given to fight the good fight of faith, might be faithfully fulfilled, and his Christian course be long and successfully accomplished?

This young Christian Prince was only sixteen years of age when he was baptized, and his education was only in its infancy. But his profession of Christianity was a strong stimulus and aid in its successful accomplishment. By this, he cut himself off from many temptations and evil influences grow-

ing out of the example and contact with wicked and heathen associates. The corrupting influences of both which, we are prohibited from stating, much less enlarging on. Though not described, they can be conceived by those who have witnessed the licentious practices of heathen men, and especially heathen Princes. Having both station and wealth, the Mahá Rajah has been permitted to do much for the welfare of the Indian Church. Besides the influence of his example upon his benighted countrymen, he has been a liberal supporter of every good object, not only at Futtehgurh, but wherever good could be done. Both at Lahore and Futtehgurh he established Relief Societies for the poor, and placed them under the control of our Missions at both places. The expense of these societies averaged not less than three hundred dollars per mensem; and, besides being a liberal donor to all our operations, he established a number of village schools, with the view of interesting and identifying himself more in the ways of doing good. The result of these efforts has been such as, in our minds, to outweigh in value the Koh i Nur diamond, which he contributed to England's justly beloved and happy Queen. He lost his earthly jewels, but gained by it a heavenly one. He exchanged a worldly crown for a better and more enduring one above; and the loss of his kingdom here has ensured, we trust, admission to the kingdom of heaven. It shows, too, how wisely God orders his providence, that what at first appears a very sad and afflictive dispensation, results in untold

advantages. It so, doubtless, appeared to the Mahá Rajah, and he probably felt the loss of his kingdom, and the honours attached to it; but he now feels that had he remained and reigned in his native land, he would have been left to evil influences, and not improbably would have died, like his uncles and predecessors, a violent death.

About a year after his baptism, the Mahá Rajah, with the desire of future improvement and the enlargement of his mind by travel and residence in a foreign land, visited England. As he was passing through Benares, he took with him Nil Kanth, a Christian native, and formerly a Hindu Pundit, as a companion in the place of Bhajan Lál, who could not be persuaded to accompany him. This Christian and interesting man read and explained the Bible to the Mahá Rajah, and engaged with him daily in prayer and other religious duties. On his arrival at London, the Court of Directors of the East India Company placed at his disposal a house at Wimbledon Common, and he was received with much kindness by the Queen and Prince Albert. He has now attained his majority, but it is uncertain when he may return to India.

We cannot, however, close this sketch without contrasting the life, character, and hopes of this interesting Christian Prince, with Tufuzzal Husain Khán, the Nawab Ráís of Furrukhabad, who, on his accession to his throne, made a donation of a large sum to our Mission, and was a regular contributor to our schools, and yet after the mutiny broke out,

persecuted and murdered our native Christians. It is proper to remark concerning these benefactions, that the motive was from a desire for display and renown, and not prompted by any interest in our work, or appreciation of our object. He was a man of dissolute habits, which, being a Mahammadan, he made no attempt to conceal, but rather seemed to think allowable and praiseworthy. He was anxious to acquire a knowledge of English, and for this purpose employed one of the graduates of our school to teach him; and not accomplishing it through this means, one of our missionaries was persuaded to give him instruction. His mind, however, was so weak, and his habits so excessively debauched, that the effort was abandoned. He spent the greater portion of each night in revelry, wasting his time and money for the vilest purposes, and squandering hundreds of dollars on dancing girls. He acquired a smattering of English which enabled him to converse in a broken manner with Europeans, for whose society he professed a warm attachment and sincere regard. With the hope of doing him good, the missionaries of Futtehgurh were wont to exchange calls, and he professed to consider them friends above all others. As a fact of interest, the author would mention that he, with some other members of the Mission, male and female, whilst sitting out one pleasant evening on a platform in front of his palace, and overlooking a beautiful prospect, united in singing the Missionary Hymn, "From Greenland's icy Mountains." The line "*and only man is vile,*" had

a force and meaning, which, under any other circumstances, could not so well be appreciated. His income, which amounted to nine thousand dollars *per mensem*, (or month) exceeded that of the Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh's, and yet he was always in debt and difficulties. His palace was filled with many things of value, but without any taste in the arrangement, and surrounded by worthless and childish objects. The exterior was filthy in the extreme, and in this, as in all other respects, furnishing a striking contrast to the beautiful and tastefully arranged palace of the Mahá Rajah. His house was furnished with almost royal splendour, with marble tables, damask sofas, chandeliers, transparencies, elegant mirrors, and curtains. Its exterior was in still greater taste, having a beautiful park, with pretty lawns, walks, roads, bridges, and forest trees. The chief point of contrast, however, is to be found in the difference of characters pertaining to these two native Princes, and which, as they are the undoubted fruits of their religion, may be considered as types of their respective faiths.

Islamism and Christianity have very little in common, and even that little has been excerpted from the Bible. They may be considered antagonistic systems. They differ in their very commencement. One is from man, and the other from God—one earthly, and the other heavenly. So it is with the result and termination. One gross, the other pure. Look at these systems as exhibited in these two persons when under like circumstances, and we

cannot but be struck with the corrupting and debasing influences of Islamism, as seen in the life of Tufuzzal Husain Khán, and with the ennobling and exalting influences of the gospel, as portrayed in the life of Mahá Rajah Duleep Singh.* But we will fail to detect the effects of Islamism, unless we view it in its own strength and uncontrolled by the strong arm of a superior civil and Christian power. The mutiny which has raged through the North-western Provinces of India, and usurped the power of government, enables us to see its true and legitimate effects, and what have we beheld? This very Nawab, who pretended to great friendship with Christians when his purposes suited him and they were in power, was the first to lift his hand for their destruction, and even to set a price on the heads of our native Christians, and order them to be blown from guns into eternity. There is no pity in his heart for the little innocent children even, for they

* With reference to these two characters as representing in their lives, the systems of religion professed by each, we feel that it is a subject worthy to occupy the pen of our very best writers. In the hands of either the American Prescott, or the English Macaulay, it could be developed so as to appear like a living picture. With their artistic skill and the brilliant and effective touches of their pen-brush, the colours of the one, and the shade of the other might be made to appear with dazzling effect. And is it not worthy of such a pen? We plead an utter incompetency to the task, though we cannot help recording the wish that such a picture might be drawn and held up to the view of each member of the Church of Christ. The effect, we know, would reward any Christian writer to whom God has given the talent of picture painting in human language.

too must suffer with and before the eyes of their loving parents. Revenge and hatred are the mainsprings of a Mussalman's religion, and the Nawab is not found wanting in the day of trial. If Náná Sáhib deserves execration, what punishment will be given to one who deserves it as much, and was his equal in cruelty, and would have been in degree had he the power? And does not the contrast, furnished by the disparity of these two Princes, evidence another very important fact, which as Christians we ought to improve—and that is, the necessity of evangelistic labours in behalf of the deluded followers of the false prophet, and the idolatrous inhabitants of India? We have seen what it did to exalt and purify the character and prospect of the Mahá Rajah, who was once like the Nawab Ráís, and with no better principles and no better hopes of the future. It can and will do as much for every Mahammadan and idolater of India. Let us, then, be stimulated to use the great instrumentality ordained of God, and seek the power which must come from above, and is so cheerfully promised in answer to prayer. This is the lesson which has been taught us so forcibly, and this is the spirit which should actuate every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ; and whilst we cannot but view with horror the acts of cruelty that have been performed, let us not forget the teachings and example of our Master, who prayed for his very murderers, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." There is danger that disgust may so fill our hearts as to displace the spirit

and very first principles of our holy religion. Let the same mind be in us that was in Christ Jesus, and let us never forget that he who hath not the spirit of Christ is none of his. May God baptize both reader and writer of this with this spirit, and make us faithful unto death in our efforts to glorify his name at home and abroad.

CHAPTER VII.

The mutiny—some of its main causes—its character and effects at Futtehgurh—destruction of property and loss of lives.

We have in the former part of this volume endeavoured to give the reader a view of our station and an insight into our labours. We have also introduced him to our church and her members, who, we think, are worthy of his regard and esteem.

From the descriptions given, the reader must see that our work was prosecuted with some vigour and success. And we can truly say that there never was a time when the work was more encouraging, and the prospect more cheering. We were happy and diligent in our labours, and had so many tokens of approval from the hands of our Master, as to stimulate us to greater exertions. Scarcely a communion season passed by without receiving some into our church. Our Asylum was prosperous; our village was assuming a more decided and complete christian tone; our people were making a better impression on the surrounding population, and acquiring a more honourable position; our schools were exerting a power we had never before been privileged to see; our Church had just been built and dedicated to God. Our number was full, and with a fair prospect before us of abundant and suc-

cessful labour. We had built the foundation; and looked forward to the noble superstructure which we hoped to see raised, and make glad the new Jerusalem.

Anticipating an abundant harvest, our hearts glowed with love at the bright prospect, when, with startling suddenness, a very dark cloud appeared on the horizon which threatened disaster and disappointment to all these bright hopes and prospects. The cloud at first appeared small, and may be compared to the cloud of the sand storms which are so frequent in India. But as it approaches, it gathers strength,—expanding and spreading itself until blackness and darkness covers the whole heavens. You see it rolling on towards you in all its fearful fury, until it reaches its culminating point, when the heavens break forth into rumbling noises and vivid flashes, and pour down a tempest torrent, which, like an avalanche, threatens destruction and desolation to all our fond hopes and brilliant prospects.

This cloud was the mutiny; and no figure, however accurate, can convey to the mind, the desolation and misery it has wrought throughout the North-west Provinces of India. It was the last burst of Mahammadan despair, wrought to its highest pitch, and aided by all the power of a sinking Brahminism. It was a terrific revolt, permitted, in the mysterious dispensation of God, to weaken if not remove the greatest barrier which has ever in any part of the world existed, to oppose the gospel of God's Son, and to draw the attention and enlist the prayers of

his people, both in America and in England, more directly to India.

It is a sad thought, indeed, that such a painful and bitter experience, and such a solemn and thrilling call should be necessary to us, only to do what duty and nothing else required. It is more than sad, it is humiliating, that such scenes as have been enacted should have been deemed necessary to arouse us to a proper and right sense of our neglect of duty. These scenes, who can characterize—and their atrocities, who can comprehend? They exceed, in kind and degree, the massacre of St. Bartholemew's eve, and are scarcely surpassed by those which distinguished the fall of Jerusalem.

They occasioned a shock that was felt in every part of our globe, and sent a thrill of horror to the hearts of Englishmen everywhere. They exerted a magnetic influence on all classes, high and low, rich and poor; agitating to its very centre the whole of Great Britain. And no wonder, for the blood of her best sons and daughters was spilt, and in such a way as to harrow all the better feelings of our nature; and more must flow before her sovereignty could be regained, and peace once more established.

But it is not our purpose to detail these events, or even to glance at their history. The time for this has not yet come. When the public mind is calmed down, and becomes better able to judge, and when the future discloses, as it will, the secret actions and motives of the mutineers, this history will, and must be given. The trial of the old, effete, king of Delhi,

however, has revealed something tangible, and enables us to see some of the main-springs on which this great tragedy turned.

With reference to its origin and extent, there are many conflicting opinions extant, which time will rectify. It is not wonderful that there should be errors of opinion, and discrepancy of views in relation to India and this revolt! For this great Eastern empire is so different, both physically and morally, from all Western countries, that no view of things pertaining to the one will apply to the other, and the great majority of both Americans and Europeans are at sea at once.

As Americans, we ought to understand this matter, and appreciate the difficulty of forming any just conception and estimate of the state of things in India, for we ourselves have suffered so much from the misrepresentations of foreigners, and their misconceptions of us as a people and government, as to make us beware how we cause others to suffer the same things. And one good result of this revolt we trust will be to remove the ignorance and vagueness of our ideas of India and her subjects. These are now passing away. There are many in our country, who have formed their ideas of India from the highly wrought and beautiful pictures sketched by the historian Macaulay, and published in the Edinburgh Review. These sketches of Clive and Warren Hastings have received perhaps a greater circulation among us than in Great Britain. But let us remember that, however true and beautiful these sketches

may be, they are only true of India, as she was a hundred years ago, and not as she now is. India is no more now, slow as have been the changes wrought, what she was then, than America is what she was seventy years ago, after gaining her freedom and just emerging into a new being.

Without wishing to appear as the advocate of the East India Company, for we are free to admit that many errors have existed, and some still exist, and we intend in another place remarking on these; yet we feel that truth requires us to say, notwithstanding all these, the government has been a great blessing to the people, and of late years has been steadily gaining moral strength, and advancing rapidly in the estimation of such as know her best, and are able to appreciate improvements and right government.

Every one conversant with the rise and progress of the British Empire in the East, must have been impressed with the fact that India was taken out of the hands of the Portuguese and French, both of which were papistical powers, and placed under the control of the most enlightened and truly solid protestant people in the world. This was not the result of human device either, but of a higher power, to which she is still amenable. Nor has God destined Great Britain to reach, by a series of most wonderful, and in many respects, most mysterious steps, to an empire, by means of which she now controls 180 millions of people, without a design commensurate with the prospects and numbers of so many souls. The destiny of Britain, therefore, in India is one of

the most exalted character. She does not hold India for selfish or base purposes, but to bless the people with good and wise laws; to protect them in their just rights; to develope the resources of the country, and promote the happiness of her subjects; to disseminate learning and useful arts; and, above all, to use all legitimate means to spread the pure light of gospel truth.

That she has fulfilled this high destiny, no one will pretend to assert; and that for this she is to be condemned, all will agree. And that God will accomplish his purposes through her we firmly believe, and we cannot but think that he is accomplishing, in the most speedy manner, by the recent and fearfully afflictive dispensation of his providence, this happy consummation. Still we must not forget what has been done, though that may not reach to its fullest extent, and thus fail to comprehend the advantages and benefits already gained.

Need we state that in the advancement made, both suttee and infanticide have been abolished, and that gang robberies and thuggism have been repressed? Is it not a step in the right direction, that many revolting Hindu festivals and still more vile practices have been suppressed, and over every one changing his creed, the ægis of law and protection is thrown, so that there is no longer a forfeiture of property incurred by the performance of a conscientious duty? Not to speak of the influence wrought by the introduction of canals, railways, and telegraphic wires, and

the inauguration of new universities, recognizing the word of God, and filled with christian professors.

Need the author tell, as a missionary, that the fullest liberty was afforded him and his associates for the successful accomplishment of their work? Do not our pages afford evidence of this? We were permitted to travel from one end of India to the other, without let or hindrance.

The greatest change however produced has been manifested by Europeans themselves, who have assumed their right position as christian men. There was a time when it was thought commendable to act more like heathens than christians, but that time has passed away. In this respect India has greatly altered and improved of late years. When Brown and Martyn first went to India, they had to advertise in the newspapers, to find out whether a sufficient number of people could be gathered to unite with them in the formation of a prayer meeting. Now there is scarcely a station without its church, and the ordinances of religion.

The names of Wheeler, Havelock, Lawrence, Tucker, and a host of others, of equal merit, if not of equal celebrity, are too well known to the christian public of America, and the world, to need more particular mention. Their christian characters and heroic deeds can never be forgotten, and their names will go down to posterity, as the defenders of christian faith, as well as the defenders of outraged India.

It is with no ordinary pleasure that we here record the tribute of respect paid to the memory of

Havelock, the son-in-law of the Serampore Missionary, Marshman, by the city of New York. The flags on the City Hall, and of all the ships in harbour, were hoisted at half-mast on the 27th January, 1858, to honour publicly the memory of this illustrious christian hero, and the tribute is the more deserving of consideration and mention, as it was intended for him, not only as an individual, but as the representative of our English brethren in their great sufferings and triumph over sepoy fiends, and their Náná Sáhib compeers. We rejoice in this, for it will do more to cement the union of feeling, which should exist, than any thing else, for it was the spontaneous exhibition of family and blood feeling.

We have adduced these facts to shew the difference between what India was, in Clive's and Hastings' time, and what it now is: and also to shew that those who accuse the government of cruelty and oppression are mistaken in their views. This is untrue in any sense, and especially in the sense that these were the causes of the mutiny. The government is more fraternal and kind, and its greatest error and weakness may be attributed to over indulgence, rather than to severity. Nor can we believe that the great majority of the people are opposed to the government, but regard it with satisfaction, if not favour.

As to love for the English, or any body else, on the part of the natives, we do not assert, for we know that the heathen are "without affection;" and yet we believe that the British government is regarded with much favour by the people generally;

for this reason, that they enjoy not only protection, but are preserved from the horrors of native rule, and the rapacities and caprices of native rulers. And any one at all familiar with the horror of the one, and the rapacity and caprice of the other, will not wonder that the present rule and rulers of India are regarded as blessings, and considered with kind regard; for, in comparison with all former dynasties, they are immeasurably superior in every point of view.

The public mind since the mutiny has been entertained with instances of oppression, and by these means an effort has been made to stigmatize the government. That there have been examples of maladministration and misrule on the part of individuals connected with the government, we admit; but are these instances so rare here as to warrant surprise and condemnation? And in comparison with all former native governments in India, these were certainly few and far between, and never were sufficient to produce so strong a feeling of dislike as to cause a mutiny.

The defalcation of a banker here and there is not sufficient to account for the panic which occurred the beginning of this year. Whilst this was sweeping over our country, and men looking aghast at each other as each day revealed something new to its strength and extent, there was much speculation as to its cause; but it was so sudden and so ubiquitous, reaching England, France, and even Holland, that no sufficient cause could be found satis-

factory. And was it governments that were at fault, or individuals? The panic and mutiny have some points in common, which may serve to illustrate the danger of making a hasty and censorious judgment in the matter, and lead us to give the subject a more calm and serious examination. The great and prominent actors in the mutiny have been Mahammadans and Brahmins, and this fact furnishes us with two of the main causes, both of which deserve consideration.

1. The *animus* of Islamism, and its effects on its adherents, must not be overlooked. Pride, bigotry, and fanaticism are its most distinguishing influences. As a system, it has two marked elements, distinct and yet inseparable. These are what may be styled its military and religious elements: for it is a religious system, military in all its strongest features; and a military system, clothed in the garb and supported by all the deep and solemn sanctions of religion. The Koran, or the Book, as Mahammadans like to call it, is artfully adapted to the development of these two systems. As interpreted by their own expositors, it has not done its appropriate work on the heart of any one, if it has not made him a ferocious bigot, and changed every thing within him into the nature of a *tiger*.

To a Mussalman, doubt is sin; and faith in the teachings of their prophet as revealed in the Koran, the main-spring of their religion. Reason is nothing. Every true follower is taught to assume with unswerving confidence that, Islam is not only the

last and best, but also the closing or final effort of *Allah* to mature and adapt a system of religion to the wants of mankind, and that it must be spread by every possible means to the ends of the world; and, consequently, wherever it feels itself capable of putting forth aggressive force, as in Turkey and Persia, it goes forth with the sword in the right, and the Koran in the left hand, and presents the only and simple alternative to all who have not embraced it,—tribute or death.

The Al-Kitab, or Koran, is not deficient in its teachings on the importance and merit of prayer, fasting, and alms-giving, in praise of which all Mahammadans delight to discourse. But both Mahammad and his commentators have declared their estimate of the relative importance of these duties, by saying that "the sword is the key of heaven and hell—one drop of *blood* shed, or one night spent in arms (for God and the prophet,) has more merit in it than two whole months of fasting; and whoever shall be killed in battle all his sins are forgiven, and in the resurrection his wounds shall be resplendent as vermilion and odoriferous as the musk of Khoten." These extracts show the animus of the Mussalman portion of the Indian community, and with such sentiments filling their minds and hearts, it cannot be considered strange that the elements of mutiny were easily and naturally incited.

With this there was also associated another feeling of an important nature. They were the last ruling power, and felt their lost position most keenly.

They looked upon the English as usurpers of power and position which belonged to them; and this was heightened by the fact that the present rule was so mild and just, as day by day to remove all hope of future change. Let it be remembered, then, that ever since the British power became paramount, Islamism has been in the position of a tiger in a cage, impatient of confinement, but watching an opportunity for escape. That opportunity was impatiently waited for, and seized when the new greased paper for cartridges gave the means of enlisting in their favour the high caste portion of their Hindu countrymen, whose fears of losing caste made them the willing and docile tools of Mahammadans.

We are thus brought to the consideration of another of the main causes for the revolt.

2. The Brahmin element was absolutely necessary to the successful completion of the Mussalman animus, and possessed a strong affinity to its tiger nature. And though it had not the military aspirations and courage of Islam, it however felt in equal measure its degradation and loss of power and influence. As long as the British power was in the ascendancy, and its Christian influences promoted, it was regarded with feelings of hatred, for the glory of Brhaminism was eclipsed, and all its high honours and distinctions trodden in the dust. And this, too, be it remembered, notwithstanding the strong effort on the part of government to instil their avowed doctrine of religious neutrality, and their great sensitiveness on this subject.

But what availed all their niceness of doctrine and perception, so long as justice was dealt to every man without regard to caste? British jails revealed statistics and facts which covered Brahminism with shame and confusion, and British gibbets were not exempted from the sight of dangling Brahmin carcasses. The Sudra in British Courts stood on the same footing as the highest caste Brahmin, and defied his opponent to his face, and humbled him when he could. In this way a blow was struck at Brahminical influence, which maddened this lordly race and made them ripe for revolt. Under all former governments they were not only protected, but maintained a position above rulers and kings. They could not suffer disgrace, defeat, or death. As a class they had the entire moulding of society in their own hands, and using this power to their own advantage, had so skilfully shaped it as to bring the entire masses to their own feet with no hope of ever escaping from their power.

But under the British rule, a new element was introduced, which was, with or without design, efficacious in their sight of evil, and only evil. The very presence of foreigners, whom they regarded as impure and profane, was a source of repugnance. But this was greatly increased when they beheld their dominancy, and realized that they would not only neutralize their influence, but transfer their honours to the low and unclean, as they considered the common people. This was a cup too bitter for them to taste, and brought their capacity for endu-

rance to its severest test. Is it wonderful then that they were willing to complete an alliance with those whom, though they had always regarded with bitterness and hostility, they felt would give them, especially as allies and abettors of the change, their old position of caste and influence?

We would remark however that owing to this spirit of hostility and bitterness, well known to all, the union of these two classes had always been regarded as impracticable, if not impossible. And the sequel, or rather the first workings of it, afforded strong and conclusive evidence of the justness of the opinion formed of its impracticability. For no sooner had the combination been formed at Bareilly, than opposition and warfare began to be manifested. At the very commencement, the Mussalmans raised the green flag of Islam, and the poor Hindu soon learned who were most to be feared, his former rulers or present confederates. Acts of perfidy and cruelty were soon manifested, and the poor Hindus had not long to wait to discover that their temples were no more sacred and safe in the sight of their compeers, than were the churches of the Christians.

Both of these parties, Mahammadans and Brahmins hated the British for the introduction of what they considered Christianity, not in its religious sense, so much as its elevating power. Whatever distinctions we may make, and think plain enough to be free from any disorganizing tendencies, it is proper to observe are not so regarded by others; and so it was with these two classes. The government were

particular to inform the people that they had nothing to do with Christianity, as a system of religion; but the people, unused to distinctions of this kind, attributed to Christianity, the levelling influences of foreign rule, and even-handed justice. Their very colleges, from which Christianity was excluded, and in which the Shastras and Koran were taught, contributed to rivet this impression on the people. They taught and elevated men of low caste. They thus gave them an energy of character, an exaltation of mind, and a capacity for literary and scientific attainments, which must eventually overturn all their avowed and settled principles, and result in an entire reversion of every thing favourable to their cherished system of society.

These two classes were unanimous in their views and feelings of Christianity. They hated it for the severe system of morals it inculcated, the restraints it imposed, and the whole system of revolutionizing tendencies they imagined it contained, and had power to exert. There can be no doubt they saw and felt, whatever may have been the estimate of their Christian rulers, that the British government in India was the guardian and representative of Christianity there, and that it not only sheltered its advocates, but so protected them that no native subject could either touch or hinder those employed in its direct propagation. They were encouraged so to think, because they saw the government in all its officers, wearing the garb and dress of Christianity, associating freely with the propagators of it, and in

a great variety of ways patronizing it more or less avowedly. For these reasons, the government was, by the great majority of the native population, regarded as the patron and fountain of authority of the Christian religion. These opinions were formed without any reference to the light in which the government and its officers viewed it, and in the teeth of affirmations to the contrary, and prominently made known on all occasions. In their object and effort therefore to free themselves from all the evils they dreaded, they aimed their blow at the government.

There is another consideration affecting both of these classes, the Brahmins and upper orders of Mahammadans, and that is, the deprivation of official rank. They saw and felt that all positions of power and emolument were occupied, for prudential and other reasons, by foreigners, and only those of a very subordinate and inferior character were intrusted to the natives. And though they knew, far better even than the Europeans did, the hazard of relying on native fidelity in the higher classes of officers, still this did not remove the bitterness thereby engendered, or prevent the desire for their occupancy. And when such a feeling of bitterness is engendered, the mind will occupy itself with devising ways and means of redress.

With an object before their minds, there will be no lack of contrivances, however disfigured with falsehood and rancour, for the Hindus as a race are remarkable proficients in the art of scheming.

In this way they pondered over the great dispa-

rity of numbers, and were impressed by the comparatively small and insignificant groups of foreigners who were ruling over them, the untold millions of natives, and singular enough, too, by means furnished by themselves. This would be no new thought, for they not only read it in English newspapers, but heard it in English circles; for it was everywhere spoken of as an unheard-of thing in the annals of the world, and the anomaly of a few strangers being able to hold in subjection for so many years such a people and by such means, was a common topic among all classes.

Besides this, every year was imparting to the native soldiers and native officers (the sepoys) a larger measure of the vigour and intelligence of their European superiors. Their habits of daily intercourse with both European officers, and sciences in their military applications, tended to give them confidence and feel their power; for their European officers could not spend hours daily in teaching them military tactics, and exhibit their superior powers and advantages, without imparting to them some of their power and prowess. In this way the sepoys, who are Mahammadans and Hindus of high caste, began to realize their power and feel that they were masters of India, and like the Prætorian Guards of ancient Rome could either keep or give away the Empire.

The time for the experiment was hastened by the affair of the greased cartridges, and in the early part of 1857 the first scene was enacted at Barrack-

pore and renewed at Meerut and Delhi, at both of which places it was disfigured by murder, lust, and brutality. It gradually approached Futtehgurh, appearing again at Allygurh and Mynpoorie, only forty miles distant.

From this time, in May, a series of bloody events occurred which the imagination cannot picture, and the very mention of them even fills the heart with terror and indignation. Every abomination reigned unchecked—officers were murdered at their mess—congregations were butchered in their Churches, and judges, tried by mock juries, were hung on the gallows. Some died by the sword, some in flames; and others, refined and delicate English ladies, wives and sisters, in modes too horrible for description. The news of these diabolical acts reached our beloved missionaries at Futtehgurh, and caused deep pain and bitter anguish. They met and prayed—they devised means of escape, and counselled together as to what appeared to be the best plan. But not relying on these, they daily and hourly importuned God for wisdom and direction.

As we attempt to recall their feelings and thoughts, as expressed in their letters, our hearts are filled with sorrow too deep for expression. The suspense was terrible, not knowing what moment they might be murdered. And this was not a sudden surprise, but continued for some time. Day after day they had to realize death, and that, too, of a cruel and bloody nature. Night after night they were kept in this state of alarm.

During all this time they had to endure a double suffering in hearing the taunts of Mahammadans to themselves and native preachers; for the Mussalmans gnashed their teeth at them, and longed for the time to come when they could rise and butcher them. This time had not come, and yet they could say, "*Where is your Jesus now? We will shortly show what will become of the infidel dogs.*" Only those who heard this, can realize the horror and sadness it caused to the hearts of the brethren who delighted to preach Jesus. They would not, and could not, leave the native Christians unless forced to do it. Though danger threatened them less, yet how could they part from those over whom God had placed them as overseers? How touching and heroic is their behaviour, viewed in this light!

To fight and die with loyal friends and followers, is a small thing compared with the fortitude shown in lying down night after night with mutinous and murderous men, ready and anxious to dye their hands in the blood of Christians. It has been thought a high proof of courage to advance against hostile batteries, but how much more heroic to stand alone amid yelling and blood-thirsty enemies, rather than desert their post! We cannot but think that their sufferings for the three weeks previous to their embarkation, far exceeded in anguish the last sad scene of their earthly pain. It was a daily death.

There were no European troops at Futtehgurh and only one native regiment, which was considered

more staunch than other native regiments, from the fact that it had served in Burmah, and distinguished itself for its fidelity in the late war. The alarm felt was from the large bodies of mutineers, either from Delhi, Bareilly, or Oudh, who it was rumoured were near and might attack and murder them at any moment. They kept a constant watch, patroled their bungalows every night, and kept their horses harnessed and ready for flight.

"On the morning of June 30," writes Mr. Fullerton, "the regiment at the station showed signs of an intention to mutiny, and that night the European officers slept in the lines with the sepoys. Colonel Smith made every exertion to keep them from throwing off their allegiance, and in this he would have succeeded if it had not been for the fact that half of the regiment was composed of new recruits. The old soldiers were disposed to remain true to their colours, but the recruits wished at once to join the rebels. The next morning they seized the treasury and carried it to the parade ground, and were in an open state of mutiny. The brave old Colonel, however, still remained with them, trying to bring them back to their allegiance. In this he so far succeeded that they promised, and sealed it with a most solemn oath, that if the past were forgiven they would remain true to him—a promise and oath which they most shamefully broke a few days afterwards."

During this same day, the 3d of June, information was received at Futtehgurh that the troops at

Bareilly and Shahjehanpore, only forty miles distant, had mutinied, and that a body of the Oudh mutineers, consisting of an infantry and cavalry corps, were marching into the station. This caused great consternation. The Shahjehanpore massacre was attended with very painful circumstances, for it took place on the Sabbath and during divine service. Both minister, the Rev. J. McCallum, our beloved and intimate friend and fellow labourer, and his people were slain in the Church, a beautiful little building not entirely finished, though used for some time and dedicated to the worship of the one only living and true God. Of this little congregation engaged in worship, only one escaped to tell the fate of his fellow worshippers.

On the night of the 3d a consultation was held, and it was considered absolutely necessary to start for Cawnpore; and as the boats were secured, it was settled that a start should be made early in the morning. Some spent the night on board, the boats and others remained in the bungalows on the bank of the river. Our missionaries went to the house of an old friend, Mr. Maclean, who lived near the Mission premises and close to the river. But they could not part with the native Christians, without coming back to encourage and strengthen them for the trials which awaited them.

We are told that in the night Mr. Campbell returned, and walked for several hours in the garden with the native brethren, advising them and trying to strengthen their faith. He told them he had

little hope himself of escaping, but that he felt less concern about himself than he did for them. They speak of his return and the advice he gave them with much gratitude.

One of these native Christians, Ishwuree Dass, in his narrative of the outbreak at Futtehgurh, says: "A few minutes before the missionary families left the premises, I had an interview with Messrs. Freeman and Campbell. Mr. Freeman had his eyes full of tears. Mr. Campbell would have rather laid down his life on the spot. He did not seem much inclined to leave the place, and asked me whether they did right in going away. I replied it was their duty to do all they could for their safety. He said there was merely a bare chance for escape, as the whole coast was lined with rebellious Zamindars. When he was taking his leave, I reminded him that 'the Lord reigneth.' 'That is true,' he replied, 'but blood may be shed.' He was anxious, on account of Mrs. Campbell, (who was always of delicate health, and at that time more so,) and his two little children. For his part he was ready to be cut in pieces. As none of the Hindu and Mahammadan servants would go with the missionaries, on account of their families that would be left behind in danger, three of the native Christians accompanied them."

All the Europeans did not leave at this time, and some of those who did, returned and remained at the station. But they did not fare much better, as on the 18th of June the sepoys of the tenth regi-

ment released all the convicts of the jail, and the little party of Europeans fled to the Fort for protection. This fort was twice undermined, and in such a low position as to be overlooked by the enemy; and just one month after the first party left Futtehgurh, on the 4th of July, they all took to boats. They were fired upon almost immediately after starting, and were pursued by the sepoys. They numbered one hundred and ten, and with the exception of only two, all perished either from drowning, or sword and shot. The whole loss of life, including the two parties, amounted to two hundred and thirty-four.

The Mission premises, with all the other private and public property, were destroyed on the morning of the 19th of June. The loss of the Mission alone amounting to over thirty thousand dollars. For a description of the desolation wrought, we must refer to Mr. Fullerton, who visited Futtehgurh early in January of this year for the purpose of visiting the native Christians, and recovering, if possible, some of the Mission property. He writes:—

On reaching Futtehgurh, I made my way at once to Rukha, expecting to find it unoccupied, save by our native Christians, but what was my astonishment to find it the head-quarters of the Commander-in-chief! Ten thousand British soldiers, and almost as many camp followers, are encamped in and about the premises. Their canvas houses stretch far away to the south and west, covering all the land belonging to the Mission, and filling the large mango groves beyond our little burial ground. Every place swarms with oxen, buffaloes, horses, camels, and elephants; while artillery wagons, baggage wagons, and private conveyances in vast numbers are found wherever there is room for them to stand.

My first business was to look for our native Christians, but a glance

at the state of the Mission premises said to me louder than words could speak, "They can't be here."

There is not a roof, a door, or a window, or even a piece of wood as large as a walking stick in the place. The bungalows occupied by the missionaries, the old Church, the orphanage, the tent manufactory, and the Christian village have been involved in one common ruin. Some of the walls of these buildings have fallen down, filling the rooms with heaps of rubbish; others are leaning and ready to fall; and still others are so cracked and broken that they will probably have to come down before they can be repaired. The walls and steeple of the new Church are still standing; but its roof has been destroyed, and its timbers and every thing movable taken away.

The first place I entered was the bungalow recently occupied by the Freemans. Here the Walshes and the Seelys welcomed us to their field of labour seven years ago, and here two years ago we met nearly all the brethren of our Mission. Every room had its associations, and the contrast between the past and the present filled my soul with sadness. I passed on into the orphanage, at the back part of the house. Here we had often seen Mrs. Walsh at her labours; and here the Master said to dear Mrs. Freeman,

> "Servant of God, well done,
> Rest from thy blest employ."

The place was filled with oxen; I looked at it but a moment and then turned away. I next directed my steps to the bungalow in which the McMullins lived at the time of the outbreak. Here we had lived three months, awaiting our baggage on our first arrival in the country. Here the Campbells lived after us; and here I saw them surrounded by their three beautiful children two years ago. The walls of their drawing room sheltered now an elephant from the cold west wind, and other parts of the building were occupied as a stable for oxen.

As I could not find the living, I paid a visit to the home of the dead. A short walk brought me to our little Mission grave-yard. Here lie the remains of dear Mrs. Seely, whom all loved who knew her. As I approached her grave, the recollections of the past were so vivid, that I felt that she must rise and meet me, with one of the smiles of welcome with which she was ever wont to meet her friends; and although the feeling was not realized, I could not help saying to myself, "She is not dead, but sleepeth." Here, too, the hand of the destroyer has been busy, her

grave remains untouched, but the tomb over it has been broken to pieces and carried away.

When I remembered that it was for these rebels that she gave up the endearments of home, and severed the ties that bound her to the country that gave her birth, to live, to labour, and to die in a strange land, a feeling of resentment against them for their ingratitude momentarily took possession of my breast; but the prayer of Him who came to his own and they received him not, but on the contrary, platted a crown of thorns and placed it upon his head, scourged him, and led him away to be crucified, came to my recollection; and I knew if her body could burst from the cerements of the tomb, her meek and gentle spirit would lead her to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." The gate of the grave-yard has been carried away, and the most of the tombs destroyed, and the place, like every other about the premises, filled with oxen. I returned at dark to the place where I had left my horse, not knowing where I was to pass the night. A pious captain by the name of ——, a grandson of Mrs. ——, the friend of Cowper, heard that there was a missionary in camp, and sent for me. I dined with him, and spent the evening with him. At a late hour, having procured a charpoy from the good captain's Christian clerk, I wrapped my *resai*, or quilt, about me, and laid me down, thinking of the 137th Psalm. "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion." Alas! how changed and sad our Mission is now! But how impotent is the rage of our enemies! They may triumph for a season, burn our churches, kill our missionaries, and scatter our people, but they cannot prevail against the cause of Christ. We are weak, but our Master is strong; this is a thought with which the Psalmist was wont to comfort himself under trouble.

"My days are like a shadow that declineth; and I am withered like grass. But thou, O Lord, shalt endure for ever, and thy remembrance unto all generations. Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion: for the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come. For thy servants take pleasure in her stones, and favour the dust thereof. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and all the kings of the earth thy glory."

The Rev. J. L. Scott, in a letter of later date to the author, writes: "Every thing at Futtehgurh is

complete destruction. The whole place seems like an immense grave-yard, the monuments of which are ruined mud walls. It would make you weep to see Rukha, but you may easily imagine what it is after passing through a rainy season without any covering. The Church retained its roof for some time, but that at last was taken away, the beams being cut off near the walls. The gilt ball has several holes in it made by musket balls, but is not otherwise injured. Not a piece of wood now remains on our premises."

Who can read the narratives of desolations like these, and not realize in their fullest force the words of the Psalmist?—"O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance: thy holy temple have they defiled—they have laid Jerusalem on heaps. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of heaven, the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the earth. Their blood have they shed like water round about Jerusalem, and there was none to bury them."

Before following our beloved missionaries down the Ganges on their way to Cawnpore, we will attempt a brief sketch of their lives, preparatory to the last sad scene of their earthly labours and their abundant entrance into the blissful kingdom of glory in heaven. We cannot enter the mansions wherein they now dwell, but we can listen to their sweet music as they raise their voices in praise to Him who hath washed them and made them clean in his own blood.

J. E. Freeman

CHAPTER VIII.

Memoir of the Rev. John Edgar Freeman.

Of the birth and early life of John Edgar Freeman, little indeed can be gathered from the small circle of surviving friends and relatives. The exact date of his birth cannot be precisely ascertained, and there is not even absolute certainty as to his birth-place. The Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, N. J. says, that he "was born of highly respectable parents, in South Orange, Essex Co., New Jersey; but Mrs. Bosworth, an aunt of Mr. Freeman, states that he was born in the city of New York. The latter is the most probable and correct statement, though differing from the general impression, which grew out of the fact that nearly all his early life was spent in New Jersey. Without then knowing the exact date of his birth, we are able to fix it somewhere in the year 1809.

In the absence of other data, we are happy in having Mr. Freeman as the biographer of his early life. In a letter written whilst at sea, in compliance with the rules of a missionary society, in connection with Princeton Theological Seminary, he passes in review his early life, and the motives which led him to consecrate himself to the missionary work. The little so-

ciety which existed under the name of *Brotherhood*, and whose meetings were secret only for the purpose of doing good, and more effectually reaching every member of the seminary, has ceased to exist; but the letters and documents belonging to it have been faithfully preserved. Among them was the following letter:—

"ATLANTIC OCEAN, *Oct. 30th*, 1838.
N. Lat. 17°, 10′, W. Long. 30°.

MY VERY DEAR AND BELOVED BRETHREN:—I intended to have addressed you before leaving my beloved friends and country, but so fully occupied were my precious moments, and so unexpected my departure, that I was not able to find time to make a farewell visit to my friends, much less to write to the Brotherhood. By the reception of this you will see that you are not forgotten, and that I am desirous of complying with our invaluable rules; the more so, because I feel that such communications give interest to your meetings, afford cause of encouragement, and present subjects of prayer and meditation.

My experience bears testimony to the cheering and inspiring influence of letters from the Brethren. I will state in brief some incidents of my life, in order that you may adore the sovereign grace of God, which still abounds to the *chief* of sinners, through the Lord Jesus Christ. My mother was removed by death when I was only ten months old. Hence I never had the care of a pious mother: nor was my affectionate father a child of God. At this age I was removed to Newark, and left to do as I pleased. My school hours were spent along the banks of the river, from the bosom of which I was twice rescued. As my father visited the South, I was my own man at the age of six or seven. We lived next door to a hotel, and I found sport in rolling back the balls of the nine-pin-alley, and received as my reward a glass of liquor, which made me deadly sick and frightened my friends exceedingly. The idea fills me with horror and indignation now. On another occasion the chamber-maid of the inn, having a sweet tooth, and not being able to gratify it, persuaded me to permit her to put me into the bar-room through a small aperture, in order to get some loaf-sugar for her. I did so, and was rewarded with a part of the spoils. But conscience spoke even in

that hour and every limb tremoled for fear of detection. The form of the room, the shelf, the situation of the bowl, and the whole scene is still visible to my mind.

At the age of eight or nine years I removed to live with my grandparents, at South Orange. N. J. They both were pious, but being aged, had but little influence over a *man from town*. They laboured to train me in the path of life, and through the affectionate kindness of my venerable grandmother, I was induced to read Baxter's Call,—Bunyan's Pilgrim,—Doddridge's Progress, and also my Bible through.

Yet I was surrounded with wicked companions, for on one side of our house lived two families, one house of which was a real pandemonium. The grand-father and the father died like brutes by intoxication, and the son was not much better! The head of the other family came to an untimely grave by the demon alcohol. These families are scattered, and now almost unknown. Their houses have long since been demolished, and scarce a stone remains. Thus signal have been the judgments of God. On the other side lived a family that became a pest to society, and disgrace to our race. Yet amidst such companions, where iniquity rolled like a mighty flood; I was kept from falling—I was thus kept by the hand of God, in order that the maternal feelings of my pious grandmother might be spared from sorrow.

While with my grand-parents, twice was I thrown from a horse, and once from a cart, the wheel of which passed over my body. I was also once knocked down by the lever of a cider mill screw. Thus in numerous instances has my life been given to me anew.

At the age of fifteen, I was sent away and apprenticed to a trade. Little did I, my father, or friends know what we were doing. I soon found my companions to be adepts in crime and vice of all kinds. Of the three apprentices who were my associates, one has died an awful death, requesting that his tools might be buried with him in order that he might work his passage across the river Styx. Another is still [1838] an abandoned wretch and outcast from society. The third keeps a grog hotel. Of the three journeymen, all came to an untimely end.

Such, Brethren, were the companions of my youth; and as I write, my whole frame trembles with fear, whilst recalling the brink of the precipice on which I then stood. While with these monsters I learned to sip at the bowl, and to shuffle cards, to mock at things sacred, and blaspheme the name of God. But such was my respect for my master and

friends, that I always concealed my iniquities, and treated both the Sabbath and house of God with respect. In the midst of my iniquities, a very devoted neighbour and godly elder died; and though the corpse was lying in the room adjoining mine, I took my cards and began to play. But death and judgment were so presented to my mind, and the counsels of this man of God so renewed in death, that I resolved to cease card playing,—dashed them from me, and have never touched them since. I also ceased profaning the name of Jehovah.

This was in November, and in the following month a revival of religion commenced in the First Church of Elizabethtown. On the 8th December, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. This was a day of unusual solemnity, and God was present by the influences of his Spirit. The people of God were humbled and revived, and many thoughtless ones made to tremble before God. It was whilst gazing upon the bread and wine, the emblems of the Saviour's agonies, that my hard heart was melted and subdued. The tears of contrition burst their long frozen tenement, and I was found for the third time an awakened sinner. For I was awakened the first time, when about thirteen years of age, during an extensive revival at Orange. For three weeks or more I read my Bible, and was punctual in my attendance on the duties of the closet. Yet no one knew of my anxiety. I longed to go to the prayer meeting with the new born soul, but fear prevented me. Hence I grieved the Spirit of God, and was left to pursue my downward way with tenfold rapidity.

A revival was in progress when I went to reside at Elizabethtown, which was in Jan. 1825. At this time also I was awakened—attended the conference meetings, and performed all the duties as before. But I was soon persuaded to give up all my pretensions, and return to mingle in the iniquitous scenes of my wicked companions. Thus God in his rich mercy bore with me. Twice did he call and twice did I dare to refuse his call. Oh! what daring presumption! and why was *I* permitted to live?—"Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," is the only answer.

Thus was I left to deeds of darkness, which were before never conceived and never known by any of my friends; for they all thought me a very moral youth and a candidate for church membership. But in the mercy of God there was a limit which I could not pass in my wicked career. I had now been treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath,

with fearful rapidity for the space of three years. And now the Holy Spirit came and set in order my sins. I saw them as they lay a mountain load upon the suffering Son of God. For ten days my soul was in great bitterness, and often in the deepest agony; I sought rest, but found none. At last the Spirit of God used Baxter's Call to the Unconverted, as the instrument of leading me to surrender all into the hands of the Saviour. It was the clear and pungent reasoning of the writer, sealed by the Spirit of God, that cut me off from all hope except in Christ. To him I fled and found relief, where sin had abounded, grace did much more abound. Once there was sorrow, and even blackness of darkness, now all was joy and rejoicing. Could I doubt the change? Could any one refuse to adore the grace of God? This grace was signalized and magnified in my hopeful conversion. And in March, 1829, I joined the First Presbyterian Church of Elizabethtown.

In the following December I made up my mind to study for the ministry,—purchased the last year of my time for $80, and immediately entered upon my course of study with Mr. John T. Halsey. I remained with him two years and eight months,—was three years in Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., and three years in our beloved Theological Seminary, at Princeton. The past is a history full of God's forbearance and mercy. Surely if any one has cause to live for none but Christ, I must be that person. Will you not one and all unite with me in adoring the sovereign grace of God? May we not truly say, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin?" Let no one doubt either the power or the willingness of Jesus to save, "even to the uttermost, all that come unto God by him."

The remaining part of this letter, relating to his missionary views, will be found in another place. During his collegiate career, he was privileged in having for associates Morrison and Owen of our Northern India mission, Dougherty of our American India mission, and Canfield of our Africa mission, as also many now found among the ministers of our land. Among these was Dr. E. D. G. Prime, who,

in writing to the New York Observer, offers the following tribute to his old classmate:

Soon after entering the Theological Seminary at Princeton, in the fall of 1835, as I was standing at a desk in the reading room looking over a paper, some one came up behind me, and, putting his arm familiarly over my shoulder, spoke some kind words which went immediately to my heart. It was John E. Freeman, lately one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Board, who, there is now little reason to doubt, have ended their labours in India, and received the crown of martyrdom.

Before the interview alluded to we had met several times in the class, but this was the commencement of an intimacy which was kept up during our theological course. He was the most intimate friend and constant companion that I had among my fellow students, and now that he has ended his earthly course in such painful circumstances, the memory of those years, and of the many, the daily seasons of communion that we enjoyed together, come up with a freshness and sacredness which words will not describe. As all hope of hearing of his safety in this world has passed away, I wish to record a tribute to the memory of one whom I regarded as among the choicest of earth's spirits, and one of the most devoted of that noble band who have taken their lives in their hands to go to the Gentiles.

Mr. Freeman was a man of high social qualities. His bright, open countenance, which none who were familiar with it can ever forget, was an index to his open heart. He was very cheerful, and without an effort imparted his cheerfulness to others. I do not remember ever to have seen him depressed. He was quick and warm in his attachments, and those who enjoyed his friendship knew him as always the same unwavering friend. These qualities, sanctified by grace, made him ever an agreeable companion.

He was of a very ardent temperament, and earnest in all his impulses. When God called him into the kingdom of his Son, he had already entered upon an active employment for life; but he relinquished it, devoting himself to a course of study, in preparation for the ministry, which he pursued with untiring energy. In the early part of his course, his attention was directed to the work of Missions among the heathen, and "immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood," but consecrated

himself to the service of Christ, in that cause in which he has now offered up his life. His whole heart was in the cause of Missions. During the years of our intercourse, he was anticipating his entrance upon the work, not as one looks forward to a sacrifice, but as he anticipates an honour and a joy. I can readily imagine with what calm confidence in God, with what cheerful hope, he met the cruel death that awaited him, and how, as he finished his course with joy, he would exclaim, "I am now ready to be offered—henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of life that fadeth not away."

The first Mrs. Freeman, who met not a martyr's death, but who spent her days in India, and paid the tribute of her life to the cause of Missions, I knew as one who had a spirit kindred to his, and who was well qualified to be a co-worker with him in so high and holy a service. Joyfully they both went forth to do the work of their Master, in promoting the salvation of the heathen, and now they have received their reward; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.

With such companions, and under the influence of a strong missionary spirit prevailing in both college and seminary, it is not surprising that Mr. Freeman's attention should be called especially to the subject of Foreign Missions. But even anterior to this, his mind had imbibed a strong feeling on this subject. In continuation of the letter already quoted, he says: "As to my missionary views and feelings, they were implanted at a very early age. When about twelve years old, I was induced to gratify my pious grandmother by reading the '*Intelligencer*,' printed at New Haven, and giving an account of Domestic and Foreign Missions. This paper was not then a vehicle of what is now known as New Haven Theology, and its triumphs in the far West; but contained the simple story of man's degradation and the labours of missionaries. It was whilst reading

these truths that my soul was moved within me in behalf of the heathen. Though a wild youth at the time, I was not, however, insensible or lost to the finer feelings of our nature. I still had sympathy with the poor heathen, and especially for the poor Indians. Their desire for knowledge, and the success which attended the labours of God's ministers and teachers, kindled within me a desire to become a teacher, and I even remarked to an aunt, whose soul glowed with zeal for Christ, that I desired to go and teach these poor Indians. Of course, I had then no adequate idea (nor even now) of the work; still this desire was cherished, and never left me.

"When I became a hopeful partaker of the grace of God and the spirit of Christ, then this latent spark was kindled into a glowing flame, and continued to glow up to the time when my desire was granted by Him who first gave it being. And though I read much on the subject and prayed much over the matter, I never made a formal resolve, or even dedicated myself to the work of Missions, until I became a member of college. Here I would state that my missionary feelings were nurtured by a faithful attendance on the monthly concert of prayer, and also by being engaged as a collector of a missionary society. At the former, my seat was never vacant unnecessarily, and at the latter, I became acquainted with the prevailing spirit of Missions, which has so long characterized the eminently pious congregation of the First Church at Elizabeth-

town. The little feeling manifested by some, and the small amount contributed by others, drove me to a throne of grace, and led me to pray for wisdom, and that a spirit of Missions might shine forth in my life, and thus influence those with whom I was called to act. When I entered Nassau Hall, I was associated with Brother Morrison, now in North India, Brother Dougherty, now among the Indians, and with Brethren Owen and Canfield. From that time until I left the seminary, I was accustomed to meet weekly during term time, for the purpose of prayer and consultation on this great subject; and these little meetings have been the most precious of my life, and are now held in sacred remembrance. As these seasons pass before me, I feel their inspiring and consoling influences."

After graduating at the Seminary, he was accepted by the Board of Foreign Missions, and was ordained in the Church of which he was a member, in August, 1838. Soon after, he was married to Miss Mary Ann Beach, the daughter of Isaac N. and Mary Beach. Mr. and Mrs. Freeman embarked at Philadelphia in the brig "*George Gardiner*," on the 12th of October, for Calcutta. The voyage was a pleasant one of one hundred and twenty days, and the time profitably spent in the study of the Bible, both in English and the original languages in which it was written. Whilst at sea, Mr. Freeman, in his letter to the Brethren at Princeton, says :—

"Do you ask me what are my views and feelings,

now that I have entered upon my work—passed through one and, perhaps, the severest trial of missionary life, and am now far away from home upon the bosom of the sea? They differ in nothing from what they were when I met with you, except in intensity. I realize more sensibly the solemnity of the work, and more deeply my unfitness for it and my unworthiness to engage in it. My soul longs with more ardent desire to be instrumental in saving the perishing heathen. The work has assumed a living reality, and to it I have consecrated all. I have nothing to regret save my misimproved time and talents, and my want of attention to *all* religious duties both of a public and private nature. If you would enjoy communion with God on the ocean, you must know how, when, and where to find the nearest approach to the footstool of mercy. The soul cannot live on husks here, nor is there any thing external calculated to keep alive deep spirituality. If this were my dying counsel, I would say, Live near the throne of grace, and love prayer in every place and every form. There is no life without it. Oh! how little have I prayed for myself, and how much less for a ruined world! I have no wish to return to my friends, for I am fully assured that I am in the path of duty, and my mind is calm, peaceful, and joyful. You cannot give too much attention to this point—a full conviction that you are fulfilling the will of God. I have only one request to make, and that is, pray for your unworthy brother, for our little company, for all the missionaries

and the heathen, that they may become the sons of God."

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, after their arrival at Calcutta, proceeded to join the Mission at Allahabad, at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna Rivers. The first two or three years were spent in the acquisition of the language, after which they had charge of the orphan boys and girls, for which they were both remarkably qualified.

On the 8th of August, 1849, in the midst of her usefulness, Mrs. Freeman was suddenly called to her rest. Her removal was a serious loss to the Mission, as she was a person not only of great excellence of character, but of more than ordinary efficiency in the missionary work. Her death occurred on the evening of the weekly Mission meeting, and all witnessed the departure of their beloved companion. The scene was most touching, and though the author was not present there, yet he was on a similar occasion, when our dear friend Mrs. Seeley, of Futtehgurh, was called away from her earthly labours to her heavenly home. On both occasions all the members of the Mission stood around her dying bed, to close the eyes of one with whom we had not only taken sweet counsel, but for years worshipped at the same altar. Mr. Freeman felt his loss very severely, and being in a feeble state of health, soon returned with his two children to America. The Rev. James Wilson, formerly of the Allahabad Mission, has kindly given the author permission to extract from his letter some

remarks made in reference to Mr. Freeman, which will be found of great interest. After referring to the brethren who gave their lives for the testimony of Jesus, he writes :—

"It was not my privilege to live or labour with any of them in their missionary work, except Brother Freeman; and my heart goes back with fond and tearful interest to the eight years I spent in almost constant fellowship with him at Allahabad. During five of these years, I lived in the *same house* with him, and therefore had daily intimacy with him, in all the joys and sorrows of the missionary life, and in all that tries the spirit and the 'inner man' in that kind of labour. Brother Freeman was my junior by several years, both in age and the missionary work. He was, therefore, in a position to seek counsel from me, which he always did with candour and frankness, and carried out with much singleness of purpose. The traits of character which I most distinctly remember in him, were an unusually ready tact in all business matters requiring attention, promptness, and energy; in the government and general arrangement of the Orphan Boys' School, which was for many years under his superintendence; and a general quickness, promptness, and activity in the performance of any duty belonging to the missionary work, in any of its departments, which he felt to devolve on him. One trait of his character, which I had perhaps more frequent occasion to notice in him than any other person, was his capacity to bear, with meekness and equanimity,

counsel bearing the tone of *rebuke*, given amid the conflicting views, opinions, and policies which come up in the management and details of a complicated missionary work. Many a time did I take the liberty of using 'a plainness of speech,' where I thought his views or his practice wrong, which I did not feel willing to use towards any other member of the Mission; and never did he take it otherwise than kindly, and never did it produce an hour's alienation that I was aware of. Many a time did I admire that trait of character; and wish that I could learn to have my views and plans thwarted, and see things, in which I felt a deep interest, carried in a direction which I did not think the best, and yet bear it with the acquiescent spirit which I witnessed in him.

"I also saw him much in seasons of *affliction*, and had occasion to admire, both his promptness to minister in every possible way to the comfort and wants of others under trial, and his calmness and submissive bearing when led 'through the deep waters' himself. During our residence in the same house at Allahabad, I saw him watch over the withering health and closing life of *two* lovely little *daughters*, who followed each other in quick succession and affecting circumstances down to the narrow house, leaving a deep, sad vacuum in a happy home in a *heathen land*. The bearing of Brother Freeman in bracing his own mind for the trial, and sustaining and ministering consolation and calmness to the crushed and bleeding heart of his delicate and disconsolate wife, was such as to show the excellency

and power of an inner life, fed and sustained from above. And again, when called to send away an only remaining little *daughter*, and she *deaf and dumb*, in the hands of strangers, to find a home and educational training on the opposite side of the globe, where her sad and lonely heart would never again feel the warm, responsive breathings of a *mother's* heart. And very shortly after hearing of that daughter's arrival in America, and after a voyage of many affecting and painful incidents, Mrs. Freeman's delicate frame gave way. She died suddenly, and in circumstances severely crushing to him, leaving him a bereaved, desolated husband and father, doubly, trebly, and more than trebly bereaved, —deprived of *all* that had filled and composed a happy household circle. Truly, Brother Freeman was led through much that was suited to prepare him for that last and crowning scene, where he was called to 'lay down his life' for 'the testimony of Jesus.' He had been led through much that was suited to hold his mind in converse with the thought of having 'his robes washed *white* in the *blood* of the Lamb,' as preparatory to having them stained and made *red* in his *own blood*, and that of his friends and associates. It is pleasant, now that he is gone, to trace him through some of these varied forms of trial, and think of the influence which they were suited and designed to have in preparing him for the fearful, closing conflict at Cawnpore."

This description of Mr. Freeman's character is very accurate, and the author is happy to corrobo-

rate it. Mr. Freeman was a man of strong impulse, and exhibited strong feelings of sympathy, and his mind partook of this characteristic. He was not noted for maturity or strength of judgment, but for great vigour, activity, and rapidity of action. He was quick in all he did, both in his bodily actions and mental operations. He excelled on special occasions, and his addresses at a burial, or communion season, were remarkably happy and opportune. Dr. Murray's estimate of him is very correct and very well drawn. He says:—"Mr. Freeman was a man of pleasant aspect, of good appearance, of affable manners, and if not a fine linguist, was endowed with remarkable capacities for business. In the way of keeping accounts, planning, and carrying out plans for the extension and efficiency of their work, he was excelled by few of his brethren. As he was for nearly twenty years on the field, the loss of his experience will be deeply felt by those who survive him."

The allusion made by Mr. Wilson to his little daughter, born deaf and dumb, and sent home when she was only five years old, under the care of Mrs. Scott, who was buried at sea, is very touching; but not more so than the account which this dear child gives of herself in a composition she read at the exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb Institution in the city of New York a year ago. Dr. Prime, who was present at the exhibition, published the letter in connection with the tribute to her father; and his remarks are so just and deserving of consideration,

that we commend them to the favourable attention of our readers :—

I have another object in writing these lines besides that of paying a tribute to departed friends, and of holding up their example to others; it is to commend their orphan children to the prayers of the Church, whose children they now are in a double sense. There are circumstances which give to their case a peculiar and a touching interest. More than a year since I was attending an exhibition of the Deaf and Dumb, at the Rev. Dr. Adams' Church, in this city. In the course of the evening several compositions by the pupils were read, and among them the following :—

"My name is Fanny Lucetta Freeman.

"I was born in Allahabad, Northern India. I am thirteen years old. My father, the Rev. John E. Freeman, is a missionary at Mynpoorie; he is preaching to the heathen, who are in darkness, and worship idols. My mother died one year after I left India. I have no sisters, but only one brother, who is attending the boarding-school at Hacketts-town, N. J.; he is younger than I; he can hear and speak.

"I was born deaf and dumb. When I was five years old, I left my home, and went to Calcutta, where I was taken care of by Mrs. Scott, a kind lady; she had two little daughters, who were my playmates. We left Calcutta in a ship, and sailed to England. We were four months going to England. While I was in the ship, I played with Mrs. Scott's daughters, and their two large dolls, in the cabin.

"During the voyage, Mrs. Scott was taken sick, and died; her children and I wept for her. Her body was placed in a coffin, and the sailors buried her in the ocean. One of the passengers, a gentleman, pitied us, and took good care of us. We reached England, where we stayed a short time; then we got into another ship, and sailed to America. My grandmother, who resided at Newark, N. J., adopted me. She is so kind to my wants; I love her very much indeed.

"I was too young to leave my home, but the physicians told my parents that I had better come to America, for something might be done to restore my hearing; but God made me deaf and dumb, and I am patient. I thank God very much for giving me kind friends, and many other blessings.

"Before I came to this Institution, I never knew about God, or any

other thing; I was very ignorant, like the heathen; now I understand clearly about God and Jesus Christ, who came into the world, and died on the cross to save sinners.

"FANNY L. FREEMAN."

The Church should not forget the orphans who are thus cast upon her sympathies and her prayers, and one of them by a most touching privation. This little girl is still a pupil at the Deaf and Dumb Institution in this city, supported by the State of New Jersey, of which her parents were natives and residents when they left the country for their distant field of labour. The above paper, given precisely as it was written by herself in her own simple language, will awaken in many hearts an interest in her behalf; while it will be an occasion of thanksgiving that she has been placed where, notwithstanding her great affliction, she enjoys the opportunities of education and of religious instruction.

The Church to which these children belong, in whose service their parents died, should adopt them in the highest and fullest sense, and become their guardian for life. They are left to her care by those who now wear the crown of martyrdom.

This dear child has been the subject of many prayers, and we rejoice in being assured that she is one of the lambs of Christ's flock, as is her only brother, who, our readers will be glad to hear, may possibly, at some future time, if life is spared, take his father's place on missionary ground. Both of them enlisted the sympathies of a large circle of missionary associates; but little Fanny, owing to the strong peculiarity of her birth, was an object of more than usual sympathy and anxiety.

Mr. Freeman, accompanied by his little son and the son of the Rev. Joseph Warren, reached America on the 28th of April, 1850. He suffered a good deal after his return from pulmonary complaints, but finally recovered and returned with

renewed health on the 10th of July to his field of labour. Previously to his leaving, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Vredenburgh, of Elizabethtown, who became not only the partner of his life, but also of his sufferings. On their return, they were stationed at Mynpoorie, distant from Allahabad about two hundred and thirty miles, and from Futtehgurh forty miles. They laboured at Mynpoorie almost six years; when they were called to occupy the house and place of the author in November, 1856. Mr. Freeman, during his residence, built a new school-house, and actively engaged in the labours of the Mission, though he was not permitted to see much fruit of his labours. He was privileged to baptize two persons, a mother and son, just previous to leaving the station. He entered on the duties of his new post with his usual energy, but before he had become fairly familiar with them, and after a little over six months' experience, he was compelled to leave the station and start on a journey, which terminated in a cruel and bloody death. The month previous to his leaving was probably, however, one of greater suffering than the last sad termination of his life. It was precisely one month from the outbreak at Meerut, they were called to lay down their lives. We have no letters of Mr. Freeman, giving an account of this month, but we have some of Mrs. Freeman's, giving a deeply interesting narrative of this short period of time. These will be given in the biography of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman, in writing to the Rev. L. G. Hay,

of Allahabad, speaks of his house as being "*The Mission Fort*," without a single weapon in it; and what is of greater interest, it was a Fort in which a daily prayer meeting was held. We have for some time been familiar with daily prayer meetings, but not with such meetings as were there held by the brethren and sisters of Futtehgurh. In this they were joined by Lieutenant and Mrs. Monckton, who, though they had not the name of missionaries, were in fact such, living by prayer, and exerting their constant influence in favour of religion.

Mrs. Monckton's letters to her friends in Scotland are of the most touching character, and we regret that we cannot place them before the reader. Mrs. McMullin thus speaks of them:—"Our good neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Monckton, stay by us. She is a dear good creature. They knew the evening before of the outbreak at Mynpoorie, but would not tell us, that we might have a quiet night. They sat up all night watching for the least sound, and would have sent for us instantly. She said that she never spent happier hours than these were; and when the tidings came that the danger was removed, for a time at least, she said that she had a sort of unwilling feeling, as if she was 'being brought back to the world.' She is so cheerful, happy, and trustful, that we love to have her with us. Though Church of England people, they seem to like to be with us; and Mrs. Monckton said to me last evening, that she 'could not be glad enough for this, on one account, it had made her so well acquainted with the

missionaries; and that she had been saying to her husband, that she would like so to know them *well*, and was afraid that she never should."

Her wishes were gratified. The acquaintance thus begun, ripened into a bond of union and love, such as is seldom found here on earth. It was cemented by prayer and mutual suffering, and terminated in the same way and by the same means at Cawnpore.

CHAPTER IX.

Memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman.

Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman was a worthy descendant of a noble stock. Her grandfather, father, and husband were all clergymen. The Rev. James Caldwell, her grandfather, was the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Elizabethtown; and during the war of the Revolution, served as chaplain in the army, and also acted as commissary to the troops of New Jersey. He is spoken of, not only as a pious and eloquent minister, but as an active patriot and noble martyr to the liberties of his country. Being renowned for his bold, decided, and steadfast adherence to what he deemed a righteous and honourable cause, his death, under painful circumstances and of a most sudden character, produced a powerful impression on the public mind.

It is not a little remarkable that all three,—Mrs. Freeman, her grandfather, and grandmother Caldwell, should have fallen in the same way by the shot of a musket-ball; and the impression made by their deaths was in each case characterized by a deep thrill of horror throughout our land. Mrs. Freeman was early familiar with their history and deaths, and her connection with them served to fix more deeply into her youthful mind, the lessons taught her by

their example. The impression thus made on her susceptible nature must have been not only powerful, but of the most captivating and fascinating character. To say nothing of the possibility of her inheriting any of their noble qualities, we cannot but think that her descent, and the early training she received through them, had a decided influence on her mind. And certainly in view of these facts, we are better able to understand the bold, decided, and unwavering spirit she manifested through the trying season she was called to pass before leaving Futtehgurh; and it gives us also an insight into the nature of that piety which enabled her to write, after facing death in its most terrific form, "Blessed be God, who so sustained me at that moment, that I felt I could have died a thousand deaths, rather than have denied my Saviour."

Let us then consider for a moment the examples set her by both her grand-parents. Mrs. Caldwell, the first who was called to suffer a painful death, was a daughter of Mr. Jonathan Ogden, of Newark, and was greatly beloved for her piety and benevolence. Putting her trust in providence, she refused to fly with others, on the approach of the enemy to Elizabethtown, and remained in her own house, and with an infant in her arms knelt in prayer to supplicate the divine protection. Being warned by her maid that a soldier was approaching the window, she arose; when the soldier discharged his musket at her through the window, and she fell a lifeless corpse in the midst of her children. This cold-blooded

murder was instrumental in great good to the cause of the revolution.

The death of Dr. Caldwell, her husband, about a year subsequently, was regarded as a foul murder. He was stigmatized as the black-coated rebel, and a lament uttered that he was not present to burn in his own pulpit, when the church was fired by a notorious tory of Elizabethtown. He was shot upon the causeway at old Elizabethtown point, by an American sentinel, who was hung for the deed. There are conflicting opinions as to the motive of the sentinel: some asserting that he acted only in strict obedience to orders, and others affirming that he was bribed to murder the active patriot.

Dr. Murray, in speaking of his death, remarks, that "many were ignorant of the tragical end, until they came to church on the Sabbath; and instead of sitting with delight under his instructions, there was a loud cry of wailing over his melancholy end. There was a vast concourse assembled to convey him to his tomb. The corpse was placed on a large stone before the house of Mrs. Noel, where all could take a last view of the remains of their murdered pastor. After all had taken their last look, and before the coffin was closed, Dr. Elias Boudinot came forward, leading nine orphan children; and, placing them around the bier of their parent, made an address of surpassing pathos to the multitude in their behalf."

One of these children was the mother of Mrs. Freeman, and the wife of the Rev. John S. Vreden-

burgh, who was for many years the pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church at Somerville, New Jersey. The effect wrought on this mother as she stood around the bier of her father, must have been deeply impressed on her mind, and was most probably communicated to her daughter Elizabeth in all the vividness of reality.

The early history of Elizabeth Vredenburgh was not marked by any thing peculiar or striking. Her days passed like that of most children until she was ten years of age, when she was deprived of a beloved Father, who was suddenly called away in the noontime of life. Previously to his death, several days, he had been engaged in family visitation. The morning of his death, on his return home from his visits, he found a lady of his congregation, recently married to a missionary, and about leaving the place. She, accompanied by her husband, had come to bid him farewell. Mr. Vredenburgh, though greatly exhausted by his labours, engaged in conversation, and after singing "Blest be the tie that binds," offered up a sweet and melting prayer, which, as was remarked by some present, carried them almost to the gate of heaven. Those who heard that prayer, and by it had their thoughts directed to the heavenly world, little thought that he was himself so soon to enter; but that night the Master called, and this precious father exchanged his earthly garments for the robes of immortality.

The loss of a father was not felt by Elizabeth, but it came with a crushing weight on her mother,

to whom was committed by this solemn dispensation, the care of ten children. Mrs. Vredenburgh was in a remarkable sense fitted for this important duty; and though she was a woman of great strength of mind and indomitable energy of character, yet she seemed sometimes to be almost crushed with the weight of responsibility. She would say, "It is not the care of their temporal wants, but oh! how shall I train them for heaven!" Still her faith and trust in the promises of her covenant God were able to sustain her, and drove her to prayer for help and direction. It was her constant practice to arise an hour before any of the family were awake, and spend it alone in seeking grace and strength for the performance of her duties, especially to her children. Notwithstanding the care of her family, she never abated her labours in the congregation as the wife of a pastor, until the settlement of another minister, which was for a period of more than four years.

But soon again was the command: "Leave thy fatherless children, and I will take care of them," to be verified in the experience of this mother. Being laid aside by disease some months previous to her death, she had to encounter many struggles before she was enabled to give up her children. She once remarked to a friend, "Oh! how often do I give them up to take them back again!" but the contest was of short duration. For after bidding them good-night, and just as she was preparing to retire, she ruptured a blood-vessel. Her children had only time to gather around her, when she waved her

hand, saying, "All is peace," and entered into the joys of heaven.

Elizabeth was thus left an orphan; but not destitute of friends, who cared for and loved her with greater intensity. She found a home under the roof of her eldest sister, who had married a clergyman, and resided in Pennsylvania. The second daughter married soon after; when the care of the family devolved upon the third daughter, who, from her superior mental endowments and great strength of mind, was peculiarly well fitted for the work of educating her sisters. For the purpose of giving them greater advantages she removed to New Brunswick, and opened a large Boarding School; and Elizabeth, who was then about sixteen years of age, was sent for to finish her education.

On account of the care of such a large family, as also her retiring disposition, Elizabeth had not received that care and attention which is so desirable in the training of the young to the development of her mind. But however limited in this respect, it was not neglected. She was always very fond of reading, and frequently while the others were at play, or in the parlour, Elizabeth would steal away to read some story book.

A younger sister, Anna, was associated with her sister in teaching; and their school was soon large and prosperous. And whilst in the career of its successful establishment, and attended with most flattering prospects of usefulness and happiness, He who seeth not as man sees, was again to enter this

orphan circle and take away their head. Before two years had elapsed, this noble sister was called to lay aside her plans and prospects of education, and study on a sick bed the mysterious dealings of her heavenly Father with her and her dear sister Anna, who was cut down by her side with the same disease. During a long and dreary winter these lovely and loving sisters were confined to the same room; but as their earthly tabernacles grew weaker and weaker, their faith and hope shone brighter and brighter. The spring came, and the flowers were in full bloom, when these precious ones were, within a month of each other, carried to the grave to rest by the side of their parents until the great resurrection.

Thus it was in the mysterious providence of God that these orphan children were again scattered to seek other homes. Some went to their married sisters, and others found a home with strangers, among whom Elizabeth for wise purposes was placed. To those who have wept an orphan's tear, or trod an orphan's path, it will be quite unnecessary to add that many trials awaited these orphans, and especially Elizabeth, constituted as she was with a peculiarly sensitive disposition. But God was by this means preparing her to take the charge of the poor orphan children at Futtehgurh, and for greater usefulness in her then unknown future home in India.

This was not to continue longer than necessary, and in about two years after she became a permanent resident under the roof of her sister in New

York, Mrs. Van Pelt. During her residence here, and through the instrumentality of a cousin whose praise is in all the Churches, she made a public profession of her faith in Christ, and joined the Collegiate Church in the city of New York. She had often had deep and pungent convictions of sin, and a sense of her obligations to profess her Saviour before men, but she could not before this see her way clear to take a decided stand. God, by his Holy Spirit, removed the difficulty, and filled her heart with love to a dying Saviour; and from this time with great alacrity and love she entered upon all her duties, and found a peace passing understanding. The Bible class, Sabbath-school, and prayer meetings were her great delight. On the removal of Mr. Van Pelt to Elizabethtown, she, with other members of the family, united with the First Presbyterian Church, under the pastorship of Dr. N. Murray.

Miss Vredenburgh, whilst residing at Elizabethtown, felt her heart drawn to the heathen, and thought much on the subject of Missions. Her mind had become so imbued with the subject, that she felt called to labour more directly for God among the heathen, and selected one of the Indian tribes in our West as her field of labour; and in order to qualify herself more fully for the important work of teaching these children of nature, she took charge of a small school in the country. Before her experiment could have a fair opportunity for trial, she was interrupted by the death of her sister, Mrs. Van Pelt, and returned to fill her place at Elizabeth

town. Whilst thus engaged, and in a manner little thought of, a way was opened for the full accomplishment of Miss Vredenburgh's desire to labour among the heathen.

In the summer of 1850, the Rev. J. E. Freeman visited his old home in Elizabethtown, after an absence of nearly twelve years spent in India. Having formed the acquaintance of Miss Vredenburgh, he offered his hand in marriage, and was accepted. They were married on the 3d of June, 1851, and on the 10th of July they bade adieu to their native land, and embarked on the great ocean that was to waft them to the land of their future labours, and a mysterious and martyr's grave. During the voyage, which occupied four months, she kept a daily journal in the form of letters directed to each of her family circle. The following is one of these letters, directed to Master Reuben H. Van Pelt, her little nephew. It is written in a very simple and interesting style for children, but will serve to give a very good idea of her employments at sea.

November 8th—120 days out.

My dear little Reuby :—I wish that I could have a good long talk with you instead of writing. What *oceans* of things I could tell you! What is that, you are asking? Are you not very, very tired, shut up in a ship for so long a time on the sea with nothing but sky and water to look at? I should think that you would not have much to tell! Well, stop a moment—I am not so very tired, but have been very happy and contented, and will tell you why. I used to see you sometimes, when you were a very little boy, throw yourself on the floor and cry out, "O dear! I have nothing to eat and nothing to do; I wish somebody would tell me a story." Now, I dare say, you never do so now, because you go to school and study hard, and you have no more time

out of school than you want for play. Now that is just the way it is with me. I have plenty to eat and plenty to do, and have no time to lie down, and wish I was in Calcutta.

I very often fancy that I am home with you, too. I dream about you all night, and get half awake very early in the morning, and hear the cocks crowing, the ducks and geese quacking, the pigs squealing, and the men hallooing at the ropes, which sounds like you boys playing in the yard. I have to rub my eyes sometimes a good while before I make out where I am; but I get them open at last, and find that instead of being in a large airy room with three windows, I am in a small closet with a little crib of a bed just big enough to hold me, and only one pane of glass, about as large and round as *your* face, for a window. And it is very comfortable for all that, and I, most of the time, sleep as soundly and sweetly as ever I did in the large room at home with you for my bed-fellow.

I get up very early and walk on the deck while it is cool. After breakfast I go to school and study like a good girl for three or four hours, and then if it is not rainy or too warm, we walk again or find some shady place on deck where we sit, talk, and take the air until dinner time. We then study and read until tea time, after which, during this warm weather, we generally stay on deck until nine o'clock, when we go down to bed.

When on deck, we have lots of things to look at. In the first place, there are large flocks of birds that have followed us all the way; some are very large, and others by the side of these look more like humming birds. We have them of all sizes and colours, and sometimes some of these smaller birds would dive down and bring up a good mouthful, then what a fighting there would be among the larger birds to snatch it, and such a chattering, too, that it sounded like the braying of an ass! Two or three weeks ago they all left us, and then we had a beautiful tropic bird with only one long feather in its tail; and we have had for the last week the company of some land birds that took shelter on the ship. They hop about from spar to spar, and occasionally give us some music.

Then there is the great whale that spouts the water so high, and opens his big jaws, as though he were saying, "If you were only a little nearer I would make a mouthful of you." Then it is very amusing to see the big fish chase the little ones, and see whole squads of flying fish fly out

of the water and the big ones after them. And sometimes we see a regular battle between a shark and some big fish that does not like to be caught and eaten up.

Then, again, sometimes in the evening the whole sea appears covered with balls of fire from the animalculæ in it, when the porpoises play about the ship, puffing and blowing water from their noses, and they themselves look as if covered with fire. This has a strange, but splendid appearance; but I can't tell you half. You must never forget your

AUNT LIZZIE.

Mrs. Freeman was stationed nearly the whole of her Mission life at Mynpoorie, a city forty miles from Futtehgurh, and containing a population of twenty thousand souls. This station was occupied, in 1843, by the Rev. J. L. Scott; and afterwards by the Revs. J. J. Walsh and R. S. Fullerton. In the early part of 1852, Mrs. Freeman reached Mynpoorie, and remained until November, 1856.

Her husband, in a letter written a year after their marriage, and on the anniversary of their wedding, to Mrs. Freeman's sisters and friends at Linden Hill, remarks:—

"Do you remember this day? Or rather are your spirits winging their flight over the year that is past, and travelling land and sea to find with us a resting spot in India? To me what a day was that 3d of June! I was not only confided in, but received as one with you, to share with you in the past, journey with you in the present, and anticipate with you the future. May I be found worthy of such a place with those, upon whom for generations the richest of heavenly blessings have descended!

We have passed through very trying seasons dur-

ing the year. The season of small-pox on ship board, the storms of the ocean, the dangers of the Hugly River, the more than ocean dangers of the river Ganges, the trial to me of leaving my old station, the graves of my family, and the uncertainty of my new station, were all trying; but we have been carried through all safely, and are now happier than ever, and perhaps happier than we would have been even at Allahabad. Our home is a cheerful, happy place at all times. We are very happy in each other, and still keep up all the insignia of warm, deep, and ever-flowing love; indeed, we have elevated our ensign and thrown her folds more open to the breeze.

"Lizzie is just the one that I would mark out for an invaluable missionary wife. She has qualities that few possess for life in India. She not only makes her husband happy, but all whom she meets. She wins wherever she goes among our missionary and English friends, and she will win the natives, too, when she has an opportunity. She now has two little children who love to be taught by her. She has gone on in the language remarkably well. She enjoys excellent health, and looks fresh and cheerful. We ride daily, labour hard, and all goes on smoothly and happily. The troubles of scorpions, sandstorms, &c., we make only a pastime of between lessons. Our school is improving, and we have good audiences and attentive hearers with but little opposition. Many of the people are full grown Brahmins, of the most sacred stamp. Would that

we could pour a stream of light on the whole city of twenty thousand souls! It is very pleasant to hold up the lamp of life amid all the darkness around us!"

During her residence at Mynpoorie, Mrs. Freeman wrote the following letters and journals, in which she describes both her tent life and other matters of interest:—

March, 1853.

Dear Brother V:—Our quiet little station was in great commotion a short time since, by a visit from the lieutenant Governor of the N. W. Provinces. He and his retinue are travelling in royal style. His camp is like a young city, and he seems to have as many comforts around him as in his princely mansion at Agra—a large tent for his drawing-room beautifully furnished; another for his dining-room, that would seat seventy-five or one hundred persons. It is astonishing to see how many comforts can be carried. They spent three days, coming and going by magic—late at night they were all here, and in the morning by sunrise not a vestige of them to be seen. They were carried on men's heads, and the backs of camels and elephants; there was a great number of the latter gaily dressed, and immense in size; there seemed to be servants without number dressed in livery. I thought how people in E. town would stare to see such a retinue enter. He invited us to dine with him one evening, which invitation we accepted. He and some of the gentlemen visited the school, and examined the boys. They expressed themselves surprised and delighted with their answers, particularly in the Bible-class. He gave Mr. F. 200 rupees for his new school building, on leaving.

Mr. Freeman is going on with his new school building, though Mr. Lowrie could not promise him any assistance. His little room is overflowing, and many more seem so anxious to learn, it seems hard to refuse, though you have no idea of the difficulty of building here; the natives have so many thousand ways of cheating and thieving here that you could not think of. One must be constantly on the look out; but they have to get up early to cheat Mr. F. He is incessantly active,

both in body and mind; as some people say, he has not a lazy hair on his head; to be sure he has not a great many, but there is not one of them lazy. With such a husband I could not be indolent, if so inclined.

We had a visit a short time since from a German Missionary, of Benares, with his wife and four children, travelling for his health; he looks as if his work was nearly done in India. They spent nearly a week with us, and we enjoyed their visit much. I see by the papers the Caloric ship has succeeded; what an age we are living in! Are not all these hastening on the latter day of glory? We may yet see some of you here on a visit.

With much love to all your precious household, believe me your attached sister, LIZZIE.

The following account of tent life, and her visit to Futtehgurh, was written to her niece:—

I promised, dear A., to give you some incidents of our tent life. We are now at Futtehgurh, driven in by the rains; were awaked this morning by the winds whistling round our tent, foretokening a storm. Uncle F. went out to reconnoitre, and soon saw by the threatening aspect, a long, cold storm. As our provisions had gone on, we must follow soon. The camp was a perfect Babel, taking down and loading up, and the men screaming at the top of their voices, which they generally do if much work is to be done. We were soon hustled into the garis when the rain began, and poured in torrents, as you have never seen in America. As we were only three miles from here, concluded to go on, and get under shelter right away. Mrs. Walsh has sent a note inviting us to dine with her to-morrow, (New Year,) which we accepted.

Jan. 1st.—I must just write a line to night, to wish you all a happy New Year, each one. I would name you, as you are all before me. I would love to take a peep at you, as seated round the dinner table. We had a little company of the missionaries, dined probably on the same you did—a nice turkey. After dinner had preparatory lecture, as next Sabbath is to be communion. Good night.

Wednesday.—We had a delightful visit, attended preparatory service on Friday and Saturday. Sabbath was communion, which rendered

my visit doubly pleasant. In our little church at Mynpoorie, we have nothing but Hindustance services, which I can profit but little by as yet; but I always attend to set the tune, and help with the singing. There was one Hindu baptized, and admitted to the church; he was a fine dignified looking old man; and as he stood up in the aisle to renounce his idolatry and choose the one true God for his, it was to me very affecting; though he has met with great opposition from his friends, he has stood firm. God grant that he may continue to the end.

Yesterday we made a call upon the Nawab, a son of the former king. He is now a pensioner of the English, who give him 20,000 rupees a month. Is living in the old palace of his father, which, in its day, was a splendid building, commanding a beautiful and extensive view of the surrounding country. He received us in an anteroom with about twenty attendants, and conducted us in great style to the drawing-room. I was greatly surprised to see it furnished in an English style; handsome carpets, glass chandeliers, and two large silver couches—this last, a touch above the English. He is quite a young looking black fellow. It was very difficult for me to feel I was in the presence of royalty, but the royalty of the poor natives of India, now, is only a name. They try to keep up a show, but they are only pensioners upon the bounty of the English. I cannot help feeling sorry for them, though I know the masses are much better off than they were, under their despotic kings.

Thursday.—Walked this morning five miles. The cool bracing air and exercise gave me a fine appetite and red cheeks, which the people look at with astonishment. It is something uncommon in India. I feel quite as well as in my best days at home. The over-land letters arrived last night at twelve. We arose before day-light to read them. Had I known they were in the tent, I should not have slept so long, but Mr. Freeman put them under his pillow and did not tell me.

So, my dear A., you think you would enjoy living in India. Let me tell you, my dear girl, unless you should come with your heart filled with love to God and these poor perishing heathens, you would be sadly disappointed.

I hope you will be a missionary wherever your lot is cast, and as long as God spares your life; for it makes but little difference after all where we spend these few fleeting years, if they are only spent for the glory of God. Be assured there is nothing else worth living for!

From her journal we give a few extracts which will be read with interest:—

July 10.—The anniversary day, on which I bade adieu to my dear native land—dearer to me now than ever, though I do not once regret leaving it. My health has been very good; this climate agrees with me very well, though the warm weather is debilitating, and requires much energy to keep active and busy; but as I have plenty to do both for body and mind, I do not yield to its relaxing influence. Last evening we spent with the C——s, who are great musicians, we generally go on Friday to practise over the tunes for Sabbath.

July 13.—Have had a delightful rain; walked in the yard to count the birds; there were thirty different kinds; their songs are not very long, nor their notes very musical, but they praise their Maker all they can. I often think what a lesson they teach us, whose lips are sealed when we should open our mouth with praises. They are very tame, and go about the house so as to be almost an annoyance.

July 14.—The cholera has been raging; the poor natives are almost frightened to death; they are flocking to their temples, and calling upon their gods both day and night. We live near enough to the city to hear their tumdrums and shouting. Two or three hundred of the natives die in a day; one of the servants came in telling us one of his little children was sick; he said some little devil was flying about it, and had seized it; they will not come to us till they have used all their incantations, and then it is too late. The poor little thing died about an hour after, when they wrapped it up and threw it in the river to be devoured, or land on a sand bank for jackals and vultures to quarrel about. It was a nice little child of four years; sometimes came to school, but I had not been able to teach it much. I could hear the parents crying and lamenting all day. I cannot say I feel sorry. Is it not better off than to grow up in such heathenism? Oh! to think how many die without the knowledge of a Saviour. Many of them have heard of the one true God and Saviour, but their minds are so blinded by prejudice they will not believe.

This is a perfect harvest for the lazy priests and Brahmins. The people are more mad than ever upon their idols, and rush to the temples with sacrifices and offerings to appease their angry gods, which are

pocketed by the priests. Poor deluded souls! would they but apply to the blood of sprinkling, which alone can take away sin!

December 25.—The climate now is delightful. From November until March it is magnificent, and cannot be surpassed; we make up a little fire about five o'clock, and enjoy it much. We are those far-famed personages, (the oldest inhabitants of the place.) Our regiment has all been changed, and all the civil service. With some of the officers' wives we are much pleased.

The last mail brought out an order for most of the Queen's troops to leave India for the seat of war in the Crimea, leaving India in the hands of native regiments, which my husband says is a great mistake, but I suppose the powers that be know best; they ought to at all events. We have had quite a treat. Mr. S——, of Allahabad and W——, of Agra, the former of whom the Doctor ordered off for change of air, have been with us.

Mr. W—— looks miserably; he is a very agreeable man; reminds me of Aunt C——, in her former days. I don't think he has forgotten any thing he ever knew; he appears a perfect encyclopædia.

Mrs. Freeman gave instruction to an old woman, who, with her son, stopped at Mynpoorie on their return from a pilgrimage. She was taught the catechism, and made to comprehend with great difficulty the important truths of the Bible. Mrs. Freeman laboured long and patiently with her, and the result is mentioned in the extract below:—

MYNPOORIE, *Sept.* 28, 1856.

To-day I have had the precious privilege of sitting down at the table of the Lord, and also of seeing my poor old woman, Lallia, standing up before all, and confessing the Lord our God to be the only true God, and her God; and Jesus Christ the only Saviour, her Saviour. She afterwards received the ordinance of baptism, and sat down by my side, partook with me the broken body and shed blood of our adorable Redeemer, the first fruits of, I trust, a plentiful harvest to be gathered in from our little Church in Mynpoorie. The precious seed here sown, I know, will not be in vain, but in due time will spring up and bear fruit

to the glory of His great name. Mr. Freeman was well pleased with her examination, both as to her personal experience, and the knowledge she had gained of the gospel. When I think of her extreme ignorance the first time she came to me, the change is indeed wonderful. Not one idea appeared to show itself in her poor wrinkled face; it was a long while before I made her comprehend she had a soul that would never die; and when she seemed to understand her body would rise again from the dust, and be united to her soul, she put on such a look of wonder and surprise, that I asked her what she used to think would become of her after death. Her countenance fell, she thought a moment, then replied:—

"Ah, Mem Sahib, I was so ignorant I used to go to the temple and make *pujá*, worship, [then going through the forms of prostration, as if before her idol,] would pour a little water on its head, and put a little rice and flour before it, then turned away and thought no more about it." Such, I believe, is the case, with most of the women. "They worship they know not what," seeming to have some vague notion it will do them good, or by withholding these offerings they will come to some evil. The men think and reason more on the subject. This old woman can say the catechism from beginning to end without scarcely missing a word, also the Ten Commandments perfectly, and two or three prayers I have taught her for the purpose of teaching her how to pray. She also remembers a great deal that I have read to her. I believe she is a true Christian, and I shall some day be permitted to drink with her "the new wine in our Father's kingdom." The son was not baptized, as Mr. Freeman thought best for him to wait till the next communion, when, I hope, he too will be thought worthy.

Mrs. Freeman was peculiarly sensitive about appearing before the public, and when the extracts from the letter above were published in the Home and Foreign Record, she seemed much hurt, and in the last letter her sister received before the mutiny, she alluded to it, and begged that it should never be repeated. She writes:—"I am very sorry that I cannot oblige my friends by writing for the public,

but it is very certain I have not the gift or talent. I hope to do some little good in a quiet way, and if God will bless my exertions, it is all I ask."

How little she then thought that her next and last letter would be circulated from one end of our Union to the other, and reach even Great Britain, and touch a chord of sympathy and love in many hearts!

This extreme reluctance about publicity to herself and labours, amounting to almost prohibition, was allied to an extreme diffidence which characterized her both as a child and adult. But since her death, we feel confident that she would allow the sacrifice of her feelings in order to promote the great cause of Missions, to advance which she devoted her life; especially as she said, "Perhaps our death may accomplish more than our lives."

The following letter was written soon after her removal to Futtehgurh, and before any exhibition of the mutiny had manifested itself. It gives a description of their happy and useful labours:—

My dear sisters:—I promised in my last letter to give you some account of our new home, occupation, situation, companions, &c., so I will commence in time, that notwithstanding the many interruptions, I may be able to accomplish it before the mail leaves. Futtehgurh is a much more prominent place than Mynpoorie, both as regards the English station and native city. There are here four Mission families, two of them (the Campbells and Johnsons) live three and a-half miles from us, near Furrukhabad city. Mr. and Mrs. McMullin are in our compound, they are at present staying with us till their house is fitted up, and they can pick up enough for housekeeping. Here we cannot go into a shop, and purchase what furniture we wish, but must wait till we hear some persons wishing to sell, so get one piece here, and another there. We find

them, however, very pleasant, excellent people, and are very sorry you did not become acquainted with them before they left America. What a luxury it would be to converse with some persons who had seen you!

Mr. Campbell has charge of the little Church of native Christians at Furrukhabad city, and is the principal Bazar preacher. Mr. Johnson has charge of the city school, which is large and flourishing, and occupies the most of his time. He sometimes accompanies Mr. Campbell in preaching. Mrs. Campbell has charge of the girls' Bazar-school, consisting of twenty-five or thirty scholars, and taught by one of our Christian women. Mrs. Johnson has also started one at Furrukhabad; she commenced about three weeks since with one scholar, now has ten; we hope there will soon be double that number. Mr. Freeman has charge of the Christian village, of about one hundred and eighty-seven inhabitants. Their occupation is tent-making and weaving, which they follow for a living. This takes up a great deal of his time, particularly letter-writing, of which he has from sixteen to twenty a day; it is well he can write very fast. We have also quite a large Church on the premises, which is nearly filled every Sabbath with hearers. It is very pleasant to see so many native Christians together, or even nominal Christians; whilst we have reason to hope that many of them are sincere followers of the Lamb.

Mr. Freeman preaches in Hindústání on Sabbath morning; in the afternoon he has a large Bible-class, of almost all the men in the village, and I have one of the women. I have also a class that come into my room after breakfast, (among whom is the old woman I have spoken of,) as I cannot get time, during the hour for Sabbath-school, to attend to them. The head-teacher and two catechists have each a class of boys, and the most intelligent women in the village, of girls. In the evening we have English services for ourselves, the missionaries preaching alternately. The orphans are, most of them, married off, about eight boys and as many girls remaining. The girls are under my care. I have also a school of from twenty-five to thirty girls, children of native Christians, and as there are many more growing up, it will, no doubt, soon be larger. One of the Christian women assists me; here I spend several hours a day, and feel deeply interested in them. From ten to twelve o'clock they sew, whilst Sarah repeats to them the tables and hymns, all repeating after her; in this way they learn a great many hymns, also Scripture and catechism, which they repeat at Sabbath-school.

We now approach the termination of our dear friend's last labours on earth, and before submitting her last touching letter, which has awakened such a thrill throughout our Church and land, let us view her character for a moment.

The Rev. Dr. Murray, her pastor and intimate friend, thus speaks of her:—"Mrs. Freeman was connected with some of the best families in New Jersey, and moved in the very best circles of her native State. Agreeable in manners, social, intelligent, warm-hearted, devotedly pious, strong in her affections, and of firm health, she possessed remarkable fitness for missionary life in India. The climate seemed adapted to her constitution; and, without scarcely any interruption, she was enabled to prosecute her great work until it was so mysteriously brought to a close. No more beloved female missionary was there on the Indian field. As none knew her but to love her, at home; so was it in reference to her abroad, as all testify. She was a person of intelligence, piety, firmness of purpose, and of the finest tone of character. She inherited much of that calm decision which all history and tradition ascribe to her grandfather; and when the path of duty pointed to the heathen world, it became her joy and delight to walk in it."

The Rev. R. E. Williams, of Agra, one who knew her well and long, writes:—"Mrs. Freeman was one of the loveliest characters I ever knew: gentle, energetic, and wise; so strong in faith that she could look with serenity on the worst troubles of life, and,

a doubt not, on death itself. Indeed, her last letter shows that death had no terrors for her."

The author would state that she was not only noted for her social qualities, her pleasant manner, and cheerful face; but for a remarkable share of good common sense, an ingredient of character seldom considered, but most important in its results for good. The tone of her piety is so manifested in the letter which we herewith give, as to render unnecessary any further elucidation. This it was that produced the magic influence of her letter, and with daguerreotype power impressed on every mind the words, "Most joyfully will I die for Him who laid down his life for me." And when the time came to test this piety, we feel assured, though there is none to testify to the reality, that she was not wanting, but found ready to lay down her life, and meet her precious Saviour. The scene of blood and horror, however, was soon changed to one of ineffable glory and ecstasy. No wonder, then, a beloved sister could say, in the bitter anguish of a heart so crushed, "Oh! how I have endeavoured not only to *say* but *feel*, 'Thy will be done.' I know that infinite wisdom has ordered it, and what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. I think that I have been enabled to feel, if this is for the glory of God and the good of the Church—if it arouses Christians to more zeal in the cause of Missions, and more prayer for the poor heathen, so benighted and debased—God's will and not mine is best to be done."

The following letter is the last one from Mrs.

Freeman's pen, and will close this sketch of her labours and character :—

My dear sister—I wrote a short letter to you by the last mail, giving some account of our great alarm, and said we then hoped all was quite safe again ; but just after the mail had left, we received intelligence that four companies of the ninth regiment at Allyghur had mutinied, murdered all the English, and left for Mynpoorie and Futtehgurh. We immediately wrote to Bharpore for the Campbells and Johnsons to come here, as their place is so near the native city, should there be a rising, they would be the first attacked. They soon gathered a few things and drove down. Upon consultation, we all concluded to remain here, procure some of the native Christians' clothes to slip on at a moment's warning, and make our way to some of the friendly villages.

On Saturday we drove to the station, found all the ladies in tears, and their husbands pale and trembling. We all consulted together what was best to be done ; but what could we do ? every place seemed as unsafe as this. We might feel a little more secure at Agra, where they have a European regiment, but how to get there ? the road being blocked up by the insurgents ; and we could not get to Allahabad, as we should have to pass through Cawnpore, where the regiment was in a state of mutiny ; nor could we flee to the hills, as the places through which we would be obliged to pass were quite as dangerous ; and to remain here, seemed almost certain death, unless our regiment, the tenth, stood firm, and no one puts the least confidence in them. They told the commanding officer, Colonel Smith, this morning they would not fight against their bhai log, (brethren,) if they came ; but they would not turn against their own officers. The officers, however, told them they should expect them to protect their wives and children, and stand fast to their colours ; they think it best to act as if they felt all confidence in them. We came home, the four families to our house, and spent the day in conversation and prayer, expecting every moment to hear the shout of the infuriated mob ; the day, however, passed quietly. At night, our husbands took turns to watch in front of the Bungalows.

In the morning all safe. On Sabbath we spent the whole day in great suspense ; in the evening heard the companies at Mynpoorie had mutinied, broken open the jail, robbed the public treasury, and instead of coming here, had fled to Delhi. We thanked God for our safety.

Tuesday—All safe this morning, though we spent a very anxious day yesterday; it was the last day of the great Mahammadan feast, [the Eed.] They are always at that time in a very excited state; these are the most bitter opposers to the English rule and Christian religion, and would gladly exterminate both. Some of our catechists were once Mussalmans, and whenever they have gone to the city for the last two or three weeks have been treated with taunting and insolence. They say, "Where is your Jesus now? We will shortly show what will become of the infidel dogs." The native Christians think, should they come here, and our regiment join them, our little church and ourselves will be the first attacked; but we are in God's hands, and we know that he reigns. We have no place to flee to for shelter, but under the covert of his wings, and there we are safe; not but that he may suffer our bodies to be slain, and if he does, we know he has wise reasons for it. I sometimes think *our deaths would do more good than we would do in all our lives;* if so, "His will be done." Should I be called to lay down my life, do not grieve, dear sister, that I came here, for MOST JOYFULLY WILL I DIE FOR HIM WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE FOR ME.

Wednesday—All quiet yet, but we hear such dreadful rumours, we know not what to believe; all our earthly hope now is in the army Government is concentrating around Delhi; but there are so few English troops in the country, as the Government have had such perfect confidence in the Sepoys, who are now all turning treacherous.

Friday—All safe. The McMullins went back to their own house yesterday. The Johnsons with them. The Campbells with their children remain with us. Mr. Monckton, an English officer, and family come over every day. We have a prayer-meeting in the evening, and some sweet, precious times. They are more like our own people in Christian experience, than any I have known in India, though Episcopalians.

Tuesday, June 2—Last evening I went to bed with a violent sick headache; we heard two regiments from Lucknow had mutinied, and were on their way here. Ours, we think, are only waiting for them to come up. The Monckton's with our four families were till 12 o'clock contriving some plan to get out of the station; we watched all night. Safe yet this morning, are now trying to get a boat. Can only say good-bye, pray for us, will write next mail if we live; if not, you will hear from some other source. Your affectionate sister, E. FREEMAN.

V. V. Campbell

CHAPTER X.

Memoir of Rev. David Elliott Campbell.

David Elliott Campbell, the subject of this memoir, was born of pious parents, near Mercersburg, Franklin county, Pa., on the 7th of June, 1825. His father, Mr. Caleb Boyles Campbell, who is at present residing in Kansas, was for a number of years an elder in Mr. King's Church in Iowa. His mother's maiden name was Agnes McDowell Davidson, a truly pious woman, but of a very fragile and delicate constitution. Both of his parents were members of the Presbyterian Church of Upper West Conocheauge, (now Mercersburg,) of which the Rev. Dr. D. Elliott was pastor. Strongly attached to their minister, his parents gave the name of their pastor to their child, who was always called by his middle name, Elliott Campbell.

Shortly after the baptism of their child, his father removed to Delaware county, in Ohio, where he met with the irreparable loss of his mother, who died on the 1st of April, 1828, before he was quite three years old. The loss of a mother at such a tender age was a very severe one, and its effects can be traced in the subsequent history of this dear child

as he grew up to manhood, and even after entering upon his missionary life.

For some time after his mother's death, and up to the period of his father's second marriage, Elliott was taken into the family of an old gentleman and his wife, who had no children of their own, and cared for and regarded as their own child. But little is now known of his early life, except that he resided with his father, part of the time in the State of Ohio, and afterwards in the State of Indiana, until the latter part of November, 1841, when he entered the preparatory department of the College of South Hanover, Indiana. His stay here, however, was short, as after remaining only six months he was sent by his father to McConnellsburg, Pa., to reside with his uncle, Mr. Elias Davidson, who not only very kindly offered him a home in his family, but also furnished him the means of prosecuting a thorough college course.

This was a new era in Elliott's life, and often referred to by him as the most delightful period of his existence. Here it was he found in his uncle and aunt all the tenderness and sweet love of parental affection, and a home of quiet yet cheerful happiness. Only four months previous to his death, in a letter, dated February 9, 1857, he refers to the scenes and memory of this happy home, as follows :—

"I can never forget the happy days I spent under your roof. I love to think of those days now gone for ever, and to dwell upon the memory of my dear, dear aunt, now in a far happier world. No, the

sunny memories of my residence in McConnellsburg, will be the last to fade away, and if my God should spare me to a good old age, hoary hairs will still find me in grateful remembrance of all my good uncle's and dear departed aunt's kindness to me when a boy in their midst."

We can ourselves verify the truth of these heart-felt sentiments, for often have we heard him recount the love shown to him by his uncle and aunt at McConnellsburg. More than once have we, on the arrival of overland letters from America, sat by his side and heard him read extracts from their letters and accompany them with explanations, until his feelings seemed to carry him back to his youthful days, and the hallowed scenes of the dear old family circle on which memory loved to dwell. We have, at such times, entering as much as possible into each other's feelings, (for we are without relatives in our missionary home,) gazed on the daguerreotype pictures of his dear uncle and aunt, those precious mementoes which fill an honoured place on the parlour table, so that we felt familiar with their faces, and regarded them as our friends as well as theirs; for on the Mission field we try to share each other's joys as well as sorrows, and the news of our home letters become the topics of conversation and mutual enjoyment. Our visit to this dear uncle, who had in this way become so familiar, was as though we were enjoying the pleasure of an old acquaintance, with whose face and character we had long been familiar.

These dear relatives adopted Elliott as a child of their household, and sent him to Marshall College, at Mercersburg, the scene of his youthful days, and the residence of a large circle of his maternal relatives. Here he successfully pursued his studies, and in the Fall of 1846, graduated with distinguished honours, as to him was assigned the distinction of pronouncing the valedictory oration. But this was not the distinguishing feature of his college course, for God conferred a still higher honour on him, whilst a member of this College, in bringing him to a saving knowledge of the blessed Jesus, and permitting him to profess the hope of eternal life through the atoning sacrifice of the incarnate Jehovah.

To us, the 25th of February, 1844, when he made a profession of his faith in the Presbyterian Church at Mercersburg, has far sweeter associations and more lasting honours than the Commencement-day on which he delivered the valedictory; and though we are not acquainted with all the particulars of that day, or the exercises of his soul, can we not from our own experience, dear Christian reader, form some conception of them? With what tremor, and yet with what joy, he stood up before the great congregation, to testify to the love of his blessed Saviour in enabling him through grace to triumph over all his enemies, and find refuge in the arms of Immanuel! We know not all the conflicts of his soul in striving with sin, and yet we can realize them in some measure in our own experience.

At the age of nineteen, and in the successful career of college life, he was called not only to profess his love to Jesus, but also to devote himself to the work of the gospel ministry; for it was whilst a member of college that he fully determined, in reliance on God's grace, to become an ambassador for God. Accordingly, he entered the Western Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, the 24th of August, 1846, where he remained the full course, and graduated May 9th, 1849.

His seminary, like his College course, seems to have been a prosperous one. It was here that commenced an acquaintance with two of his fellow-students that ripened into such sweet and deep friendship as to continue until death; for with both of these dear friends, Robert S. Fullerton and Robert E. Williams, he was permitted to be engaged in his Indian home as a co-worker and an intimate and affectionate associate in their labours of love for the poor Hindus; and with the latter, he spent the greater part of the year in which he graduated, as also some subsequent time in the critical study of the Scriptures in the original languages. Both of these beloved *Roberts* have, in their letters, recorded their tribute of affection, which we here append.

Mr. Fullerton writes:—"Mrs. F—— and I have sustained a great loss in all these dear friends, but we sustained an especial loss in the death of the Campbells, as we were bound to them by special ties. They entered the field with us, we have kept up a regular correspondence ever since by letter, and

have visited each other and felt towards each as relatives. But our loss is not peculiar to ourselves, for both Mr. and Mrs. Campbell were lovely characters and universal favourites in our mission. Yet lovely as they were, they were not more so than their dear children, Fannie and Willie, who were slain with them. They were beautiful children, and under the very best discipline."

Mr. Williams records with equal warmth and justice the following tribute: "I can hardly trust myself to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Campbell. You know what intimate friends C——and I used to be, and we frequently exchanged letters after coming to this country. I saw him last in Agra, on his return from the Hills, in November, 1856. He seemed much changed. Since I had first known him, I had always thought him a radically earnest man, animated by real love for the Saviour, and truly devoted to the interests of his kingdom, and the good of mankind; but none of us who had known him in former days, were prepared to see such evidence of growth in the Divine life, as were manifest in him. No one who now saw him, and heard him talk and pray, could doubt that he was a *devout* man, with a single object in life—to honour God and do good to his fellow-men. He and Mrs. C—— were much beloved and honoured by their colleagues at Futtehgurh. Their oldest child—Davidson—who was in feeble health, they had left at Landour, in the Hills, under the care of the Rev. Mr. Jay, the chaplain there, a kind friend of Camp-

bell's. This child is still alive, but too young to know his loss. All the rest of the family—father, mother, brother, and sister—were killed together, and, I doubt not, are now together in heaven."

Mr. Campbell was taken under the care of the Presbytery of Allegheny, as a candidate, Oct. 5th, 1847. Licensed on the 21st June, 1848, to preach the gospel, and on the 5th June, 1850, was solemnly set apart to the full work of the ministry, by the laying on hands of the Presbytery, at Concord, Pa. On the occasion of his ordination, and whilst receiving the charge delivered to him, an impressive incident occurred by the Rev. Mr. Munson's placing into Mr. Campbell's hands, a copy of the Holy Scriptures, as containing his commission to preach the everlasting gospel.

It is not known at precisely what period he determined to devote his labours to the foreign field, nor the exercises of his mind in coming to this conclusion; but it is probable that he had the question under long and prayerful consideration. Having however determined this question, he resolved to leave for India in the summer; and visited in the spring for the last time his father and family, who were then residing in Iowa. After a pleasant visit with these dear friends, he left; and was accompanied on his return by his father and step-sister, as far as Burlington, on the Mississippi river. And whilst within a mile of this town, on an elevated bluff, overlooking the river and near an old oak tree, these three friends prayed, wept and parted, never

to meet again on earth. The parting scene on that bluff was truly affecting, and known only to those who in like circumstances are called to the same bitter experience. It is worthy of a painter's skill to portray it. Mr. Campbell, after reaching India, in a letter to his father, thus touchingly alludes to this incident:

"Do you remember that tree near Burlington? There I prayed for you, myself, and all the family, as I never prayed before. There I took, it may be, a last glance and last view of your thin, frail mortality. I may not see you again until I behold you clothed with immortal youth and beauty. As you then said to me, we will soon meet again, life is but a day; and so I find it the older I grow. I take then not a long but an affectionate leave of you, my dear father."

Mr. Campbell shortly after his return from his visit to his father in Iowa, and previous to his ordination, formed the acquaintance of Miss Maria J. Bigham, who was then engaged in teaching in a Female Academy, at West Liberty, Va. He was married to her at Steubenville, on the 29th June, 1850, by her old friend and teacher, the Rev. Dr. Beattie. After their marriage they visited their friends, and passed some weeks with his uncle and aunt, at McConnellsburg. Their visit here was truly a happy one, and enhanced by the presence of the Fullertons, who were to be their fellow companions on the ocean, and in their new field of labour in India. There was only one drawback to this

happiness, and that was the near prospect of bidding adieu to dear friends, and especially the separation which must follow between them and their dear uncle and aunt, who had filled to them the place of a father and a mother. Bidding adieu to these friends, they started on the 1st August, for New York, preparatory to embarking for Calcutta. Farewell services were held in different places, which were seasons of tender and deep feeling. The one held in New York City, on the Sabbath evening previous to their departure, in which the venerable Dr. Alexander of Princeton and the Missionaries took part, was of a very interesting and delightful character.

In company with the Fullertons, Hays, Shaw, and the Rev. J. H. Orbison, they sailed on the 8th August from the Boston harbour, in the ship *Argo*. Their ship accommodations were good, and their Captain a pious and well disposed man. Their voyage, though very lengthy, was very pleasant. They were 144 days on the great deep, and were permitted to enjoy religious services uninterruptedly, and these services were blessed to the sailors; many of whose hearts seemed to have been touched, and two of whom gave good evidence of being born again.

It is worthy of notice that some of these sailors had received religious instruction from some of our Missionaries who had preceded them, and the effects of their labours were still visible. The seed sown by them was watered, and souls saved. Mr.

Campbell arrived at Calcutta on the 30th December, 1850, and after a short stay there left for Futtehgurh, which place he reached in February. The evening of his arrival in the Allahabad camel carriage is distinctly remembered by the author, at whose house he stopped. The only two missionaries at Futtehgurh then were the Rev. Messrs. Walsh and Seeley, both of whom, on the arrival of the Campbells and Fullertons, were absent from home to attend an examination of the City School by the Lieutenant Governor. On our return, it was our happiness to find these dear friends, and give them a most cordial welcome. The evening was a most delightful one, and rendered still more so by the arrival of the overland mail with a package of home letters.

Mr. Campbell commenced the study of the native languages almost immediately after his arrival, and devoted also part of his time to teaching the boys of the City School in English. Whilst thus engaged, he visited, in company with Mr. Seeley, the father of one of the scholars on his death-bed, and narrates the scene as follows:—

He was a Mahammadan, and upon the brink of the grave. He wanted medicine. Brother Seeley told him that he was evidently beyond recovery, and must soon die. He then asked him if he was afraid of death. He shook his head to signify that he was not. But it was evident from his looks, that he had neither that peace which passeth understanding, nor that bold assurance wherewith to cry, "O death, where is thy sting! O grave, where is thy victory!" Quite a number of his own persuasion were about him. We requested permission, but were not even permitted to point our perishing fellow-mortal to the

great Physician. I never before felt half so much like praying with and for another. We requested permission to pray. But this was denied us also. The son said he had frequently attempted to speak of Jesus to his father, but he would never hear him. "There is but one God, Mahammad is his prophet," he would say. He said that he knew he was a sinner, but how could he help that? It was God that made him, and it was his *fate* to be a sinner, and his *fate* to die now. How could he help it? God would be merciful to his poor creature, and accept his righteousness. The poor man died that night, leaning upon an arm of flesh for salvation, and indulging a hope which should shortly confound and make him for ever ashamed. The son is a very bright and interesting boy. He says he is convinced of the falsehood of the religion of his fathers, and of the absurdity of Hinduism.

I am agreeably disappointed in the appearance of the country, and other things. The schools are far more interesting than I expected. But the degradation of the people surpasses expectation. They seem to select that which is vilest and filthiest for their adoration, and their holiest men, the faquirs, are the most abominable creatures imaginable —as proud as Lucifer, and as filthy as swine."

The concluding sentence of this letter, "as proud as Lucifer, and as filthy as swine," is strongly characteristic of Mr. Campbell. His conceptions were very vivid, and his language partook much of this vividness, and was as noticeable in his preaching as in his conversation and correspondence.

Mr. Campbell, in a letter to his wife's mother and brother, thus writes of his little boy, who was so mercifully preserved during the mutiny, and is now, in a peculiar sense, a child of our Church:—

Little Davidson has grown considerably since I introduced him to you, and all our missionary friends think that he is a very sweet and interesting child. Our friends at home are anxious about their children. But they know not the anxiety of the missionary to India about his. Heathenism is not only all about us, but in our house. Our little

D—— is nursed by a heathen. His native tongue will be Hindústání, and in his tender years he will be susceptible to any bad impressions which our servants may studiously endeavour to make upon him, for we are obliged to leave him with them the most of the day. Our anxiety, then, about his moral growth will be very great, to say nothing about his physical man, the native energy of which may be burnt up before we can get him out of this furnace. We can but pray that God, after we have discharged our duties toward our child, will preserve him from all deleterious influences, both of a moral and physical nature. M—— seems to enjoy as good health as ever, excepting that she, like all the rest of us, finds bodily energy and elasticity gradually evaporating as the yearly hot winds blow like invisible flames over us. My health is better than it was last year. I have suffered very little from my throat; somewhat, however, this hot season from sore eyes. I hope by next year to be thoroughly acclimated The climate has been giving me a pretty severe trial, but still I hope to pass.

In another letter, he speaks very fully in relation to the great work in which he was engaged, and the people for whose good he was spending his labour:—

If we only consider the result of missionary labour in India, we have abundant reason to be thankful, take courage, and proceed resolutely forward with the work. It is true the number of converts is not great, and will not suffice for the encouragement of those who expect great things at first, and do not consider the work in connection with all its difficulties. * * *

This is not a simple-minded, honest people, who worship idols, simply because they know no better, and who are ready to throw them away as soon as the gospel is preached to them. No, they love their idols, and hate the Son of God. They are madly attached to their filthy gods—as a general thing are wicked and determinedly opposed to the Son of Righteousness. Tell them that idolatry is a great sin, and they are not very much hurt, for they have no idea whatever of the infinite demerit of sin. They regard it as a slight stain of the body rather than of the soul, which is easily removed from Mahammadans, by de-

vout prostrations towards Mecca, the holy city, and from Hindus by frequent ablutions in Ganges, the holy river. But without some sense of the exceeding heinousness, the infinite demerit of sin, how can it be expected that they will fly to Him who is infinitely meritorious—to Him who has a spotless righteousness to give them?

Thus, you see, in pleading with them to accept the Saviour, we are deprived of a most powerful weapon against them. The preacher must not take it for granted that his hearers know any thing. He must explain every thing as he goes along, for all is new and mysterious. This is the case with all the great truths of the Bible. They are mostly deprived of their power, because the very first principles of religion are not known—because the heathen are totally ignorant of God's glorious character and attributes, and their own lost and ruined condition. Now, when it is remembered that the hearers of the gospel here are only occasional hearers—that the crowd that listens to-day, will perhaps for ever go away, never to hear the sound of the gospel again—never to hear it more fully explained to them, and never to have it more earnestly and tenderly urged and impressed upon them, is it a wonder that there are but few inquirers, and still fewer converts? If you could only see the true state of things here, which no pen can fully and vividly convey to your minds, I am sure you would say it is a wonder that any are converted. In preaching to the multitudes, our only hope is in that divine power which accompanies the truth, and often instantaneously calling into exercise a conscience where its compunctions had never been felt before, leads to the Saviour, for peace and safety.

There is no greater stranger in Hindustan than truth. You would be greatly surprised to see how little the people are actuated by it—how little it rules in their hearts and lives. It does not characterize the dealings of man with man one-tenth as much as falsehood and dishonesty. This is another reason why the preached word is not more efficacious. If a man's understanding assents to the preacher's arguments and expostulations, his wicked heart inquires, why he should obey the truth? What is to be gained by such a course but persecutions and reproaches? and then the feeble struggles of conscience are hushed, perhaps, for ever. The Apostle Paul, in the first chapter of his Epistle to the Romans, has most truthfully portrayed the character of this people. I might give examples under every trait of that whole black catalogue, had I time and space.

Is it a great wonder then, that the word of God, preached under such circumstances, does not run, and is not glorified in the lives of *many*? We think not. Here, however, we might give many interesting facts to show that preaching the gospel to the heathen is not a *hopeless* business, by any means, but one of the ways ordained of God for their salvation. Some who have heard the gospel but once, and afterwards have been removed far away from the neighbourhood of missionaries, have never been able to stifle the still small voice within, until they have found the Saviour.

But there is a mighty work silently progressing here, the results of which are not now perceptible to the churches at home. It is the instruction of Hindu and Mahammadan youth in the principles of the Christian religion. In every school the truths of the Bible are taught, while the filthy tales of the heathen are excluded. In this way over two thousand boys are instructed, in connection with our missions, from year to year in the great truths of Christianity. Very many of them express themselves convinced of the nonsense of Hinduism, the falsehood of Mahammadanism, and the truth of Christianity. Some of them express concern for their souls, and some have been known to weep with anxiety about themselves, when earnestly entreated and importuned to haste and make their peace with God. If such be the case, why are there not more conversions from among them, you will inquire? The only reason I can give, is the want of moral courage.

As before stated, truth is not, and never has been obeyed here. It is a complete stranger, and its authority not acknowledged. Consequently, it is an exceedingly difficult thing for boys to embrace Christianity, in defiance of all the reproach, contumely, and persecution which would be heaped upon them by their friends and connections. The Hindu's love of ease is proverbial. He shrinks from exertion, and he shrinks still more from suffering. It is not very astonishing then, that the Hindu youth are shy of the Christian religion, and regardless of the everlasting honours and rewards which it promises, when it requires of those who embrace it, the sacrifice of all they have been taught from infancy to love and idolize. But we confidently trust that there is a day fast approaching, when these now insurmountable barriers which obstruct the passage of awakened sinners into the fold of God will be thrown to the ground. They have already begun to fall in the older missionary stations, and escape from the shackles of heathen-

ism has become very much easier. Hundreds of boys go forth from us, if not to become Christians hereafter, at least with their feelings elevated, and their views expanded, and their characters altogether bettered by the varied instruction they have received in school. And we know that in very many cases their example and influence is for good. Would that our schools were greatly multiplied! Then our expectations of this people becoming speedily leavened by gospel truth would be greatly increased. In the midst of the millions of Hindustan, what are all our schools? As it were but a drop in the ocean. May God have mercy upon India and send us more help!

+ NOV 26

Mr. Campbell suffered a great deal, almost from the commencement of his missionary life, from bronchitis, which had a very depressing influence on his spirits, and caused him a great deal of anxiety and distress to the very end of his life.

To this were added other trials, one of which was the commencement of the probable sickness unto death of his dearly beloved aunt, at McConnellsburg. This was a source of great grief to Mr. Campbell, as he felt that before his letter in reply could reach her, she would, most probably, be an inhabitant of the heavenly world. However, he wrote immediately and endeavoured to prepare her for the time of her change. From this letter we are permitted to quote as follows:—

"We were sorry to hear of your illness, dear aunt, and before this reaches you, I hope you will be in the enjoyment of your usual health. It may be the reverse, however, for your complaint is often rapid in its work. Let us all strive to be resigned to the will of our Heavenly Father, be it life or death; for if we are sure of an interest in Christ,

why should we shrink from death? Are not the dead who die in the Lord *blessed?* For *you* my dear kind aunt, I feel that 'to depart and be with Christ' is *far better.* It will be, to your soul, but the entrance into life everlasting, for Christ has passed through it and taken away all its sting. Let us not fear to die, for it argues a weakness of *faith.* If death has not been wholly deprived of his terrors in our hearts, let us go and pray, and pray again, until we obtain such a holy boldness as to be able to meet him *now*, if it be the will of God. We should always be ready to die—always have clean hearts, and quiet consciences—hearts washed in Jesus' blood, and consciences void of offence. * * * And now if it is the will of God, may your health be precious in his sight, and especially may he grant you much spiritual life, and strong faith for his blessed Son's sake. We commend you all to the great Shepherd of Israel, who is a faithful and *covenant-keeping* God."

This favourite and much beloved aunt, Mrs. Cynthia B. Davidson, who filled a mother's place in Mr. Campbell's heart, died before the receipt of her nephew's letter. For about twenty-seven years she was a worthy and exemplary member of the Church at McConnellsburg. Her pastor for nearly twenty years, the Rev. Mr. White, thus speaks of her:

Being of Scotch-Irish descent, she was not only brought up in the bosom of the Presbyterian Church, but made thoroughly acquainted with its distinctive doctrines and order, to the cordial belief of which

she continued devotedly attached, even till the day of her death. During her last illness, which was severe and protracted through several months, while she often deplored her own unworthiness and unfaithfulness, yet excepting a few brief intervals when doubts and fears prevailed, she enjoyed a comfortable hope of an interest in Christ. Her hope of salvation rested alone and entirely on the grace of God, through the imputed righteousness of her Lord and Saviour, and with this hope she went down into the dark valley of the shadow of death, sustained by the arm, and trusting in the faithful promise, of Him who will never fail nor forsake his people.

In the quietude of domestic life, and in those hearts where her memory is sweetly embalmed, are to be found the brightest and most cherished mementoes of the many excellencies of her character. Having no children of her own upon whom the affection of a loving heart might fasten, it found other objects of appropriate interest in members of her family, in whose welfare both here and hereafter, she ever took the deepest interest. In this number her nephew, Mr. Campbell, undoubtedly held a conspicuous place. Next to her husband, and to "*her own Rebecca*," [a niece who in infancy was cast upon her care and love, for whom she did a mother's part,] no earthly relative possessed so large a share as he of her heart's solicitude and fond affection. Becoming a member of her family when about seventeen years of age, and at a period of life when the inexperience of youth greatly needs, as it then begins to appreciate, the benefits of wise counsel and wholesome advice, he found in his aunt Cynthia one both qualified and willing to discharge the important duty. During the whole period of his Collegiate and Theological course of study, though only a part of the time could he be an inmate of her household, her anxious concern for his progress and welfare knew no abatement. And from the known interest she felt in the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom on earth ; it is believed that her heart was filled with no common measure of joy when she learned that her beloved nephew—the son of her adoption—had not only given his heart to the Saviour, but had consecrated the future of his life on earth to the great work of preaching the Gospel to the heathen.

Mr. Campbell, after hearing of her death, writes to his uncle:—"I need not say how deeply we sym-

pathize with you in your bereavement. *Aunt was a mother to me.* She was not only kind to me, but like a parent she thought and was concerned about me wherever I went. I know that I have not one in my native land who followed me with more affection and interest, and with more hearty, fervent prayer, than my dear aunt Cynthia. But, dear uncle, you are the greatest sufferer, for you have lost such a friend and companion in tribulation, such a faithful and good counsellor, as you may never again expect to have upon earth. Let us endeavour to improve this dispensation, and, like aunt, improve our spiritual privileges, and grow in the love and likeness of our divine Master." And in the same letter, in a note to Rebecca, he adds, "Cherish her memory, my dear cousin, or rather I should say, let *us* cherish her remembrance, for when our mothers were taken from us in tender years, she opened her kind heart, and acted the full part of an affectionate mother to us. Copy her virtues, and call to mind her wholesome counsels and instructions. I can form no idea of McConnellsburg without aunt Cynthia. In imagination I have followed with you all the remains of the dear deceased to the Church and burial ground, and have there bade adieu to aunt till the resurrection; but as oft as I think of McConnellsburg, I see aunt as I left her, ministering with a kind hand to my sick Maria, and doing every thing possible to make us happy; and when we bade her a final adieu in Chambersburg, her tearful eye told a depth of feeling which she could not express."

These extracts show the depth of Mr. Campbell's feelings, and the strong attachment he was capable of forming for his friends. He devoted himself to the study of the languages, and became very proficient both in Urdu and Hindu. Had his life been spared, he would probably, on account of his diseased throat, have given himself to the work of translation, for which he was well fitted. During his whole life in India, he was engaged principally in teaching, having spent some time both in the city and Cantonment schools, and also in the school for the children of the native Christians. He was laborious in teaching, and as all his letters evince, interested deeply in the welfare of his pupils. Owing to his bronchial affection, he was not able to engage very actively in Bazar preaching, but was engaged in preaching to the prisoners in the jail, and in the cold season to the village people, whilst travelling to recruit his health. After his return from one of these trips, he penned the following letter to his wife's mother :—

BEWAR, *Feb.* 13, 1855.

DEAR MOTHER :—I think I have been owing you a letter for some time; at all events, I know you will be glad to hear from me. I have been away from home more than two weeks now, wandering about through the villages preaching and distributing tracts. In the early part of the season I took my dear M—— and the little ones out in tents for a change of air, preaching as we went along. But this time I have come out simply to preach. Hitherto we have been travelling where none had gone before us. We have mostly had large and attentive audiences, and have distributed a great many tracts and portions of the word of God.

We have met with a few who showed some concern for their souls,

but none who were willing to forsake all and follow Christ. Only one man has yet come to us saying he wished to become a Christian. He said he would go home with us and be baptized, but he went away and did not return as promised. Many have heard us gladly, however, whether through curiosity or love of the truth I am not able to say.

I was particularly struck with the conduct of one man who followed us to the tent, and returned a second time, begging us to visit his village. "We have never heard there such strange things as you preach; your words have made a deep impression on my heart, and I wish my people also to hear you preach, for I know all you say is true." We wished very much to go with him, for he seemed really in earnest, but the distance was too great, and all we could do was to give him a number of good books, and dismiss him with our prayers. Poor man! he may yet find the true way, and Him whom God has sent forth to be a Saviour.

I am beginning to feel very homesick. I have never been separated so long from my precious family, and I have no companion but a Catechist. We have a two-wheeled cart, or *gharee*, as we call it in the native language, to haul our tent, cooking utensils, &c., from place to place, but we travel on foot; we have now travelled more than sixty miles, and the whole distance we have had Kachchā (that is, not Macadamized) roads, and you have no idea what dreadful ways the Kachchā roads of this country are. In some places it is exceedingly difficult to get along on foot and disencumbered, and it is still more so for a heavily loaded cart. To give you some idea of the patience to be exercised, yesterday morning I got up at four o'clock, had the tent pulled down, loaded, and all ready to start by five o'clock. The Catechist and I walked on as usual to preach in any village we might find by the way, and reached our pitching place by ten o'clock, very much fatigued and hungry. But the road was so sandy that, although the distance was only eight miles, the *gharee*, with the tent, did not come up till half after eleven, and an hour afterwards I got my breakfast. I believe I did get my breakfast once at half-after ten, but I have usually got it at half-after eleven and twelve o'clock since I have been out. We often meet with little *nadees*, or streams, with high sandy banks and deep water. We would pull off our boots and stockings and wade, if the banks were like those of streams at home; but they are always muddy and sandy, and on either side for miles there is nothing but sand,

and we would be sure to have blistered feet, if we should adopt this course; and besides, there is no necessity. All we have to do is to sit down patiently for a short time, and we are sure to see some one coming along on the back of some kind of an animal. Yesterday we came to a little stream, and had not sat long before we saw two riders approaching. One was astride a tattu, or little pony, about four feet high, and the other rode a bullock of about the same height. I mounted the pony, (as I was not certain I could ride *cattle*.) I folded myself up as much as possible, and just escaped getting my knees and feet wet, for the stream was pretty deep. The Catechist, not being so tall, came over on his bullock with more ease. The owners of these animals, of course, waded, but no matter, they had no boots and stockings to doff and don; and receiving a few pice as a remuneration, went off thanking their gods for their good fortune.

I have no doubt you know something of our manner when we go out into the villages to preach. We just pass through the village, walking up and down the narrow paths, (for there are no streets and no order is observed in building a village in this country,) speaking to those we meet, and asking them to follow us and hear what we have to say. When we have found the *Chaupāl*, or place where the villagers meet to smoke and chat or consult together, we call for a charpoy, and make all about us sit down in the native way on their hunkers. This is done to secure their attention, for when once thus seated they are not so much inclined to leave us as when standing, and generally sit until we are through. We then commence by reading a chapter, then explain and apply. As a general thing, we are heard patiently and attentively, particularly in villages which have not been previously visited. Sometimes, however, we are interrupted by clamours and opposition; but I have always found a sign, or at most a few words addressed to the offender, sufficient to produce silence. We preach in turn relieving each other, our instructions varying according to the number and attention of our hearers. We have several times been encouraged to continue our labours for three hours at a time since we have been out, only desisting when we were too hoarse and too much fatigued to continue. In one village our hearers remained standing for about three hours. When we have finished, we sometimes give an opportunity of asking questions, but as this generally leads to loud talking and angry disputations, and we only do this in order to secure silence while we are

speaking. It is always better if we can get them to hear us patiently, and then walk off leaving them to reflect on what they have heard. Some few, I have no doubt, do go away thinking of what they have heard, but I fear the great majority laugh off any good impressions which may have been made, encourage each other in their evil ways, and deride us as the setters forth of new gods. I have long since been convinced that it is next to useless to *reason* with this people.

I have sat down patiently and reasoned them out of every tenet of their religion, and gained their unqualified admission of every thing I could wish, and yet they have gone away no more solemnized and impressed than they were at first—gone away laughing, as though they had been witnessing a specimen of jugglery. Such bát, (true,) *theek*, (exactly so!) *Kya khub-o-sáf*, (how true and clear as the sun!) they say, when you are proving from their daily conduct and the word of God that they are lost and ruined sinners; and when you look to see some signs of humility and shame after such acknowledgments of extreme ignorance and wickedness as they confess to, you are disappointed to find countenances either manifesting no concern, or lit up with smiles as though they had been listening to some pleasant tale. Hence our only hope is in the "quick and powerful" word of God. Reason fails, they laugh at it, and break away from the strongest argument as though it were a cobweb. But the word of God may find a lodgment, may stick like a burr in the memory, and years hence, when we are gone to our rest and reward, under the divine Spirit's influence, it may be recollected and applied with invincible power to the heart and conscience, and lead to the Saviour. Yes! I say we have confidence in *His word*, for we know what it has done for the benighted and heathenish, for the hard-hearted of other ages, and we are sure it will uproot and destroy superstition and be glorified here also.

Affectionately yours, D. E. Campbell.

Mr. Campbell, in the early part of 1856, visited the Hills for his health, and that of his family. His account of his visit there is deeply interesting, but it is too long for publication. He greatly improved in health, and returned in November to Futtehgurh, leaving little Davidson, whose health would not

admit of his return, in the hands of the Rev. W. J. Jay, one of the chaplains of India, and a very warm friend of the Mission. Mr. Campbell, on his return, was appointed to take the oversight of the native Christians at Burpore, and to preach daily in the City of Furrukhabad; and had, with renewed health and vigour, scarcely entered on these labours, when the mutiny broke out and his labours were arrested.

On the 20th May, 1857, in writing to the Rev. L. G. Hay, at Allahabad, he says, "We have had a most distressing time of excitement, and apprehended danger here. On Saturday last, our station was thrown into a state of the greatest alarm at hearing that the insurgents of Meerut and Delhi were on their way, and probably not far from this place. We were warned of our danger and went into Rukha, and from there in the evening we all went down to the station. On the Sabbath morning we returned to Rukha for service, and then went back to the station, expecting every moment to hear the guns of the insurgents; and be murdered in cold blood together with our children. It was a solemn hour—I never felt so near death, and a terrible death. My great anxiety was for Maria and the children, and I prayed God were it his will that our enemies should prevail over us, that my dear little children and my precious wife might *all* be struck down *before* me, then I could die in peace. I had such a horror of having any thing fall into the hands of these sensual, devilish creatures, that I would rather see all mine out of the world than left

in their hands. But how sweet our good tidings! for just as uncertainty and anxiety were becoming almost intolerable, news came that the insurgents had shut themselves up in Delhi. My dear brother, we do not know how long we are to be here, for we may soon be called to follow those unfortunates, (or fortunate ones perhaps,) who were cut down in Meerut and Delhi. Let us be prepared. Brought so near death, we know now what is necessary to make it easy, even though it be violent. The Saviour is doing something I know to hasten his kingdom, otherwise the Devil would not be in such a tumult about the stability of his."

In another letter of June 1st, to his uncle, and his last letter home, he writes:—"Our work is stopped. The *Mussalmans* are most bitter, and gnash their teeth upon us and our assistants, whenever they see us, and say, 'Where is your Jesus now? *now* what will become of you?'—The Hindus are not so. They know what the Mussalman reign was, and they would rather by far be under the English. Many of the Hindu princes have come forward and offered Government every assistance in their power, guns, soldiers, &c. God is trying this government, and us missionaries too, in thus dealing with us. We have not been as faithful as we should have been. Our trust, dear uncle, is in God. With him are our days, and he only knows whether we will be spared, even to write you another letter. But I am confident that Jesus will reign here. We may perish, but others will be raised up to take our places."

CHAPTER XI.

Memoir of Mrs. Maria Irvine Campbell.

Maria Irvine Campbell, the wife of the Rev. D. E. Campbell, was honoured as being the offspring of a long line of pious ancestry, and a child of the covenant promises of God. Both her grand-fathers and both her grand-mothers were members of the Old School Presbyterian Church, and with three exceptions, all of their children. Her father, Mr. John Bigham, was a man of strict probity and integrity, but never belonged to any Church. Her mother, Eliza Bigham, for the last forty-two years has been a professor of religion, and is now a member of the Associate Church. Maria was named after her aunt, Maria Irvine, the wife of the Rev. Samuel Irvine, D.D., of the Associate Church, in Fredericksburg, Ohio. He is now about seventy years old, and is still preaching to the Church, which called him, A. D. 1819.

It is pleasant to trace the goodness of God from generation to generation of such as love and honour him, and see the fulfilment of his gracious promise: "for the promise is unto you and your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call."

Maria, whilst an infant, was dedicated to God in the solemn ordinance of baptism, and though early deprived of a mother's care and love, was followed by the prayers of a mother, and cared for by the great Shepherd of souls. As parents we should approach this ordinance with strong faith, and we will realize, in our own experience, that if we are only faithful to our covenant promises, God will ever prove that He is not slack concerning the promise as some men count slackness. Maria's father died when she was quite young, leaving two children—herself, and an infant brother. The early death of her father had a sad influence on her future life, as her mother was forced, on account of her delicate health and limited means, to be separated from her children, and see them almost constantly separated from each other. This apparent misfortune over which the bereaved mother often wept, we have no doubt, largely contributed in the ways of an inscrutable Providence to the development of the characters of the children. Owing to the urgent solicitations of friends, as well as on account of her feeble health, Mrs. Bigham abandoned the idea of housekeeping, and this little family was scattered never to meet again on earth as such. With prayers, tears, and anxieties, a fond and pious mother commended her children to the protection of their heavenly Father, who, having heard in due time, and in his own way, answered them all.

Maria was born on the 31st of March, 1830, in Millersburg, Ohio, and lived in her father's house

until his death, which was in 1836, when she was a little over six years of age. The next four years were spent with her two uncles, Mr. E. Bigham and the Rev. S. Irvine, of Fredericksburg, Ohio. In September of 1840, she went to Fairview, Va., and lived with her uncle, Mr. William Bigham, until June of 1843; and in October of that year, at the invitation of a distant relative and most estimable lady, Miss Maria Lewis, she went to Pittsburg, Pa., and remained as an inmate of the Lewis family until March, 1846. She enjoyed here, as she indeed had ever done, notwithstanding her very lonely position, the benefits of refined and very cultivated society, and superior advantages in her early educational training.

Miss Lewis, now Mrs. Bigham, a lady of great mental cultivation and remarkable for her earnest and exemplary piety, devoted herself with great zeal and earnestness to the moral and religious training of her affectionate young friend and pupil. Maria's cousin, Dr. Armor, in referring to this, says:— "Indeed, she may be said to have been educated in a school of piety, and this influence brought to bear upon a nature susceptible of the liveliest sympathies, of a mind which had been most carefully trained, and a heart ever overflowing with love and affection for her friends, rendered her, in the estimation of all who knew her, one of earth's lovely ones." It was about this time that Maria penned the following letter to her dear brother, John, whom she seemed to love with a peculiarly strong affection;

for the bond of union was stronger than is usually found, and stronger probably because of their separation and the similarity of their situation, being among friends who, though very kind, were still as strangers :—

PITTSBURG, *April*, 1845.

MY DEAR LITTLE BROTHER :—I am well, and I would like to see you very much, but as I cannot see you soon I would like to hear from you ; you must write to me soon, and if you cannot fill a letter yourself, you can write some in mother's. You must not be ashamed of your writing, for you know that *I am your sister, and I love you very much.* It would be a great pleasure to me to be getting letters from my dear brother. When you write, tell me how you liked Fairview, and what boys were your companions, and who was your Sunday-school teacher, and every thing you can think of. I hope you will not make wicked boys your playmates, for the Bible says that "evil communications corrupt good manners ;" *if you be a bad boy, you will be a bad man.* Read often in the Bible, and don't forget or neglect your prayers. My dear brother, we must improve every opportunity of learning, for they will not be many ; if we do, may-be in a few years, if it pleases God, we may all live together—would that not be pleasant? Any thing that any of your friends give you to do, do it faithfully, and be cheerful and pleasant to all around you.

To-morrow I expect to go to town to board with my cousin Maria. I will continue to send the "little papers ;" I get them all at a little Sunday-school at the foot of the hill, we don't get them regularly every Sunday. Dear John, do write as often as you can.

Your affectionate sister,

MARIA J. BIGHAM.

At the time the above letter was written, Maria was just fifteen years old, and whether we look at the principles it inculcates—the amount of advice it gives, and the womanly tact with which she approaches her brother, we cannot but be struck with her maturity of thought and solidity of character.

In another letter, dated shortly after her arrival on heathen ground, she writes to her brother and refers to a very touching little incident, and one too very illustrative of the charming simplicity of her character. It relates to her early life, when she was not probably over nine years of age. It is as follows :—

My dear brother :—You are in my thoughts almost constantly these days, and is it possible that we are so far separated as to be able only to converse in this slow way? I used to look forward with such anticipations to the time when we would both be grown up, thinking that *then surely* we would not be separated; but our steps I trust have been ordered by Him who doeth all things well. Oh! may He guide us both during all our pilgrimage here on earth, and bring us at last to those mansions where sorrow and separation never come.

Do you remember, John, once when we were children, and I had been in Ohio with uncle and aunt B—— to visit you and mother? I had taken leave of mother, and you came on with me to Millersburg, and just before we parted we went up stairs alone, at Welker's, and read together part of the fourteenth chapter of John. I scarcely ever read that chapter without thinking of that time. Oh! may it not be that we whose troubled hearts were then comforted by those precious words, shall at last fail of obtaining admittance to those blessed mansions. I feel particularly anxious about you now, my dear brother, at this great turning point as it were in your life, as so much depends upon the stand you now take. You know what I mean, and I will not add more. I believe, John, that you have had always a great opinion of my *goodness;* but I do not wish you to labour under this delusion, for I know that if you had been more with me, you could not have seen much foundation for it. And now that I fill the place of a missionary's wife, how humbled I often feel that I fall so far below the standard to which I should attain!

In the latter part of 1847, whilst residing at Fairview, Va., Maria made a public profession of re-

ligion, and consecrated herself to the service of God. Of this important act we have no particulars. During the winter of 1846, she attended her first session at the Steubenville Female Seminary, and in the spring of 1850 she graduated with honour in her class. Her vacations were profitably passed in teaching. She taught a select school in New Castle, in the summer of 1849, and in a female academy at West Liberty, in 1850. It was whilst at the latter place that she formed the acquaintance of the Rev. D. E. Campbell, who was then under appointment for India, by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

It is not known whether Miss Bigham had made a dedication of herself to the Mission work previous to her acquaintance with Mr. Campbell, and it is probable not; owing to her peculiar situation, having a widowed mother and a brother, both of whom seemed to look to her for assistance. And yet it is evident that the desire to go was strong, as is evidenced in her letters to her mother and brother. Her first allusion to it is as follows: "Would it break my dear mother's heart were I to forsake her and go to distant lands, as Martha White (Mrs. Fullerton) does, leaving her mother in almost precisely the same situation? Or would she, if such should manifest itself as duty, freely resign all to the service of God?" In another letter she writes again: "I feel that I cannot act in this great matter without your advice and consent. It certainly would be the *greatest* sacrifice to forsake you, especially in

your situation, but God will provide. If he shews it to me to be my duty to go, he will not leave you desolate, but will raise up friends to you. Oh! it would be almost death to me, but I would not regard my own feelings. I have felt, mother, that if I do not go, I will not feel happy, because I will feel that I have gone contrary to what I should have done."

These extracts shew that our dear friend acted from duty, and a simple desire to serve God, the only right and powerful motive to sustain one in the foreign field. This purpose never wavered. Though of the most tender and affectionate feelings, and with a heart almost bursting with grief at the separation; yet she never regretted having left all for Jesus' sake.

Miss Bigham was married to the Rev. D. E. Campbell, by the Rev. Dr. Beattie, at Steubenville, on the 29th June, 1850, and in a few weeks thereafter, left for Boston, on her way to her new home in India. A friend and relative refers to her departure and separation, as follows :—

"This was, doubtless, the most painful trial to which she had ever been exposed. Few, perhaps in the history of Missionary enterprise, have been called upon to make such a decision, and have had to take up such a cross. And nothing but a deep religious conviction of duty could have ever prompted her to such a step. The parting of mother and daughter with scarcely a ray of hope of ever again meeting on earth, was most painfully affecting. Never while memory lasts, can

I forget that parting scene. A large circle of friends gathered around a common altar, and in a solemn and impressive prayer, mother and daughter were commended to the care and protection of a common parent, to Him, who, in the mysterious dispensations of his providence, is *too wise to err, and too good to be unkind.* Their separation was quiet, solemn, and affecting. Not a word was spoken; feeling was too deep for utterance, and no language could express the emotions that struggled in the bosom of that mother and child. For some minutes they warmly embraced each other, and with tears streaming down their faces, parted to meet no more on earth." It is well sometimes for the church to understand the feelings and sacrifices Missions involve, and thus sympathize with and pray more for her Missionaries; and it is for this purpose that we have indulged in this insight of their privacy.

Mrs. Campbell, with her party, sailed from Boston on the 8th of August, and arrived at Calcutta on the 30th of December, 1850, having had a long but not unpleasant voyage over the ocean. The accompanying map was sketched by Mrs. Campbell while on shipboard, and will serve to give a very good idea of the route ships usually take on their voyages to India.

The day previous to their sailing, Mr. Campbell wrote to the mother and brother of his wife:— "Maria thinks, speaks, and wonders about you still, even in the very vortex of hurry and business. I often find her musing, and as invariably

Boston August 8th. 1830
Tropic of Cancer
C.Verde Is.
Equator
Sept. 19th.
SOUTH
AMERICA
St.Helena
Tropic of Capricorn
Tristan D'Acluna
Cape of Good Hope
October 26th.
Madagascar
St.Pauls.
Nov. 20th.
Nov. 30th.
Futtegurh
Calcutta
ASIA
AFRICA

find her thoughts directed towards and fixed upon her friends, especially her dear mother and brother. Still, although ready to board the '*Argo*,' on which we sail, I do not think she hesitates or wavers in the least. Already she has shown more firmness than some who are older and more experienced. She has determined to go, and meet whatever is to be met with firmness and all possible cheerfulness."

She reached her station, Futtehgurh, in February, 1851, and commenced almost immediately the study of one of the native languages, in which she made considerable progress. Before, however, she was able to make much use of it, she employed her pen in addressing the following letter to the children of a Sabbath-school in which she was once a teacher :—

FUTTEHGURH, *April* 30, 1853.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :—Since I left you many changes have occurred. Were I now to look in upon the Sabbath-school in which I once had a place, I would, doubtless, find the places of many familiar friends occupied by strangers. But still I feel in you all a deep interest, and if any thing that I can tell you of the heathen, among whom my lot is now cast, will cause you to feel more for their perishing condition, I shall not have come in vain.

You are mistaken if you have formed the idea that the heathen of Hindustan welcome the missionary, and are anxious to hear the gospel. No ; they are too well satisfied with the worship of dumb idols, and the Mahammadans are so bigoted in their belief in the false prophet, that it is often difficult to get them to listen to the word of truth. You will not wonder, then, that the missionary often meets with discouragements—that often his fairest hopes are blighted, by seeing those whom he has faithfully instructed from day to day still blindly bowing down to the workmanship of their own hands.

But a very cheering and unusual occurrence has lately taken place,

which has prompted me to write to you. In a village, a few miles from us, which has been a stronghold of Hinduism, and the residence of a number of Pundits, or spiritual teachers, there are now over fifty persons who have given up idol-worship, and are attentive hearers of the gospel, which is now preached in their village regularly twice a week Among these are six or seven Pundits, who, a few months ago, were violent opposers of every thing relating to Christianity.

The leading Pundit of the village was the first to renounce heathenism, and is now, like Paul, as zealous in leading his countrymen to the Saviour, as he once was in opposing every thing of the kind. This interest was first produced in the village by the establishment of a Bazar school there, which was supported by our native Christians, and taught by one of their number. At first, the chief Pundit and others often came to dispute with the teacher about the Bible and the Christian religion, but before long they came not as quarrelsome disputants, but willing students of the word of God, and now some of them seem to be as familiar with the Scriptures, as many in our favoured land, who, from their infancy, have been instructed in its holy precepts. It will be interesting to you to know that this school was got up and mainly supported by the people of the Christian village here. The teacher thus employed was one of their number, who was in needy circumstances. Their design was two-fold, to send forth the light of the gospel to their benighted countrymen, and to assist a needy brother; and it is indeed encouraging to see the blessings that have followed. These people who have renounced Hinduism, have already endured a great deal of persecution, but they do not seem the least discouraged. They are now anxious to build a little Church, and have already subscribed considerable towards it.

I have thought that were you to hear of the blessings which have attended this little Bazar school, you would, as a Sabbath school, gladly have one supported in your name. There is already a number in this neighbourhood, some of which are supported by residents here, and others in connection with the Mission. But the number need not be limited to a very few, when there are hundreds of villages within ten miles of us, where no such schools exist. It does not require very much to support one of these schools, say four or five dollars per month, and who would not gladly contribute their mite to this good work?

It is our work to spread the gospel by every means, praying as we proceed for a blessing to rest upon our labours, for who knows which God will first own. He may bless his preached word, or He may first pour out his spirit upon our Mission schools, and cause the good word which has been sown to spring up and bear fruit abundantly. The gracious influence of the school referred to is evidence that the care and means expended in that department is not in vain. Light seems to be breaking here and there over this dark land; and it is to be hoped that the day of small things will soon give way to that day when none shall need to say to the heathen, "Know the Lord."

I was rejoiced to hear of the revival of religion in your midst. That the God of grace may deepen and carry on the good work within you, and continue to do you good, both spiritually and temporally, is the sincere desire of

Your affectionate friend,
Maria I. Campbell.

The same desire which prompted this effort manifested itself in her efforts to gather some native female children for instruction; and it was her happiness to teach a most interesting school, formed of the children of our native Christians. This little school, embracing some twenty or thirty children, was the scene of long and patient labour; and she was rewarded in seeing their daily improvement, and also the successful termination of these labours as witnessed in the triumphant death of some of these dear lambs.

Mrs. Campbell was most faithful in watching over and leading these dear children to Jesus, the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. Day by day, and year after year, might she be found seated in her little school room, teaching these little dark-faced children Bible stories, and pointing out to

them the way of life. No matter how great the heat, or how much exhausted by its oppressive influences—no matter how great her own family cares, or how occupied with her children, she was not forgetful, or inattentive to the little flock committed to her care and training. It was her field, which she was bound to cultivate and bring to perfection, so far as in her power; and it is only due to her to say, that she was equally faithful as a mother and wife. In all these labours Mrs. Campbell was unobtrusive, and seldom spoke of herself in connection with them. She seemed to shrink from every thing like show or commendation. She acted from a strong and unwavering sense of duty, and her feeling of unworthiness and short coming overcame every other feeling. She was a person of great modesty and worth, traits which seldom are disconnected.

Notwithstanding all the duties which she was called to perform, she did not, and could not, forget her friends in America, especially her widowed mother and lone brother. The thoughts of the latter were in her mind always, and not long before her lamented death, she wrote to her brother, as follows:—

"Hearing from you has cheered me greatly. I think of you both daily, but lately I have been thinking more than usual about our dear mother, feeling that perhaps I might have mistaken duty in leaving her under the circumstances. This thought has caused me more distress than you know, and more than I wish her to know. A few weeks ago I

thought about it, by day and by night, and had such distressing dreams, often crying out bitterly in my sleep. But mysterious as my course must have seemed to every one, and as it did to myself, I had a feeling that *I dare not do otherwise*, and now I can only pray that if I did mistake my duty, it may all be overruled for mother's and my own good. I think nothing of the hardships or trials I may have suffered in coming to India in comparison with mother's trials. I feel truly thankful that God has cared for and kept her so long, and that He has continued your life and prospered you; and I desire still to commit you both to God, who is faithful to those who trust in Him."

The following letter, which contains information about Delhi and other places, rendered famous by the late mutiny, will be found deeply interesting, and serve to show Mrs. Campbell's style :—

FUTTEHGURH, *December* 24, 1856.

MY EVER DEAR BROTHER :—I hope you and mother have not been uneasy about us. I do not think I have, since we have been in India, so long omitted writing to you and mother. Be assured I have not forgotten you who are so dear to me. I think of you both daily, and many times in the day. I am thankful to say we are all well, and I hope you and mother are too.

You see we have ended our sojourn in the hills, and are at home again. It was a trial for us to leave our dear little Davidson, but I am thankful now that we did it, for it is much less of a trial to us to have him separated from us and in good hands and good health, than it would have been to have him with us pining in this withering climate. It seems to me it is my *doom and destiny* to be constantly being separated from those who are near and dear to me. It has been so all my life long. May I receive these afflictions in a proper spirit, and be made

better for them. I know we should be very thankful that we have been spared so long in this land from the greater afflictions with which so many of our friends have been called to bear.

We left Landour the 20th of last month, in the morning, and got to Dehra, fourteen miles, on the same morning in time for breakfast. On the 21st, the Lodiana Mission, (which consists of seventeen or eighteen missionaries,) met at Dehra for their annual meeting. So we remained in Dehra the following Monday, and enjoyed meeting with many old acquaintances, and some we had never met before. Our old shipmate, Mr. Orbison, we were very glad to see again. A day or two after we got to Dehra a few of us took an excursion on horseback to a place called the Robbers' Cave. It was a wild, romantic place, and is said to have been inhabited by a wonderful robber. Though we enjoyed the trip very much, poor Mr. Orbison got his feet wet and took a bad cold, which brought on remittent fever, of which we hear he has had a very bad attack.

You know how fond I am of horseback riding, and you may imagine I enjoyed it, as I had not been on horseback all the time we were in the hills. Mr. Leavitt, also, I was very glad to see again. I used to see him in Steubenville, as his father lived there when I was at school; we recognized each other in this country, though we were not acquainted at home. Since we were in Dehra, he became engaged to Miss Shurman, the orphan of a German missionary.

Christmas.—I wonder what you are doing this Christmas-day. Nothing in particular has marked the day to us as yet, except the arrival of the usual present which a Nawab from the city sends us every year on Christmas, consisting of almonds, raisins, pistas, oranges, plantains, &c. The servants who bring the present always expect to receive a present of money about equal to the worth of the things brought.

Well, to take up the thread of my journey, I begin by saying that Mr. and Mrs. Hay, and their two little children, and we, and our two, left Dehra on Monday evening, and travelled to Roorkie in dhoolies; there we spent the day, and visited all the lions. The *lions* we did see, for Roorkie is at the head of the great Ganges Canal; the first aqueduct is guarded by two great lions sculptured in stone; they are lying down, but they would measure eleven or twelve feet up through the head. They have a fine effect, being on a high foundation of stone-work, which is a part of the aqueduct. We also visited an immense

workshop where steam is made to help on with the work amazingly, and is a novel workman in this country. There is also a magnificent Government Engineer's College at Roorkie which we visited. Leaving Roorkie after dinner, we travelled on to Muzuffurnugger where we took the dakgharee or government omnibus at daylight.

December 31*st.*

Last evening I had the pleasure of receiving your truly acceptable letter of October 19th, and my heart is very light to day, in consequence. I am dependent now almost entirely on you for tidings from my own relations. You know mother very seldom writes, and my letters from Virginia have become very few and far between.

I feel truly thankful that you have been so prospered in worldly things, and your health I have supposed is good—as you never say any thing to the contrary. I hope you do not forget serious things, but that you are laying up things for the life to come, as well as for the present. Eternity we know is longer than time, so it behooves us not to forget that state which we must certainly, sooner or later, enter upon. I feel very unworthy to read religious lectures to you, for I am sensible of very great short-comings in myself—but I feel very solicitous on your account, particularly now, as you are just setting out in life. So many young men seem to think it weak-minded and effeminate, to appear decidedly serious and religiously inclined, but I will not class my dear brother with such, for I have not suspected that I have any reason to do so. I only feel anxious for you, as so many of our cousins have appeared so worldly-minded and careless, and I *know* they are not as happy as those of our friends who are pious. When a young man sets out in life, so taken up with business that he allows himself no time for his higher duty to his Maker, he is likely to follow on in the same course till affliction or, perhaps, *death* stops him short. And then what bitter remorse through all eternity!

We have moved back to Burpore, our first home in India; this place is near the city and three miles from Rukkha, which was our home from Jan. 13th, 1852, till day before yesterday. There has been a complete change of people in this Mission since first we came to it. The bungalow we have just left is to be occupied by Mr. and Mrs. McMullin, new Missionaries on their way here. The other bungalow in that compound which was occupied by Mr. Walsh, is now occupied by Mr. Freeman. We have come back to our first house which has,

since we left it, been occupied by Mr. Ullman. Mr. Johnston lives in the other bungalow in this compound. So now when we all get settled there will be four Missionaries at Futtehgurh, just the number this station demands to carry on the work—though there might be forty four more at work. It seems nice to be in a big house again, where you can turn round without bumping your elbows—the house we had in the hills was very circumscribed. I find myself since Mrs. Walsh has gone, the oldest lady in the mission station here—though in years, I believe I am somewhat the youngest.

Well, to go on with our journey from the hills which I left off on the first sheet. Leaving Muzuffernuggur at daylight we got to Meerut, for a late breakfast—at M—— there was not much in the way of sight-seeing. So Mrs. H—— and I rested, and did not go out in the station. The next morning about 10 o'clock, we arrived in the famed city of Delhi, where the old king still resides. After breakfast, the gentlemen hired buggies, and we went out eight or ten miles to the Kootub Minar, an immense tower of the most elaborate workmanship. It was first built by Hindus, three or four-hundred years ago—afterwards, when they were conquered by the Mahammadans, the Mahammadans, not willing for them to retain the honour of such a monument of their skill, had the Koran, or parts of it, written from top to bottom of the tower in one continuous line, after the fashion of a creeper—it was not *inscribed*, but done in raised letters, by cutting out from the entire surface the depth of the letters. We went to the top of the tower by ascending the steps in the inside, there were three hundred and seventy-nine of them, and pretty deep ones too—I do not remember the entire height of the whole affair, but it is higher I believe, than the Trinity Church in New York, at least, it seemed so to me—it was frightful to look down from it, even after having lived in the Himalays.

Afterwards we went back to the city, and visited the king's palace, which is in the fort; first we had to send our names to the resident, who is a European, then *chobdars* were sent to escort us—the chobdar carries the chobe, which is a thick pole of silver, about six feet high, and is used as a sort of sceptre, which the king's servants carry. When the chobdar came to us, we proceeded on to a sort of open common looking court. At the entrance to this, though it was the middle of the day and the sun very hot, we were obliged to leave our parasols and umbrellas; as walking-sticks, and all sorts of sticks must be resigned there. So

we all followed the chobdar, complaining bitterly of the hot sun, and the poor compensation for our self-denial, as there was nothing very remarkable to be seen.

Soon we arrived at the throne, where the King in his younger days used to see the nobility. The throne was rather a grand affair; it was a large sort of chair of marble, inlaid with precious stones, but such *filth*—the place did not seem to have been swept for months; the throne was on a sort of verandah, and the ground below looked as much like a pig-pen as any thing else. From this we went to a really magnificent sort of gallery without walls—only pillars of fine marble, beautifully inlaid with precious stones, the floor also was of fine marble. This place is now used by the King for a reclining place in the cool of the day. The only seat there, was an immense block of pure quartz.

As Mrs. Hay was very tired she sat down upon it, when the servants began in great dismay and excitement to order her off it, telling her she had dishonoured the King's seat, at the same time a great clattering and scolding was set up by some women in the garden below, and they all seemed very much enraged. So Mrs. Hay thought she had seen quite enough of the King's dominions, and was glad to make her way out of them as quickly as possible. Had this taken place some years ago, when the King had undisputed control, Mrs. H—— might well have trembled for her life, as the King used to be most despotic, and could and thought nothing of cutting off a head if one of his subjects displeased him; but now he is getting old and infirm, and has no power, except in his own palace, which is in the *English Fort*.

In Delhi we also visited the Jama Musjed, which is a Mahammadan place of prayer, or temple, but I cannot begin to describe it. It is an amazingly grand structure, and must have cost a vast sum. All of these grand places have a very melancholy air about them, as the glory has so evidently departed. Another curiosity we saw in Delhi, was immense quadrants and other vast instruments or apparatus for astronomical purposes built of stone, or rather a hard kind of cement like stone. With these the learned Hindus calculated eclipses, &c., with great precision.

The next day we were in Agra, where we spent a few days with our friends, and enjoyed very much meeting again. Agra was so very little out of our way that we could not resist the temptation of seeing our friends. While there, the examination of Mrs. Fullerton's school was in

progress. Mrs. F——'s little Dora was a most miserable looking little object—a perfect skeleton, yet better than she had been. The poor child had cholera in the summer, and it left her very ill—for weeks they did not expect her to live from one day to another, but now they hope she will recover.

When I am writing to you, I do not know where to stop, but I fear this long epistle is already rather too long and dry, so I will bring it to an end, and say good-bye.

Ever your affectionate sister, MARIA I. CAMPBELL.

We are thus brought almost to the conclusion of Mrs. Campbell's missionary career, and before submitting her last letter, giving an account of the outbreak of the mutiny which resulted in her death, we would remark, that Mrs. Campbell was a lady of peculiar loveliness, and distinguished in early life by her patient, amiable, and gentle disposition—by a remarkable ease and grace of manner—by a nature warm and genial, as also by a decision of character and firmness of purpose in the accomplishment of every duty. With these traits of character, she combined intellectual faculties susceptible of a high state of cultivation. She acquired knowledge with great facility, and during her seminary course found no difficulty in keeping up with her classes, whilst at the same time, she taught many minor branches of study to others. Her manners were very winning, and she was a universal favourite with all her associates in the Mission work. Her last letter to her brother is as follows:—

FURRUKHABAD, *May* 12, 1857.

MY DEAREST JOHN:—Just at dark last evening, yours of the 10th of March was handed to me, and it afforded me great pleasure. It is

so delightful to me now to think of you and mother at *home*. What joy it would afford me to be with you! I feel rather glad that you have settled down in *Millersburg*—not that I would think any thing at all of the place independent of its associations, but it *has* associations, and the place will be ever dear to me on account of its associations, though some of them are very sad ones. How pleasant it would be to me now to visit you in Millersburg! We would none of us feel ourselves *intruders*—a feeling that always troubled me, and spoiled our enjoyment ever since we ceased to have a home of our own.

But thanks for what you have done, and God's blessing upon your exertions. May many bright happy years be in store for you and our dear mother. I suppose that you and I can never know all the sorrows she has endured, and the anxieties and heartaches she has experienced on our account.

It is now very warm, (you would say *hot*,) but has been a very healthy season. The cholera is raging in some stations, but not near this. E—— had a letter from Mr. Orbison the other day, saying it is very bad in Ambala, where he lives, and there has been some disaffection among the sepoys of the regiment there, as there also has been at some other stations. The nineteenth regiment at Barrackpore was disbanded not long ago, on account of some stubbornness the native soldiers manifested. The trouble is that they have been required to use cartridges which they suspect have been prepared with tallow or lard. This they think horrible, as the touch of lard is pollution to a Mussalman, and tallow is the fat of one of the Hindu gods, and the touch of it will break a Hindu's caste. It was a great risk for government to attempt such a thing, if the cartridges *have* any of the odious stuff about them. If the different regiments were not made up of so many castes of Hindus, Mussalmans, &c., there would be great difficulty for the English to keep possession of the country, but as it is, there is not much to be feared, for scarcely one whole regiment will pull together.

At Ambala, I believe there is a European regiment, besides the native one, the Sepoys there have lately burnt the European Barracks, the Hospital, and several bungalows. A very large reward has been offered, but it will be hard to find out the incendiaries, as they have a way of shooting from a great distance, something like rockets which lodge in the thatched roofs, and soon take fire this dry windy weather. Though this indignation is shewn towards Europeans, it is not felt

towards the missionaries. Mr. Orbison has a number of Sepoys in his school. The Mussalmans would delight to regain dominion over this country, and expel all Europeans, but that cannot well happen, as the Hindus would not unite with them, and they number the most. The regiment here is perfectly quiet and contented; they are now living in straw huts, while their houses are being remodelled; the first huts were all burned down, but it was altogether accidental, and the loss their own—not government's.

May 16th.

Since the above was written, we have had most alarming news from some of the upper stations. A great number of disaffected Sepoys have become violent, and in Delhi, have killed about twenty Europeans, taken the fort, and report says have blown up the magazine. In Meerut, a few Europeans were killed. We know not what a day may bring forth truly. At this time vain is the help of man—all we can do is to look to God, and be prepared for what he may send. Last night was to us and many others here, a sleepless, anxious night.

May 18th.

I am happy and thankful to day to be able to give you good news. We are now relieved from our fears. We have found, that most of the reports we had from up country were much exaggerated. It is true, that many Europeans in Delhi were murdered, and a few in Meerut. But the insurgents are now all supposed to be in Delhi, within the fort, and loyal troops from other stations have been sent to hem them in. The object in going to the fort was, to enlist the old king in their favour, and to proclaim the heir apparent king. The old king does not countenance them, but as the heir apparent is young, they may manage to set him up, but cannot gain much by that step.

We had two days and nights of fearful suspense, and in looking back it seems more like a week. We made up our minds for the worst, and had half of the rumours been true, we would indeed have been in a pitiable case. The only thing we thought of was our lives, our property did not cost us a thought. I put up a few clothes for each of us, with what money E—— has belonging to the mission, and our own little speck, and we left two of our punkah-wallahs in charge of the house. Everything here is all right, and I suppose out at our house too, or we would have heard.

The cartridges are supposed to be the cause of all, but I find the English cartridges have not been distributed at all, but the natives *think* that those they have received are the tallow and lard ones. At this station, no new ones have been given out, and there are plenty of the old ones on hand.

Oh! how happy we all are to-day, after the forebodings of yesterday and Saturday. I felt so thankful that our dear Davidson was safe, and so anxious about poor, innocent Fannie and Willie. How I wish Davidson was with you and mother to take my place! We do not think of sending him, but may see it our duty to go home with our children, for their sakes and our own, in two or three years, should we be spared so long.—Good-bye my dear brother, let us hear from you *very* often now. Your very affectionate sister,

M. I. C.

On the 26th of May, she commenced a letter to her uncle, which, as it is in continuation of her letter to her brother, we append. It is as follows:—

FUTTEHGURH RUKKHA, *May* 26, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I wrote to John a few days ago, and you may have heard from him of the troubles in this country. When I sent off his letter, we fondly hoped we would have no more reason for fear. The rule of Britain here has already received a shock which it will not recover from for generations. And the troubles which have transpired may be only the beginning of troubles. We know not where it will end! We are anxiously awaiting the result of a battle between the rebels and loyal soldiers which is to take place soon at Delhi. If the rebels should overcome the Europeans, we may look out for fearful things. But the English seem confident they will destroy the enemy, and we earnestly hope and pray they will. Native soldiers in many places have for some time past shown a rebellious spirit, but no one knows exactly what is at the bottom of it. The natives all say it is because government has in some regiments tried to force them to use new cartridges which are prepared with tallow and lard. But government has assured them that it is not the case—that the hated cartridges were never dealt out, but just the same that they have always used, and that government never has, nor ever will, break the promise that was

made to interfere in no case with the religious feelings of a Hindu or Mussalman. Many think that this is only a pretext, and this outbreak is part of a deep laid scheme to destroy this government and exterminate all Europeans, and some attribute it to Russian interference. But *we* believe it is partly owing to the cartridges: *i. e.*, interference with caste, and partly that there are so many vicious characters among the sepoys.

In Barrackpore the sepoys of the nineteenth regiment were ordered to use the new cartridges; they refused and were accordingly *disbanded*. Then the beginning of the mutiny was owing to too great lenity on the part of government. Had the ringleaders been shot on the spot, and the rest punished with almost any thing short of death, the mischief might have been checked, but the men of the nineteenth scattered about spreading disaffection wherever they went. Soon two regiments in Meerut followed their example, went farther, and killed every European they could find without regard to age or sex. The massacre was terrible, and the extent is not yet known, though it occurred on the 10th. The mails have been plundered, and we have had nothing direct since.

From Meerut the mutineers went to Delhi, where they were joined by three other regiments, and took up their work of plundering and killing the inhabitants; they then all went to the fort, the residence of an old Mogul king. His palace is within the fort, and since the English have held the government *his* dominion has only extended *within* the walls of the fort. The rebels are now at the palace, and are trying to re-establish the old Timour dynasty, and have proclaimed the old king's son *their* king. We have heard that the old king sent word to the Lieutenant-governor at Agra that he was opposed to the doings of the rebels, and rumour says they have since killed him. Of course, we hear no particulars that we can depend upon, as the mutineers have the city and do not allow the mail to pass. European troops are fast marching to Delhi, and we hope soon to hear of their success.

In addition to the other mischief, the wretches open all the jails that the prisoners may aid them. The ninth regiment, which is divided between the stations of Allygurh, Etawah, and Mynpoorie has lately mutinied, but killed no one. In Allygurh they opened the jail, robbed the public Treasury, which amounted to the sum of five millions of rupees, and in Mynpoorie they simply left the station after a slight un-

successful attempt to remove the Treasury. At Mynpoorie they could easily have (had they been so disposed) killed all the Europeans, only eight, but they only told them to run for their lives. Our missionary at Mynpoorie fled to Agra the night before the disturbance, in charge of his family, and all the ladies and children of the station. The Delhi Treasury consisted of seven million lacks of rupees.

These are indeed troublous times here, and we have spent many anxious days of suspense. We are constantly hearing the most alarming reports. Once we heard that the whole body of rebels was marching on us, and only ten miles off—then death for a day or two seemed staring us in the face in its most hideous form. But thanks to God we now have a respite, and have a hope that our station may be spared.

May 28th.

We and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have come from Barpur to Rukkha, and expect to remain here till we hear the result of the battle at Delhi. Our bungalows are so near the jail and city, and so far from the civil and military, and so far from our other missionary stations, that we felt safer to be here till the troubles are past. We are with the Freemans, and the Johnsons are staying with the McMullins. It seems quite natural to be in this compound again.

Our Barpur Christians have gone to a heathen village for the present. There is a fort here, but it is so far from us, and we would have to go through danger to get to it, should our sepoys prove treacherous. So we have pretty much given up thoughts of the fort, should danger come, as we might make our escape with the Christians here into some of the villages near us. But every thing is quiet here. There are no European troops here, but the native regiment is thought to be staunch. They were in Burmah a year or two ago, and they say that, having been on shipboard, their brethren of other regiments think them half Christians, (living on shipboard they cannot so well observe all the rules of caste,) and that for this reason the mutineers will not be likely to visit this station. Should the native soldiers here remain loyal, we have little to fear. The troops now on their way from England to China will, if possible, be intercepted and brought to Delhi, and also all European regiments that can possibly be mustered from every part of this country, together with loyal sepoys from stations that can spare them. The commander-in-chief is by this time before the walls of Delhi, and as soon as a sufficient force is assembled the work will begin.

At the time of the outbreak Lieutenant Willoughby blew up the Delhi magazine, but the rebels have the arsenal left, which is to be regretted. Had the arsenal also have been blown up, the rebels would not have such a formidable look, but we have just heard from good authority that the rebels in Delhi are getting alarmed, and many are trying to creep off quietly to their homes with their spoil. Martial law has been proclaimed in several districts, and many of the wretches have been caught. An Allyghur Havildar was caught with ten thousand rupees concealed in a cart. And some days ago a man from Delhi or Meerut was found laden with silver-plate which he had stolen. Of course, in the excited state of the country Bazar preaching is not to be attempted. But should the commander-in-chief obtain the victory, all will be right in a few days, and every thing will go on in the old way. But many will have to mourn before all is quiet. From what little we have heard of the carnage in Meerut and Delhi, we have gathered enough to know that it was most *fearful*. A great many Europeans escaped in to native villages, and it is not known yet certainly who all were killed. But it is a relief to hear that only in those two stations there seemed a desire to murder—the chief aim in other stations seemed only plunder.

We are now feeling more secure than we have done for some days. At the time of the panic here, several ladies went to Allahabad, where there is a good fort. We have not heard from Davidson since these troubles began, and cannot expect to hear till quiet is restored, for the mail must pass through Meerut and Delhi. But I do hope he is safe and well; when we were in such alarm, I felt so thankful that, at least, one of our children was safe.

June 1*st*.

As yet, no news from Delhi.—Please send this on to John and mother, they will be anxious to hear, as I wrote to John about these troubles in the last mail. Pray much for us, for we do now need your prayers and sympathies.

Your affectionate niece,

MARIA I. CAMPBELL.

A day later, June 2d, Mrs. Campbell, in writing to Mrs. Walsh, adds, "Matters are now darker than

ever. Last evening we heard that the regiments in Lucknow had mutinied, and that our regiment was just on the point of open mutiny. Col. Smith seems to have given up all hope. The principal families stayed in their boats last night. We were just on the point of starting for Agra during the night, but it is well we did not go, as an officer in charge of the treasury there has just been killed, so that they have disarmed the two regiments. Mynpoorie is in a dangerous way too. What the end will be, we know not. May God protect us all, or prepare us for the worst. We are now trying to get boats, but the heat in them will be fearful. With love from both to both,

Yours, very affectionately,

M. I. CAMPBELL."

A. V. Johnson

CHAPTER XII.

Memoirs of the Rev. Albert Osborne Johnson, and Mrs. Amanda Joanna Johnson.

As Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had only been in India about eighteen months, and most of their time had been occupied with the study of the native languages, we have deemed it best to unite their memoirs in one chapter.

Mr. Johnson's birth place is in Cadiz, Ohio. His father, Dr. William Johnson, was a practising physician, having studied medicine at Washington, Pa. During his residence there he married Miss Elizabeth Orr, daughter of the late James Orr, Esq., a ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church of that place. Soon after their marriage, they removed to Greensburg, Westmoreland County, Pa., but remained only a short time, when they changed their place of residence for Cadiz. Albert was born on the 22d June, 1833, and was the fourth of a family of six children, of whom three only are now living.

Albert's parents were exemplary members of the Presbyterian Church, and dedicated their child to God in a public and solemn covenant, whereby they promised to bring him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. The privilege of having our children embraced with us in the bonds of the everlasting covenant in Christ, is of such an inestimable

value — of such binding force, and followed with such precious results, that we love to dwell on the goodness of God, in permitting us to dedicate our little ones to his service in the ordinance of baptism. From a child, Albert was carefully instructed in the Holy Scriptures, and both by precept and example, taught to feel and acknowledge his peculiarly solemn obligations to God.

Albert's father died December 27th, 1838, and this dear child, at the early age of five years, was called to sustain an irreparable, though at that time an unconscious loss. From the death of his father until he entered the Theological Seminary, at Allegheny, he lived with his uncle, Mr. Geo. Gladden, on a farm, within sight of Jefferson College, at Canonsburg, Pa. This was his home for fourteen years, and the place around which his affections most clustered. We have no information about his mother, or the date of her death. Nor are we able to trace his early life, either before or at College. Being separated from the other members of his family, the greater part of his life, he seemed to feel that his had been almost an orphan's lot, however great the kindness he received from his relatives. He appreciated, and warmly reciprocated, the love shewn to him by his uncle and other friends.

In the year 1850, and whilst a member of Jefferson College, he made a public profession of religion. He graduated with distinction at Jefferson, in 1852, and in the fall of the same year, entered the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny. After

completing his full course of three years' study, he graduated, and was married on the same day, May 9th, 1855, to Miss Amanda J. Gill, of Pittsburgh. Soon after his marriage, Mr. Johnson was ordained by the Presbytery of Ohio, to the work of the ministry, on the 12th June, 1855. At what time, or by what means, the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were directed to the foreign field, we are unable to determine. But personal knowledge enables us to state, that it was from a settled conviction of duty, and after long and prayerful consideration.

During the last year of the Author's sojourn in India, Mr. Johnson and he were most intimately associated in the Mission work at Futtehgurh. And he now recalls, with melancholy pleasure, the daily conversations held whilst seated in the new Church, superintending its erection. His new field of labour, his position, and his future prospects for usefulness, were constant themes of familiar discourse. His efforts to acquire the language, and his interest in the people, were manifested in all his actions and words. He seemed to rejoice that God had so directed his steps, and permitted him to engage in the great work of preaching Christ to the heathens of India.

Mrs. Johnson was a daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Gill, a distinguished minister of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, and one of the Professors at the old Western University, in Pittsburgh, during the time Dr. Bruce had charge of that Institution. In the early part of his ministry, Mr. Gill received

a call to Green County, Ohio, and during his settlement at that place, Amanda was born. She is therefore a native of that state. In her infancy, her father removed to his native state, Pennsylvania, where she remained until her departure for India. Having an Academy at home, for the instruction of students in the languages, and higher branches of English; a good opportunity was afforded for the education of the family. Under the direction of her learned and excellent father, she acquired a finished education, and in early life formed those habits which fitted her for usefulness in her future career, at home and abroad.

When about eleven years of age, Amanda, at the solicitation of a relative residing in Philadelphia, was sent by her parents to that place, which for a while became her adopted home. During her residence there, she was brought to a saving knowledge of her Saviour, and was received a member of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, under the pastorship of the Rev. Dr. S. B. Wylie. This was sometime during 1844. We are without any particulars of the exercises of her soul, during this new and very important era in her history,—this birth-day of her new existence, and this new life of faith, love, and unending happiness. And yet we know, if "born again," she enjoyed a peace and happiness, flowing from a sense of pardoned sin and acceptance with God, which is beyond conception. In the midst of this happiness, she was called to mourn the loss of her father, for whom she had the fondest affection,

and who died during her absence in 1846. This came upon her with crushing weight, as it was not only unexpected, but came at a time when she was anticipating a tender meeting with him and her family, at her much loved home. Her visit to her home and the scenes of her childhood, though extremely pleasant, was saddened by the gloom and change death had made in the beloved family circle.

After a visit of a few weeks, she returned to Philadelphia, having at that time in view a visit to Europe, in company with her friends. Consequently, in the Spring of 1849, she sailed for England, and was absent nearly two years. Fond of study and travel, she derived much knowledge and improvement from her journey. In the latter part of 1850, she returned to America. Her mother, during her absence abroad, had removed to Pittsburgh, and this was from that period her home.

In 1853 she commenced teaching in one of the "Ward Schools" of Pittsburgh, and continued her field of usefulness up almost to the time of her marriage. Having removed from Philadelphia, she united with the First Presbyterian Church at Pittsburgh, (Rev. Mr. Paxton's,) with which Mr. Johnson was connected.

A little more than two months after their marriage, and on the 17th of July, 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, in company with the Calderwoods and Herons, sailed from Boston in the ship "*Brutus*," Captain Meacom. In our notice of their short future

career, we purpose combining their memoirs, and will quote from their letters without following each separately. Mr. Johnson, writing from the ship, speaks of their last parting from their native land, as follows :—

"As the pilot boat rounds and turns her prow homewards, a few wafts of the hand, a few waves of the handkerchief, and the sound of voices as they sweetly sing, 'The Lord is our Shepherd,' is borne upon the breeze, and gently dies away along the receding shore. Alone upon the quarter deck of our vessel sit our missionary company. Not a word is spoken. Each seems busy with his own thoughts. I now for the first time realized the heartfelt partings of the foreign missionary. The scenes of my youth, and the paths trod in more mature days, never before seemed so delightful as now, at the moment of quitting them for ever. The recollections of kind and true companions, of near and cherished relatives, of the pleasures of Christian and intelligent society, and of an American Sabbath and sanctuary, present themselves to my mind with a force and charm which I never experienced before. Despite myself, a feeling of sadness passes through my mind, and I begin to inquire, must one leave *all* for Christ and his cause? Are his claims superior to all others? Must all the endearments of a cherished home and beloved country be given up? And if so, what is the reward? Ah! then come the all-sustaining promises, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' and 'When thou goest through

the waters, I will be with thee.' Blessed promises! What true consolation for the true believer in Christ!"

Their voyage was a delightful one, more than is usually the case from having a Captain whose views and feelings were so much in unison with their own, and who gave the fullest opportunity to his passengers to engage in spiritual labours for the good of the poor sailors.

Mr. Johnson, under date of September 17th, and near St. Paul's Island, expresses his appreciation of these privileges, as follows:—"Our voyage thus far has been one of pleasure, and calls forth the overflowings of warm and grateful hearts to Him who has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Oh! for a full appreciation of the blessings we have hitherto enjoyed.

'Oh to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.'"

Mrs. Johnson exhibited the same spirit of cheerfulness and gratitude, and thus refers to her ocean life and arrival at Futtehgurh:—"We arrived at our northern home on the 6th of December, and on looking back to the dangers both seen and unseen of our voyage, we feel thankful to a merciful heavenly Father for his care and protection of us over the ocean. Our passage was exceedingly pleasant. Each one of our party can look back with pleasure to the happy and profitable hours spent together on the good ship Brutus."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson entered on their labours with great zeal and delight. Happy in the consciousness that they were in the path of duty and labouring in a glorious cause, they seem to have resolved to live and die amid those for whose good they had severed so many and precious ties, binding them to friends and country.

On the 12th of February, and a little over two months after his arrival at Futtehgurh, Mr. Johnson writes to his friends:—"We are living very happily together, and are in excellent health. I am so well pleased with this climate and country that I do not care very much whether I ever return to America or not. My dear friends, when you bow around your domestic altars, to ask God for his protection over yourselves, do not forget to remember your little army that is this day fighting the battle of life on the sunny plains of India. Think of their sacrifices and privations for the sake of Christ, and remember that they are not surrounded with Sabbaths and sanctuaries, or friends and Christian sympathies as you are. Oh! pray that their faith may not fail, their lives may be prolonged, and their usefulness increased, until the whole world shall sing the loud hosannahs of the great Jehovah."

In similar strains Mrs. Johnson writes to her friends under a later date:—"I have," she says, "no desire to return to my own land again, until I have accomplished something for these poor heathen. I wish that I could tell you all that I feel for them. May they speedily be brought to a knowledge of the

Saviour, and rejoice in Him as their God. Soon, very soon, may they cease to seek cleansing virtue in the muddy waters of the Ganges, and seek it in the cleansing blood of the Prince of Peace. Sister, a great change has been wrought in my feelings since I came to this heathen land. I desire nothing else than to do good and promote the cause of Christ among this people. I trust that we can say, in the full assurance of faith, 'the love of Christ hath constrained us' to leave home, friends, and country, to make known to these poor heathen the glorious plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. I trust that we shall be found labourers worthy of our hire, and that Jesus will give us many souls for a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of his great power. I trust that you will not soon forget us. We can hardly expect all to meet again in this world, but may we so live that at the last we shall have a happy meeting in heaven, where we shall never part, is the prayer of your sister far away. Yet, I am happy, very happy, in my Indian home."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson commenced the study of the native language almost immediately after their arrival at their station, and were making rapid progress. Mr. Johnson also took part in the instruction of the young men in the City High School. Some of these dear youth were studying English, and this afforded Mr. Johnson an opportunity for usefulness. But his mouth was closed as yet to the great body of the native population, and he re-

solved to benefit them through the children of the Sabbath-schools in America.

The following letter is given with the hope that his effort may have still greater effect, and interest the children of all our Sabbath-schools in behalf of the heathen at Futtehgurh, and throughout India. Missionaries love Sabbath-school children, and are very anxious to secure their valuable co-operation :—

DEAR CHILDREN :—It is a bright, pleasant Sabbath morning with you, and the great bells of your city are ringing out the hour for Sabbath-school. With nice clean clothes, a nice little pocket-Bible, and sundry school books, you hurry away, after having received upon your cheek the impress of a mother's warmest affection, to take your place in time, for you have been taught that it is wrong to be late.

Your teacher is a very nice person, who takes great delight in hearing you recite your catechism, and in telling you stories about other good little boys and girls. Or, perhaps, he may commence by telling you that this is the Lord's day, and that little book from which you read is the Bible ; that it was written by holy men a long time ago, as they were directed by God himself. Then he tells you stories about these men ; that they belonged to very different classes of society. Some of them were very learned, and some very ignorant ; some of them were very rich, and some very poor. Moreover, he tells you that this wonderful book was written by such men as Moses and David, shepherds ; Joshua, the commander of an army ; Samuel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, prophets ; Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived, and a king ; Daniel, a statesman ; Ezra, a priest ; Matthew, a tax collector ; Peter and John, fishermen ; and Paul, the great apostle, a tent-maker and lawyer. Then he tells you that this book teaches you how old the world is, who our first parents were, how God destroyed mankind, and all beasts, and birds, and fishes, by sending a great flood upon the earth ; how he saved Noah and his family in a great ship, when all the rest were drowned ; how he afterwards preserved and protected his people. Then he tells you particularly about that wonderful man Jesus Christ, God's only-begotten Son, how he was born, how

he lived, how he died; how he arose from the grave on the third day, and after forty other days ascended in a cloud up to heaven; how he made a sacrifice for your sins, and for mine. Then he tells you that one day, perhaps long after you and I are dead, that Jesus will come again to the earth in the clouds, and will say to those that are in their graves, "Arise, and come to judgment." Then he tells you that good children he will take to heaven where they will be forever happy, but bad children shall go to hell and be forever miserable.

All these things your teacher tells you; not only once, but many times has he told you. Are you not always glad when Sabbath morning comes, so that you may go and hear what Jesus Christ did? Are you not also glad that you have a kind father and mother to teach you how you may escape going to that place where all bad boys, bad men, bad girls and bad women go? Are you not glad, also, that God has told you so many good things in his wonderful book, the Bible? Yes, I am sure you are, or you would not care about Sabbath-school.

But do you ever think as you study your geography lesson, and see that there is on the other side of the world two great countries, called *India* and *China*, whether the little boys and girls there have the same Bible which you have? Perhaps you do; but if you will read carefully, I will tell you a great deal about their Bible. It is a very different book from your Bible. It says it is the oldest book in the world, that it was even written many thousand years before the world was created. It says there are many gods. First, there is Kartikeya, the god of war and bloodshed, who had six faces, that he might see all his enemies, and twelve hands that he might fight them, and who always rode on a peacock. Then there is Shiva, a white man with five faces, and who always rode on a huge bull. Then there is Vishnu, a black man, who had four arms, and rode upon a young man who had wings, and a beak like a bird. Besides these three principal gods, there are many hundreds of incarnations of the same gods.

Then their Bible says a poor man must not eat with a rich man, nor the people of different castes with each other. Then it tells the mothers how to drown their little daughters in a great river, called Ganges; how, when any one dies, he must be carried to the banks of this river and have the flesh burnt off of his face, or, if he have money enough, they burn the whole body, and the ashes are scattered by the winds. Then their Bible tells us that when parents grow old and unable to

work, their children must carry them away into the woods or to the bank of the river, and leave them there to die. Then it tells us how they pray. They must repeat the same prayer many thousand times, or walk many hundred miles with great sharp nails in their shoes, or else have an iron hook thrust through their backs, and then swung high up in the air; or else parents must throw their little children into the Ganges, to be eaten by furious crocodiles; or else they must cast themselves under the wheels of an immense car, called Juggernaut, and be crushed to pieces. Then again it says, that it is wrong to take the life of any animal, even for food; that in order to have their sins forgiven, they must go almost naked, and cover themselves all over with filthy dirt, and roll about in the streets and roads, and have all their hair cut off, except one lock on the back of the head, by this they are to be dragged into heaven when they die. Then it tells us that there is no Sabbath, no Sabbath-school, that it is not wrong to swear, and lie, and cheat as much as one pleases. Then it tells us how they worship the sun, moon, and stars, and images made of wood and stone. Then it tells us even how the gods used to steal, and lie, and quarrel, and murder, and eat little children, and do everything that was bad.

Such, my dear little boys and girls, are the things that are written in the Bible of the people in India. Do you not all say that this is certainly a very different Bible from mine? Yes, it is very different. Do you think it can be true? No; I know you will all say it is a very bad book, and so it is. Now, what can you do for these people? You can pray for them, ask God to send them your Bible, so that they may not do such wicked things any more, and he will do it. Don't forget the missionary-box when it comes around at Sabbath-school, but give what you can to send these poor people your Bible, and God will bless you, and make you feel happy all your days.

A. O. Johnson.

Mr. Johnson was also desirous of enlisting the feelings and co-operation of the adult as well as the youthful portion of the church in the great work of Missions, and as he looked upon the class of religious beggars, who are so common in every part of

India, he penned the following communication, which we commend to the perusal of our readers :—

There is no class of persons under the sun more deserving of human sympathy and christian prayers than the *Fakirs in India*. The word *Fakir* is used in two different senses. The first represents seclusion from the world, and the second is synonymous with the English word *beggar*. To both classes is applied the word *yogis*, from *yog*, signifying devotion. Sometimes they receive the appellation "sitters in a corner," *gymnosophists*, or naked philosophers. It is their religious views and acts principally, from which they derive their notoriety. They profess entire contempt of life and the world. Not satisfied with rejecting luxury, they inflict upon themselves penance, and covet all manner of trials and self-denial. Their avowed object is to divest themselves of every human passion, and detach the feelings from every means of pleasure and gratification. Whilst some prefer to spend their days in solitude, amid the great jungles inhabited by wild beasts, and sometimes by still wilder men, others, more degraded if possible, roll their naked skeleton forms in the dust and offal of the streets of cities, and on the highways, throughout the whole land. Some dwell among the tombs of the dead, cutting and lacerating their bodies with stone, as in the days of our Saviour ; others betake themselves to long pilgrimages, and no persuasion can deter them from executing their purpose.

Many of these persons give undeniable testimony of insanity ; but, strange as it may appear, they are permitted to wander about every large city, with scarce a hand's-breadth of clothing to cover their loathsome bodies. By the lower castes they are extolled for their meritorious acts, and are considered the most holy and virtuous of God's creatures. They would not dare to oppose their will in the least matter ; if they did, they think surely the most dire calamities would inevitably follow. Both classes live principally on charity, and their clamor and entreaties for money meet you everywhere. The self-inflicted tortures of these poor deluded creatures are truly revolting to refined sensibilities. Though civilization, the handmaid to Christianity, furthered by English rule, has done much to decrease the number of these religious mendicants, still the number of subjects and the enormities of their

practices, are sufficient to call forth the sympathy of every Christian heart, even at this enlightened and progressive period. It would be impossible to give anything like a correct estimate of the number of these devotees; yet I think I may safely say, without the fear of contradiction, that there are many thousands.

It is difficult to conceive of a more shocking or humiliating spectacle than these poor deluded souls present in their acts of worship. Some expose themselves for days, naked to the rays of the sun, which in this tropical climate are very powerful and unhealthy. Others, not contented with what nature has done for their ease as well as their comfort, hold one or both arms in an upright position, until the muscles become stiffened, and it is impossible to restore the limb to its proper position. Some sit in one posture until their limbs lose their power, and they are maimed for life. Others besmear their bodies with the most filthy offal, and clot their hair with the excrement of the cow. Some go almost naked, in order to show that they have subdued their passions, and have no reason to be ashamed. Others, with their great propensities to make beasts of themselves, are clothed in tiger skins, or have their bodies tattooed to resemble that animal, to show that they reside chiefly in the jungles. Some abstain from food until they become frightful moving skeletons; others must drink their water from a human skull; with many more acts too revolting to be recorded. Even women are to be found among these misanthropic mendicants, and present even a more obscene and degraded spectacle than the men. There is every reason to believe that these unfortunate outcasts are often really sincere in what they do, and that they really consider this the only sure path to eternal bliss.

I fear but little can be done directly to better the condition of this class, owing in part to their seclusion and besotted ignorance of everything reasonable; yet we have every reason to believe, judging from the past, that their numbers will gradually decrease as the light increases.

Oh! that the Lord would cause his people in Christian lands to open their ears to the entreaties of woe and of sorrow that come from this heathen land! Oh! that he would bow his heavens and come down, to teach the nations their responsibilities, to bear witness to the truth, and give a helping hand to further his great cause! Oh! that Christians could only realize the corruption and the self-debasing practices

of thousands of their fellow-creatures; that they are dying of hunger, whilst there is bread enough and to spare, in our Father's house above—for then might we expect a cheerful and universal response to the many entreaties sent forth from this land. Let us hope—let us work—let us pray, remembering what God has promised: "Ask of me, and I will give *thee* the heathen *for* thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

A. O. Johnson.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson made very rapid progress in the language, and their interest in the work and people seemed to grow with the increase of their knowledge. Mr. Johnson prepared short addresses in Hindústání, which he committed to memory and accompanied by Dhoukal Pershad, the head teacher in the city school, went out into the villages to preach to the people. This work interested him very much, and when he was left alone by the removal of one of our missionaries, he wrote:—

"I am the only missionary for one hundred thousand souls! pray for me. I would now say to come out here is no child's-play, considering the length of time one must be on the way, the number of storms to be encountered, and the dangers surrounding you on every side; yet, on the other hand, it is a great privilege to encounter these for the sake of Christ and his gospel. I am glad that I came, and hope the Lord will give me health and strength to accomplish his will." Mr. Johnson had now acquired the language sufficiently well to make known his thoughts, but not in a very fluent manner. And as our annual meeting was to be held at Allahabad, he itinerated to that place, and the extracts we now

give are from a journal he kept and sent home. He left Futtehgurh just one week previous to the author's departure. He writes:—

It is now just a year since, in the kind providence of God, we were permitted to set foot on these dark and benighted shores, during which time the study of the language has engaged the principal part of my time and energies; and I now find a change of place and air very pleasant and invigorating, after having experienced the first very trying hot season in the plains. The distance I am to travel is about two hundred and forty miles, thus affording ample opportunity for proclaiming to thousands the glad tidings of the ever blessed gospel, and to become better acquainted with the real condition and wants of the heathen. Our party consists of Mrs. Johnson, myself, John F. Houston, and Robert J. Breckinridge, catechists.

Having every thing, as I thought, in readiness for camp life, at an early hour, the carts moved off for the first encamping ground, with strict orders to have the tent pitched, and all things in readiness by the time we should arrive in the evening. Breakfasting at nine o'clock, Mrs. Johnson and myself set out in my buggy for the camp, where we arrived at four; and imagine my surprise to find the carts all on the ground, loaded as if ready for another march, whilst the men were quietly sitting beneath a large mangoe-tree, discussing the probabilities of the tent being pitched that night. Upon inquiry I learned that the men whose business it was to pitch the tents had not arrived, and as it was not the work of any one else, of course, it could not be pitched until they arrived. Here, thought I, with the beginning of our journey, also begin a new series of troubles. Having procured a seat for Mrs. Johnson beneath the same large tree, I determined to see if something could not be done towards pitching the tent, whether it was our work or not, as night was fast approaching, and the heavy dews which are deposited here at this season render it dangerous to health to be exposed to them. Mounting a cart myself, the men, through shame, soon were at hand, and we had one cart unloaded in a trice, and went to work with might and main to raise the tent. After repeated trials, we succeeded in raising it upon the poles, and were just fitting on the sides of the room, when, to my inexpressible joy, the arrival of the tent-pitchers was announced, who, understanding their business thoroughly, and being active

men, the tent was soon ready for our reception, and we were released from our troubles at this time.

November 18*th.*

At seven o'clock we were on our way for Bewar, a large village distant eleven miles, where we arrived in time to breakfast, and were rejoiced to find every thing in good order, which was a promise for no more troubles of the same kind as we had experienced the day previous. During the day, accompanied by the catechists, we went into a village in order to preach and distribute books and tracts, and soon collected a good number of persons, to whom we discoursed for more than an hour, upon the new and living way appointed by God for the salvation of his people. They heard us in silence, and seemed to think all we said might be true, but as it was new to them they could not say. This village contained about seventy inhabitants, not one of whom could read a word in any language. The ignorance of a large majority of the inhabitants of this country is truly deplorable, their sensibilities seem so benumbed as to be almost incapable of understanding the simplest argument. "Darkness covers the earth, and gross darkness the people." No prophet's saying is more applicable to this people than these words. The scene presented to the gaze of the Christian eye is really gloomy, painful, and revolting beyond description. The most absurd and superstitious systems of idolatry everywhere prevail. From the paying of religious homage to dumb idols of wood and stone, it descends even to brutes and crawling reptiles. The most cruel and debasing religious rites and ceremonies are practised even at this day, and that, too, before the very light of truth.

November 19*th.*

Just as gray morning was dawning in the east, we were off on the Grand Trunk road, (the longest and best in the world, being eleven hundred miles long and well stoned,) for the village of *Chabramow*, distant fifteen miles. To-day we visited three villages in the neighbourhood, in two of which we were permitted to preach to interested groups the glad tidings of the gospel, and in the third we found all the males at work in their fields, so that we did not succeed in collecting a crowd; not so much, however, from an unwillingness to hear us as to quit their work at that time of day. It was the more pleasing to us, as we found in both the former villages schools established for the training of the youthful mind; and notwithstanding the avowed object was to fit them

for government employment, yet it is hoped that the instruction received may prove as a means of leading them to see the inconsistency of their false systems of religion, and finally bring them to worship the only living and true God.

November 20th.

Marched fifteen miles and encamped at a village called *Gursahaigunge.* Here we preached twice, once in a Hindu village and once in a Mussalman village. Just as we were about to enter the Mussalman village we came upon the men where they were busily employed preparing indigo seed for the market; the head-man of the village seeing us, said, "Ha! these are Christians, some of them were here before," pointing to one of the catechists; "well, we are very busy now and don't wish to hear any thing about your religion, we are all very well satisfied with ours." Here then was opposition, and the first, too, with which we had met. I thought a little, what we had better do under the circumstances, Is it best to turn our backs upon them—or at least make an attempt to converse with them? Finally, I determined, if possible, to have a conversation with them and see what could be done; accordingly, I commenced by asking the *Jemadur,* or head-man, a few questions about his work, temporal prospects, &c., &c., and strange to say, in less than half an hour one of the catechists was addressing quite a respectable congregation on that very subject most of all detested by a Mahammadan—Jesus Christ, the Mediator. They heard us through attentively, and before leaving, we had the privilege of distributing some of our books among them, which were very thankfully received. God grant that our words and books may be blessed to them in removing their deep-seated prejudices against the holy child Jesus. I believe it is true that the Mahammadans in this country manifest even more repugnance to the Christian religion than the Hindus.

November 21st.

To-day we travelled thirteen miles, and encamped near to the city of *Kanouge.* This city is situated on the banks of the *Kálá-Nudy* River, near its conjunction with the Ganges, and is very remarkable for its antiquity and ruins, having once been one of the principal capitals of the Hindus. Here, say they, was the grand nucleus of heathenism. Here lived and flourished the highest *caste* Brahmans who were every where known and styled the Kanouge Brahmans, which name entitled them to the highest respect and privileges. Formerly it was supposed

the river Ganges ran immediately under the city, which added greatly to its sanctity. The accounts of the extent of the ancient city are greatly exaggerated; some say it was forty miles from one side to the other; though all admit the city to have been at one time very much larger than at present, yet there is no evidence to prove this assertion. The modern city contains some three or four thousand families. Having procured a guide we set out at two o'clock to survey the ruins. Arriving at the grounds, I was astonished at their magnitude and extent; for miles the surface of the earth presented one uneven broken range of things that were, but are no more. Here were whole streets trodden completely down so as to admit of scarcely any other recognition than that of nature's rolling plains; there a crumbling temple and broken god showed where once the deceitful Brahman imposed upon the unsuspecting populace. Here a narrow winding outlet, showing the path that led the thousands to the embrace of the holy Ganges; there the decaying tomb of one known and remembered for his deeds of sacrifice and self-torture to purchase future happiness from the dumb idols of wood and stone. As I wandered up and down amid these ruins, surveying its hills and hollows, crumbling walls and tottering temples, I could not suppress a feeling of sadness when I thought of the probable destiny of those who had once lived and built the now deserted and vast city over which we wandered. When I thought of the cruel practice of burning the living wife on the funeral pile of her deceased husband, the offerings of living children to the waves of the consecrated Ganges, and that here at this very city, heathenism had once stalked forth in all her enormity, with tears I felt that I could appropriately pray, O Lord, deliver the present inhabitants from following in the footsteps of those long since passed away. Having satisfied ourselves in the survey of the ruins, we went into the modern city, and soon succeeded in collecting a large crowd, principally Hindus, to whom we bore the testimony that Jesus Christ is the only living and true road to eternal life. We brought home to their consciences the great truth, that we as the grass of the field are passing away, and pointed them for evidence to the ruins before us. We showed them, too, how that even their gods were decaying and passing away, while Jehovah of Hosts was the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. They heard us attentively, and accepted some of our tracts, promising to read them and think upon what we had told them. This was a day full of interest to me. Here at the

fountain head of superstition and idolatry I had been permitted to proclaim the glorious gospel.

The reason assigned for the decay of this once vast city is on account of its position. After the country was taken by the English, it not affording sufficient inducement to bring it within the range of trade, it was made an out-of-the-way place, and all trade being drawn in another direction, it was suffered to go to ruins. It also received a severe blow at the time the country was overrun by the Mahammadans, who destroyed many of their temples, and broke and carried away many of their gods; many pieces of which are to be found scattered throughout the whole country. The largest stone I have seen in this country is now to be seen here, and upon it are carved no less than forty or fifty full-sized images and representations of gods, all in a good state of preservation.

November 22*d*.

Marched eleven miles, and encamped at the village of Aroul, where we preached twice during the day to very interesting audiences. They said our words were "very good indeed, but we are so ignorant and poor, what can we do? we have no means of becoming wiser, from whence then can we learn?" Would to God there was less truth in these remarks than there really is! We found no one to-day able to read in any language.

November 23*d*.

Sabbath.—This being the Lord's day, we were glad to avail ourselves of its rest, as we have marched every day during the past week, accordingly we remained at Aroul until Monday. Early on Sabbath morning, accompanied by the catechists, I visited another village about a mile distant from our camp, where we found the men all at work in their fields, as on other days. The heathen have no Sabbath, no day of rest, or cessation from labour, all are alike to them. We, however, soon collected a few persons around us, and began preaching to them; gradually the crowd increased, and before leaving, we had a good audience. For more than an hour the catechists, in a fervent and beseeching strain, pointed out to them the inconsistency of their worship and customs; afterwards, I, as my knowledge of the language permitted, set before them the institution of the Sabbath; told them how displeasing it was to God to see them pursue their weekly avocations on this day, and make it a day of labour, instead of a day of rest. Again, we were

met by the same argument. "We are very poor, and if we don't work every day, from whence can we get bread for ourselves and children?" Returning to our tent, we arrived in time to breakfast at nine o'clock; after which we collected a large crowd before the tent door, to whom we spoke of God, his salvation, and our utter helplessness of ourselves, I read and explained to them the parable of the sower; after which, the catechists besought them, as brethren, as countrymen, as fellow-travellers to the bar of God, as sinners, to forsake their evil habits, their practices of deceit—above all, their dumb idols, and turn and serve the only living and true God. They all listened with the utmost reverence and attention, and retired without uttering a syllable. O Lord, grant that the seed sown in thy name, may find in their hearts the good soil, which shall bring forth, in due time, the hundred fold. In the evening we again visited another village, where it was also our privilege to preach to a number of persons, and point them to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." Both yesterday and to-day, near to our tent, sits one of those most pitiable beings to be found in the world, a religious fakir, with no other house than the world, with no clothing or covering but the heavens—in the midst of filth and a few earthen pots, he sits singing praises to his gods. At times his voice is low and mournful; then, as if some inestimable favour had been received, he bursts out into a loud strain, apparently in ecstasies, laughing as he sings, until compelled by the effort, he falls to the low strain again. In the numerous earthen pots around him, is placed Ganges water, in which he bathes, always pouring the water successively into some dozen or more pots before he can bathe, and when he desires to slake his thirst, the water must go through a similar process, the reason why he kept to himself. Upon inquiry, I learned that here he had sat for the space of four years, deriving his miserable subsistence entirely from charity. I made several attempts to gain admission to his religious views, but his mind was so occupied with the expectation of receiving alms from me, that I could get but few answers to my interrogatories, and these were of the most extravagant character. I have seldom seen, even in India, a more pitiable sight, than this poor, ignorant, deluded soul presented. O Lord, in thy own good time, send the light to these benighted children!

November 25th.

Moved our camp twelve miles to the village of Ramnuger, where we

preached twice during the day. At one of the villages we had an unusually large and attentive audience, to whom I was discoursing when a Brahman made his appearance in the crowd, and listening for a few moments, desired the assembly to disperse forthwith, saying, that our words were unsound and not fit to be heard; no one, however, paid any attention to him; this enraged him, and he in a very authoritative tone desired me to stop speaking, and leave the village. I told him when I had done I should leave, but no sooner, and desired him to listen, and perhaps he might hear something that would be of benefit to him. He still persisted that I should leave, and became very boisterous. I then told him he must either keep quiet, or I should have him punished for his insolence; that when I was done, if he desired to be heard before the crowd, we should be glad to hear him. Finding that he could accomplish nothing he immediately left, saying, if it was government's order, I might go on; (he supposing we were preaching by government order;) thus we got rid of one of those famous impostors, and preached and talked until we were tired.

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Johnson reached *Cawnpore*, which in less than eight months was to be the scene of their bloody death. How little he thought then, whilst spending two days near the very place of his execution, and within sight of it, that he and his wife should be made to stand during the hottest month in India, as a mark for the sepoys, whose faith and good-will none could then dispute!

November 26th.

Marched sixteen miles and encamped at Cawnpore, where we were detained until the 28th. This is one of the principal cities in India. Besides a very large native population, there is also a large number of English residents. The city has every advantage for commerce and trade, having the River Ganges, the Canal, and the Grand Trunk Road, and will in a short time have the Railroad, now in construction, from Allahabad. There are several very fine tasteful church edifices here, belonging to the Church of England, together with a number of missionaries of the same denomination. As the city is just at the entrance

to the large and densely populated province of Oude, the Government have always stationed here several regiments of soldiers, in order to check any egress or assault that might be made.

November 30th.

Sabbath.—Remained at Kulleanpore, and spent a very pleasant and I trust profitable day in company with the Rev. J. J. Walsh and family, who are now on their way to Calcutta, to embark for America. Brother Walsh and I are both from the same station, and having lived with him for the past year, I know his worth. For the space of thirteen years he has borne the burden and heat of the day in this land, for the cause of his Master, and it is with great regret we must part with him, in order that he may take home his children, and make provision for their education. May the God of all grace go with him in his journeyings by land and by sea, and if it is his will, bring him back to us again, to labour among those to whom he first consecrated himself, his talents and his all. After dinner we all went out to preach, and had a very pleasant, and I trust profitable discussion for more than an hour.

December 1st.

Came fourteen miles to the city of Futtehpore, and encamped in the compound of the Rev. Gopee Nath Nundy, where we remained until the 3d. The Rev. Gopee Nath Nundy, as is well known to the readers of the *Record*, was one of the first converts from heathenism of the Rev. Dr. Duff, and has served our Board for a number of years as a faithful steward. Here he has collected around him a nice little congregation of some thirty persons, principally the fruits of his own labours. Whilst here, we were pleased to see that the cultivation of the soil was in successful operation, conducted entirely by the native converts, and the most sanguine expectations are entertained of its future results. I had the pleasure also of visiting two very large and flourishing schools, under the superintendence of this native brother, one for boys and the other for girls, in both of which the Bible and Shorter Catechism are made text books. During our stay we accompanied Gopee Nath to the bazar, where we had a most pleasant season, discussing with the heathen the prior claims of Christianity. Gopee Nath is peculiarly adapted to the work; having himself once been a heathen, he knows just how to meet their arguments, and put to silence the most forward and boisterous of their brahmans.

December 6th.

Encamped twelve miles distant at the village of Synee. To-day as we journeyed, we passed several thousand pilgrims on their way to Allahabad, to attend the great *mela* or fair, which is to take place in January. These poor deluded souls have left their homes and travelled many miles in order to bathe at the sacred junction of the Jumna and Ganges. Oh, how I felt for their weakness and folly! With them, no privation is too great in order to perform their religious rites and worship. Would to God, Christians, followers of the only true Messiah, were as consistent as they! It was our privilege to preach twice to-day, and explain the true path to glory.

We now approach the year 1857, the last year of their sojourn in India. Mrs. Johnson, writing on the 28th Feb., remarks: "How swift the wheels of time roll on! 1856 has been superseded by 1857, and with it has closed the toils and cares of another year. But what shall we say of the one on which we have just entered? Perhaps ere its close, some of us may be sleeping in the cold and silent grave, and numbered it may be with the forgotten dead. It is often a serious thought with me, Shall we all live to see each other, face to face, in this world again? *Something tells me it is doubtful.*"

How significant is this sentence, though penned without the most remote conception of what was to take place, in view of what has occurred! Long before 1857 or the half of it, had passed away, not only they, but all their associates, had found a resting place in the Heavenly Mansions of their loved and loving Saviour.

We are now brought to the period when the news of the mutiny reached our dear friends, and excited

their alarm. Mr. Johnson, in writing to his sister, reviews the state of things from the commencement, and adds :—"Three days ago we were all thrown into the greatest consternation by a letter received from Agra, stating that the Insurgents had burnt Delhi, and were marching upon Agra, five thousand strong, with a great army of thieves and plunderers. We are only eighty miles from Agra, and as all communication between us was stopped, the excitement here was intense. We have a native regiment, but no reliance could be placed on the sepoys. As our bungalows were so far away from the station, we at once left all and took refuge with the English residents, though without the slightest expectation of escape, should the insurgents come. To increase our fears, we heard that three or four of the largest jails had been broken open, and some thousands of the most desperate characters had been set free to assist in the work of plunder and murder. The next report was that Mynpoorie, only thirty miles from us, had been burnt, and all the Europeans murdered. Believing that the enemy were only ten miles from us, and would be on us in a few hours, we all thought our time had come, and as there is no way of escape, we expected every moment to be murdered. This, you will think, is a dark picture, but it is a true one. It is now passed, and we are filled with exceeding joy."

Mrs. Johnson, writing by the same mail to her sister, but two days' earlier date, says :—"Should they reach us to-day or to-morrow, their work must

be short among us, for we have no protection but that of the Almighty. There is, humanly speaking, no hope for us but to submit to the awful fate which awaits us. To-morrow is the holy Sabbath, and God only knows whether we will be permitted to see its morning light. If it be the will of a gracious God that we fall by their hands, oh! that it may be a happy transition to be with Jesus! Our only hope is in Him, and He will not disappoint us." And two days later, she adds, "It is Monday morning, and a brighter sky dawns upon us in this land, though all danger is not yet past."

Before we submit the last letters ever penned by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, let us glance for a moment at their characters and position. Mr. Johnson was a man of very genial influences, and of fine social qualities. As a Christian, he was zealous and devoted, a man of prayer and faithful in all his duties. As a missionary, he bade fair to excel in every department of labour. His qualifications were of a high order, and his desire to be useful was apparent to all. As a friend, he was firm and resolute, and one who could be depended on.

Mrs. Johnson was a woman of good mind, early trained and well cultivated. She had not only strength of mind, but was very energetic and active in all she undertook. Anxious to instruct some little ones, she gathered together the children of some of our native Christians whom she taught, and she adopted every expedient to get the families of her servants to come to her for instruction; and was at

last successful in forming a Bazar-school for females. Her industry was remarkable, and when engaged in any particular work, we have known of more than one instance of her leaving her bed before day and resuming her work by candle-light. Her piety is evidenced in her letters, and needs not the eulogium of any one.

Their position, when the mutiny reached Futtehgurh, was a painful one. They could not escape to Agra, as the Mynpoorie district, through which they must pass, was in a most disturbed state and under the control of the insurgents. Their only hope was to make an effort to reach Allahabad, but Lucknow and Cawnpore presented difficulties almost equally as bad as that of Mynpoorie. With extracts of their last letters, we conclude their memoirs.

Mr. Johnson writes, "Dear sister, you cannot imagine the anxiety of mind this insurrection has caused us. We are living every day in expectation that it may be our last, but we have the blessed consolation that if we are to die it will be as missionaries to the heathen. Who would desire a more glorious death? May God in his mercy prepare us for whatever awaits us! The friends of Missions at home will be sorry to hear that all missionary labour is suspended for the present. What the future will be we cannot tell, but we trust that this insurrection will result in opening still wider the door for the spread of the gospel of Christ.

"*June 2d.*—Bad news, all is growing worse. The insurgents have arisen all around us, and we are try-

ing to get a boat in which to make our escape to Cawnpore. My dear sister, this is perhaps my last letter; if so, good-bye—may we both meet above when our work is done."

Mrs. Johnson writes in her last letter, as follows:—"Every thing seems dark and doubtful, but God sometimes works by a mysterious providence. He can bring light out of darkness, and peace out of confusion; and that which seems so mysterious now, may be but the bringing about of a brighter day for poor benighted India. Even should it please Him for a time to allow the suppression of a Christian government in this land, yet the seed which has here been sown shall spring up and bring forth fruit; and the Church which is here established in the midst of the heathen is, we trust, a vine of his own planting, and He will care for it. Although trials and sorrows may assail us in this dark land, and we be called upon to *part with life for Christ and his cause*, may we not glorify Him more by our death than by our life? May the perils through which we have already passed be the means of bringing us nearer to Him! We must only wait the will of God respecting us. We look upon each day now as our last. But oh! how delightful are our seasons of prayer, together imploring the care and protection of that God who alone can save us!

"*June 2d.*—In a few hours we fly. The whole country is now in arms. Farewell, farewell! Perhaps you may *never* hear from me again."

R. McMullin

CHAPTER XIII.

Memoir of the Rev. Robert McMullin and Mrs. Sarah Cort McMullin.

The youthful and beloved subject of this biography, was born on the 30th of November, 1832, in the city of Philadelphia. From childhood, Robert enjoyed a peculiar blessing in having a devotedly pious mother to train him up in the fear of God, and a father, who with the most unceasing care lent all his influence to a right and proper development of his physical and intellectual character. Though not a professor of religion, yet he was a man of most exemplary walk and deportment, and one who seconded his wife in all her efforts to the proper training of their children. The same and even greater devotedness characterized the mother, for never was there a parent who gave herself up more entirely to the care and culture of her family. Ever watchful, she was always ready to supply their every want, and even to anticipate them. To make home the great circle of attraction and happiness to her children, she deprived herself most rigorously of the society of friends and acquaintances, and seemed to live in and for her family. With a secret

power, known only to the Christian, she pleaded in her closet with her covenant-keeping God, for His shield of protection to be thrown around her children, and the converting influences of His spirit; and her prayers came up before God as a sweet smelling incense. She not only plead for but also with Robert, and taught him Bible lessons and the Westminster Catechism. Robert, from a very early age, was a regular attendant in the Sabbath-school and Bible class, and his profiting was made apparent in the development of a remarkably tender and conscientious disposition. It is of very few it can be said with perfect verity, what we are permitted to say of Robert, that "he was never known wilfully to deceive;" and indeed such was his gentleness and modest retirement, and the excellency of his youthful character, that he seemed like Jeremiah, one sanctified from the womb. He enjoyed very superior advantages for intellectual culture, and all his faculties were carefully developed. His classical education and early training were of the best kind, and faithfully improved. His religious culture and education was watched over even with a greater zeal and care, and the result filled his mother's heart with unbounded delight; for while in appearance and in years a mere child, he offered himself for Church membership and was accepted. He joined the Sixth Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1844, in the *eleventh* year of his age; and this was not in the midst of any excitement, but, on the contrary, after long and care-

ful consultation with his mother and his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Jones. His religious life was not noisy, but it was vigorous and healthy. His constant exercise was self-examination, and this begat a conscientiousness which was carried to the smallest details. As a child and as a youth, his life was a life of godliness.

On the 8th of September, 1846, when in his thirteenth year, he entered the University of Pennsylvania, and was most faithful in improving his time and talents in the work of preparation for future life. He was punctual in all his duties as a student, and during his four years at the University, he was not absent even once from morning prayers or recitations. Precision, more than force, characterized him as a student—faithfulness and industry, more than show and brilliancy, though these were not overlooked or undervalued. From his entrance to the close of his College course, he stood high in his class, and graduated with distinction July 3, 1850. He was not only faithful in his studies, but also in all his religious duties; for whilst in College he was engaged both as a scholar and as a teacher. He was also a tract distributor, and one of the five or six who organized a prayer meeting for young men, which has not been without its present fruits. After completing his regular college course, he remained at home a year to prosecute the study of the French and German languages.

He entered the Theological Seminary, at Princeton, in September, 1851, and whilst a student there

was distinguished by the same conscientious and unflinching discharge of every day duty. He allowed nothing to interfere with the regular routine, and during the three years' course of study, he was not voluntarily absent from a single exercise. His study of Theology was deeply practical, as well as systematic. The Spirit of God led him to a heartfelt knowledge of the truths which he revered. Many hours of the day were spent in reading his Bible, and the silence of the night favoured his prolonged devotions. It must not, however, be inferred from this that there was any thing monastic in the temper of his piety, for he was distinguished among his associates for his happy and cheerful disposition. He was fond of music, and his voice was a leading one in the Hastings's Sacred Music Society. During the last year in the Seminary course, he led the praises of the students in the oratory, and was also one of the quartette who sang the thrilling "Missionary Chant," which all graduates of that period will remember.

From the time of his entrance into the Seminary, it was his invariable practice to rebuke the profane swearer, and he always carried with him copies of the tract on this subject, and to every one from whose lips he heard an oath a copy was politely presented, no matter the place or the person—in the railroad car, by the roadside, in the promenades of our great cities, or to the beggar and the lordly sinner, he was in this respect the same, and never allowed the sin to pass without this silent rebuke. On ac-

count of his youth he felt that he might profitably spend an additional year in preparation, and accordingly with a few others formed a class of resident graduates. In accordance with the preferences of his professors, he deferred his licensure till his regular course was fully finished. However during his fourth year he preached frequently in many places, and in several was asked to remain. The question of duty was as yet an open one, and he remained at Princeton. The following extracts from his letters will best show his feelings at this time. To an invalid relative who had been obliged to give up a cherished Sunday-school class, he writes :—"I suppose you regard your being obliged to quit teaching as a great privation, but remember that this undoubtedly is all for the best. What you have done, although the glory will not be yours, may yet in eternity show great results. Do not despond, therefore, as if all hope of usefulness were now gone; if you cannot labour actively in the cause of Christ, you *can* pray for the peace of Jerusalem as long as life remains. 'They prosper that *love* her.'" To the same, on receiving a gift of flowers, he writes :—"Have not flowers a *real* language? I think a person who does not love flowers has a very contracted soul, at least it seems as if such would be the case." And to another, he writes :—"These changes (in the weather) remind me of life. To-day we are withered and drooping under the heat of trouble, but to-morrow there comes an air from heaven that quiets and calms our tired spirits and revives our

drooping faith, and while we fondly hope that all our troubles are over, to-morrow again tells us that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

At the close of his third year in the Seminary, he writes:—"This session, as it is the last of the course, will be a very busy one, and makes me feel more than ever my unfitness for the service I am called to perform. By diligence, however, and reliance on Divine assistance, I hope to accomplish much while my present privileges last, for although my present purpose is to remain four years, yet *now* is the time to work and not an uncertain fourth year." It was about this time that he gave the subject of Missions,—in the spirit and with the prayer of the great apostle, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—a careful and prayerful examination. Even before this and from childhood he had always taken a lively interest in the conversion of the world unto God, and from the time of his entrance into the Seminary, he had considered the question, "Who will go for us?" as addressed to himself. But it was not until the beginning of his graduate year, and after deep and long prayerful deliberation, that he gave himself without reserve to the work. Even then his regard for his mother, who was too tender to view without deep solicitude, but too conscientious to interpose any obstacle, caused him to keep silent as to his decision. And it was not until the arrangements for his marriage prepared the way for his going, that he offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions. To one of his fellow-students who had

embarked for Siam, he refers to an interesting fact, which had an important influence on his life, and which shows the great importance of what we are apt to term little things, when done from a right motive, and with a sincere desire to glorify God. He writes:—"You may perhaps have forgotten it, but my mind often goes back to that Sabbath afternoon at the Seminary when you brought me a little slip of paper containing a request to have the work of Missions made a subject of conference, and asked me to unite as one of three of the first class. I had long before resolved to devote myself to this blessed work; but I believe that act of yours led me to make a *real, true* consecration of myself to the work which, I fear, I had not done before." In determining the question, he thus states his views, which we commend to the notice and consideration of the young men in all the Theological Institutions of our Church:—"The question of duty is one which *every man must answer for himself* by the help of a renewed conscience, and with a due regard to the leadings of God's providence. I know that we are liable to err, and are often much mistaken as to our duty in particular cases; and I know that we may often neglect some duties under the plea of performing other and higher obligations. But still no one can decide what is the duty of another, and every one is bound to act according to the dictates of his own conscience, for 'to him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.' Do not, dear mother, be unduly anxious about us, for you

have *long ago* given us to God, or we should not be *where* we are and *what* we are by God's grace, and I know you will not lay a straw in our way of becoming useful; and rest assured that your views and feelings will not be lightly regarded by us, in the determination of any question of duty which may present itself."

In the spring of 1856, he thus writes:—"Now that —— has gone to his work, I long to follow him to that or a similar field. I feel that I have idled time enough away already, and if God will open the way and prepare me for the work, I trust I shall not be slow of heart and steps to enter on it." In two months from this time he offered himself to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and was by them accepted, and designated to the Futtehgurh Mission.

On the 10th of July, 1856, he was married to Miss Sarah Colt Pierson, of Paterson, New Jersey, a lady who was admirably fitted to be a help meet in his work. On the 27th of the same month, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Philadelphia as an Evangelist. The ordination solemnities were held in the Sixth Presbyterian Church, in which he had been baptized and made a profession of faith. The sermon was preached by his pastor, the Rev. Joseph H. Jones, D.D., from 1 John iii. 16:—"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us, and *we ought to lay down our lives* for the brethren." It was not a little remarkable that the subject-matter of address

should have accorded so much with the matter of fact in his death, a little less than a year afterwards. The singularity is increased by the fact that the subject of the address is one not usually chosen for remark or discussion on such an occasion, and its application at the time to the fact was foreign to the speaker.

At our solicitation, the Rev. Dr. Jones has kindly given us permission to make some extracts from his sermon, and we now avail ourselves of this privilege. He speaks of the important doctrines of Christ's Divinity and Atonement, as being cardinal truths of Divine revelation, and not the inventions and dogmas of religious sects. These doctrines are the basis of very important duties, for the apostle quotes the doctrine of Christ's dying for us, as prescribing the rule of our conduct towards one another. The sermon discusses the two qualities presented in the text, "its vicarious nature and extent." After shewing the duty of suffering as laid down by Christ as our example, he adds: "But to what extent is this principle obligatory? How far should it carry us? And to those friends of missions who have supposed that their whole duty was fulfilled in a punctilious attendance at the monthly meeting for prayer, and the gift of a few shekels periodically, the answer will be astounding when they hear that they are to *lay down their lives*. And let them consider well that this condition is not one prescribed by an austere and fanatical Missionary Board, but is the command of an apostle of our

Lord. 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, *because* he laid down his life for us, and *we ought* to lay down our lives for the brethren.' Such language is very explicit, and no form of words could express truth with greater plainness." The Dr. shews how this truth is supported by the example of the apostles, all of whom died violent deaths, and by concurrent scripture, such as Acts xx, 22, 23, and 24, &c. He proves that it is still in force from the nature of the service to be accomplished. He says: "The church must either interpret its language literally or abandon the work of gathering the people of God from among the nations. It is not enough that we offer our gold and silver, organize our Boards, and present many prayers. For, unless others go farther, and are willing to lay down their lives, the benighted heathen will never be enlightened, and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. So thought Brainerd, Henry Martyn, and Harriet Newell. So thought Marshman, Carey, and Scudder, Munson, and Lyman, Abeel, and Lowrie, and the illustrious host of modern apostles, whom God has so greatly honoured, and who laid down their lives for their brethren, as literally as James, Peter, and Paul, theirs. It may not be the duty of most who hear me to do as they did, and suffer precisely in their circumstances, yet every *real* christian is a martyr in principle, though he be not called to become a martyr in experience. And does such a standard of duty seem too high? Do such requisitions tend

to repel, and savour of gloom and austerity? Do these reiterations about the 'strait gate and narrow way,' the 'self-denial,' 'crucifixion,' and manifold afflictions, even to the laying down of life itself, with which the sacred writers abound, strike any with dread? * * * * * My dear son in the faith, I need not be told the sorrow you feel in bidding farewell to such affectionate parents, to see them no more, perhaps, until you meet them at the judgment seat. As a pastor who has watched for your soul with all the yearnings and solicitations of a spiritual parent, I have emotions this evening, which words cannot utter, and which none but a pastor can understand. Yet while we cannot alienate our natures, and so sear our hearts that they will not feel, and feel keenly, and extort the tribute of our tears, still we would not keep you back. You are no longer ours—you are not your own, but you are Christ's! Go then, my dear young friend, my beloved child, and the richest blessings of the covenant attend you. We can rejoice as Christians in your desire to *lay down your life* upon the altar of duty, though we weep as men at our bereavement. Whether we meet again before we stand together at the 'great white throne,' is known only to God."

On the 11th of September, Mr. and Mrs. McMullin sailed from Boston for India, in the ship *Vitula*. "As the time of leaving draws near," he writes, "I find the ties which bound me to *home* are far, far stronger than I had ever imagined, and I sometimes almost shrink back from going out to buffet with the

world, the flesh, and the devil, in all their forms, and literally too; but I do not allow myself such thoughts very often, though I *know* that I need much strength from above. * * * I hardly know what to say, for my heart is too full. The past now seems like a dream, and the future all real and fraught with intense interest. These parting moments seem to bring the eternal world much nearer than it has ever been to me." The missionary work demands and requires sacrifices which the world cannot understand, and which even the Church is backward to comprehend or appreciate. Mr. McMullin's heart was too full, and his feelings too acute to be unburdened. He must bear it, but is supported from above, and goes forward in the execution of duty, relying on a Divine word and promise which cannot fail. Surely, those who place themselves in situations like this, because they love the Saviour and go forth to do good to the souls of the poor heathen, deserve our sympathy and demand our prayers.

In January of 1857, the author had the pleasure of being the first one to welcome the McMullins to their new field of labour in India. While at Calcutta, on his way to visit America, and in daily expectation of the arrival of the new missionaries, he was informed by a telegraph notice that the *Vitula* was at the mouth of the Hoogly River, coming up in tow of one of the steamers. In company with the Rev. J. M. Jamieson, he started in a very small boat down the river to meet, welcome, and advise Mr. and Mrs. McMullin on their entrance to heathen

ground. The *Vitula* was fastened by a long cable to the stern of the steamer which had other ships on each side of her, and as our frail boat approached the ship, which being in ballast was high out of the water, the swell of the steamer came very near capsizing us before we could fasten ourselves to her. Captain Hubbard and Mr. McMullin, not knowing either of us, looked with surprise at us, and our attempt to board the ship. Mounting the deck, we took Mr. McMullin by the hand, and announcing our names were warmly welcomed by him and his wife. We had the pleasure of his society during the week we remained together at Calcutta, and on our departure, he accompanied us to the ship, and by March was at his and our home in Futtehgurh.

Three months had scarcely passed when the dark cloud of revolt burst, and poured its fury upon the heads of these dearly beloved friends. The latter of these months was a scene of fearful anxiety and trouble, which ended in a toilsome attempt at escape and capture; shortly after which the parade-ground of Cawnpore veiled their faces from the scenes of this life. In view of this, and two days before his departure for Futtehgurh, Mr. McMullin writes:—"This letter may never reach you, as the mails are nearly all stopped. But if it does, let it tell you how much I love you all. We are trying to be calm and trustful, but this cloud is fearfully dark. God bless you all, and if you are never permitted to see us again in this world, may we all meet in heaven where there is no more sin or death." Mr. McMul-

lin has given us his own view of this trial in the following words, written anterior to this:—"No matter whether our lives may be prosperous or adverse, God has some gracious purpose towards his children, which will sooner or later be made manifest to them. We are short-sighted creatures, and know not what is best for us. One thing is certain, that we should never choose affliction as our lot in life, and yet that is the very way in which God manifests his mercy and kindness to his children."

It may appear strange that one so young, so well prepared and qualified to do good, should be permitted to leave his country, and without any opportunities to accomplish his object, be removed by such a painful death; but who will say that Mr. McMullin has not accomplished more by his death than by a long life of arduous and devoted labour? It is almost impossible to realize the results that have been accomplished by the death of our dear friends at Futtehgurh; and however painful may be the means by which God has accomplished this good, or our weakness to discern its cause, yet we are assured that the Judge of all the earth doeth right; and we should bow in humble submission, and though it may be with sorrowing and bleeding hearts, acknowledge his right to do as seemeth good in His sight. Our friends have been taken, but it is God who hath taken them, and taken them too from a world of trial and affliction to a world of rest and happiness. Whilst we sorrow, they are rejoicing; for they have washed their robes and made them white in the

blood of the Lamb, and who serve God both day and night in his temple; and who *hunger* no more, neither *thirst* any more, neither shall the *sun* light on them nor any *heat*, as was the case whilst on the little island and on their way to the execution.

SARAH C. MCMULLIN* was the daughter of Josiah G. Pierson, and the grand-daughter of Jeremiah Pierson, the proprietor of Pierson's Iron Works, at Ramapo, Rockland county, New York. Her mother, Julia Colt, was the daughter of Peter Colt, the Governor of the Society of Useful Manufactures, of Paterson, New Jersey.

Born and brought up among the Ramapo Mountains, addicted from childhood to out-door exercise, and accustomed to a ready compliance with her wishes on the part of all around her, who looked up to her grandfather as their common patron and friend, she early developed those qualities of a free, bold, independent, self-reliant, and energetic disposition, which characterized her to the end of her life. A vigorous constitution, an active mind, and an adventurous imagination, aided in producing strong traits of character, beneath which, and fully revealed only to her most intimate friends, were those softer and gentler sentiments which we look for in a woman.

It was her misfortune to lose her mother at a very early age—a loss supplied, as far as might be, by the care and love of one who still claims, in her old age, the admiration of all who know her, as a true Christian, with the rare refinements of a lady

* This sketch was written after the author of these memorials had left the country, and was not subjected to his revision. W. H. H.

of cultivated mind and accomplished manners. It is to the influence of this relative that we must trace the religious impressions which were made upon her mind and heart in childhood. She was taught to subject her volatile, self-willed, and ambitious nature to the discipline of Christian truth, and to regard first of all the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

She received a good and thorough education, and when emancipated from the school, she found herself, at an age when most girls are dependant and helpless, entrusted with the care of her father's house, the head of a family. This suited her love of control; but the sudden death of this parent effected an entire change in her life, and filled her heart with its first great sorrow. She was transferred to the care of her relatives in Paterson, N. J., where she resided up to the time of her marriage.

We recall her at this period of her life, blooming with health, large and fully developed in form, and with a face of no ordinary beauty, a complexion of exquisite delicacy, of transparent whiteness, and a countenance changing with every fitful feeling—a girl full of genius, excelling in conversational gifts, and in the power of graphic description, delighting in the poetry of feeling, especially of religious feeling. She was (when she chose to be, with those who appreciated her and would let her have her own way) an admirable talker, witty, pathetic, playful, and eloquent, and, if sometimes erratic, always original and entertaining.

For some years it seemed doubtful whether God or the world would obtain the ascendancy in her

heart. For two years previous to her admission to the full communion of the church, her preparation for this solemn act was anxiously and prayerfully considered, and when at last she presented herself before the session, she could only affirm how strong her wish was to be wholly consecrated to God, and how great was her fear that she might not walk worthily of the heavenly calling.

In the active and outward duties of a church-member she was most faithful. At church, lecture, prayer-meeting, and Bible-class, her place was never vacant. She was an indefatigable Sabbath-school teacher and visitor of the poor. Those in the church, whom others seemed to neglect, she was sure to find out and befriend; and many, unknown to her own family and intimate friends, cherish her memory with affectionate regard.

While thus actively engaged, she did not neglect the cultivation of piety in her own heart. But here she had to contend with many temptations and overcome great difficulties. Her ardent and impetuous temper, and natural taste for worldly display and pleasure, needed to be constantly restrained. None felt this and mourned it more than herself. Affliction alone could chasten such a character. God loved her, and severe trials were the proofs of His love.

From the time of her public profession of religion, she evinced a desire to devote herself to a missionary life. Her natural energy craved work to do, and she longed for a position where she might be exempt from the solicitations of the gay world, and wholly given up to the service of God. Only the

want of encouragement on the part of others deterred her from offering herself as a missionary teacher; and when at last the opportunity for gratifying this desire occurred, in a way that friends could not oppose or gainsay, she eagerly accepted it, rejoicing in the belief that she could thus spend and be spent only for Christ. Little did she or her friends imagine the end of that service; but how willing she was to meet this last and to us fearful sacrifice, is evinced by her letters, parts of which have been published and are reprinted here. After referring to the reported near approach of mutineers in large force, on Saturday, May 10th, Mrs. McMullin says, under the date of May 21st :—

"Mr. Freeman proposed a council, and we all decided on driving into cantonments. After we had committed ourselves to God in prayer, Mrs. Monckton went home for her child, and Mrs. Campbell had her two little ones made ready for flight. It was now between nine and ten o'clock of a very dark night. We started together for the station, before reaching which we had to cross a bridge over a narrow gully; here we were stopped by the guard. How this unexpected pause made our hearts beat! We did not know of this guard—who placed it? Was it the authorities? or had the sepoys the ascendancy? I cannot tell you how fearful was the suspense! Mr. Freeman went forward to the guard, who recognized him, and we were allowed to pass. We drove to Col. Tucker's, where we were kindly received. Colonel and Mrs. Tucker were pacing the hall in their

anxiety about their children—had not thought of sleep; and though they gave us a room where we could lie down and rest, we could not think of sleep—who could, with a drawn sword at one's side, and expecting every moment to hear a cannon sound an alarm?

"Saturday night passed in this way. All was quiet, but we were still in the utmost ignorance of what we might expect. On Sunday morning we all came up and had service with the native Christians. They were not so frightened as we were. They had found a place to fly to in a native village near by. No European could run away in the night. * * * They showed much feeling for us; said in a moment that our leaving them was no desertion.

"After service we packed a few things in our carpet-bag; and in the same state of doubt and dread went again to the cantonments. What a Sunday it was—all sorts of rumours flying about!"

Such were some of the times through which our beloved missionary friends were called to pass. But the Son of Man was with them in the fiery furnace, as will appear by our next extract:

"And now, dear ma, I have told you a long story. * * * I know that you will rejoice with me when I tell you that my faith in God's goodness has never failed me. And 'I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge, and my fortress, my God, in him will I trust.' And like the Psalmist, I am sure I could say most truly that I was delivered from the

'terror by night.' I was alarmed, but I had no overwhelming fear, certainly not of death. I tried most devoutly to realize that perhaps a few hours might bring me to the end of life, and I was not afraid to die, if I knew my own heart. I had a horror of seeing violence and bloodshed, and of the sufferings of others; and there was a dread occasioned by uncertainty that was very trying; * * * but I was not so terrified that my mind was distracted from the contemplation of divine things, God's goodness hitherto, and the bliss of heaven.

"* * * And now the danger is past, for the present at least, although all feeling of security is gone. And is it not well that it should be so, that all our hope may be on God?

"*Saturday*, 23*d*. Since writing the above, news has come to us of new mutinies, and we are prepared to flee to the fort. God only knows if this will reach you. All our hope is in him. Heaven, not this world, is our lasting home. * * *"

Writing by the next mail, under date of May 25th, Mrs. McMullin resumes the painful narrative, giving many details which are already known to our readers. We quote some paragraphs, which go to show the personal circumstances and feelings of our friends in their hours of peril:

"On Saturday morning, [May 23,] after the fresh news came that the Seventh Native Infantry had mutinied at Mynpoorie, Mr. Freeman said that he would send a cart to the fort, and kindly offered to take some packages from this place of danger.

He was not sure that there was much use in it, he said at the time. Hours passed on, and in the afternoon what should appear in the compound but the same cart with the same load on it! The man in charge of it had delivered the note to the major, and left without waiting for the cart to arrive, and when it did, they would not receive it, so the cart-man had nothing to do but to come back. Both Mrs. Freeman and myself thought from that moment that our duty was plainly pointed out to us, and that God had reproved us in that way for lack of faith in him. These are times when we are all very near to God, and are all waiting upon him in prayer to see what he will do for us. We know that he can save us when all safety seems removed, and that none of all his promises can fail. As long as we were waiting for the gun to fire, which was to be the signal for flight to the fort, we were in a constant state of suspense, listening for it. Now, we have given that up, and mean to escape through the Christian village with the native women. The fort here is only a poor native thing, built of mud. * * *

"Mrs. Freeman from the first never wanted to go to the station. It was always her plan for us to escape through the Christian village, which is just back of our compound, [yard and garden.] By wearing *chudders*, like the native women, we would be quite unobserved. A chudder is the cloth the native women wear over their heads, with the end thrown over the left shoulder. They wear them large, and cover themselves so completely in

them, that they sometimes scarcely show an eye. It seemed the best plan, so we all provided ourselves with them, and were ready to start at a moment's warning. They [the native women] would fly, and we with them. One of the nicest of all of them, a teacher in Mrs. Freeman's school, begged her to come with them, and not go to the station, where they would be killed. As soon as the tidings came on Saturday morning, we sent word to the Johnsons and Campbells to come up from Burpore, and now they will not return there. * * * Mrs. Monckton spent yesterday [Sunday] with us, and we were all at the Freemans'. We all staid there Saturday night, the ladies lying down with their clothes on, and the gentlemen taking turns in watching. * * *

"We had our usual Hindústání service yesterday morning, and in the afternoon, instead of Sunday-school, Mr. Freeman had a prayer meeting for the Christians. In the evening, instead of our usual Sunday evening service, we had prayer at Mr. Freeman's. * * * There was a report that there was a rising in the city (Furrukhabad) yesterday, which proved to be unfounded. But we are living over a volcano, which may burst forth at any time. * * * It is dreadful to live in this suspense, but it is useful for us, I am sure. We came at God's bidding, to do his work, and although we can as yet *do* nothing, we know that he accepts our desires to serve him. He is all our hope, who will never forsake us in our need. * * *

"*Sunday* 31*st*.—We have had our usual services to-day, with the exception of an English sermon in the evening. It is not thought best to light the Church; it would attract attention, and is not expedient.

"*Monday, June* 1*st*.— * * Every thing looks so dark for our work here, that your wish to see us may not, if we live, be ungratified. No Mission work can be done now; and if this panic increases, and there is fighting the country over, and we are driven from our posts, we may, if we are not murdered here, find our way to America. * * * Thank God with us, dear ones, that we are perfectly well, and able to bear all this excitement. Do write to me often, and believe that I am your tenderly attached child,

"SARAH C. MCMULLIN."

Mrs. McMullin, in these letters, speaks of her kind friends, the Moncktons, but we have omitted her remarks, as they have already been quoted in concluding our memoir of Mr. Freeman. The letters of Mrs. Monckton manifest so remarkably the upholding power of Divine grace, that we extract from them a few sentences for the benefit of our readers:—"The Lord is our refuge and strength, a very *present* help in trouble; so will we not fear, and do not *you* fear, dear ones. You may indeed pity those who have no God to go to, and no hope beyond this world; but we have made the Most High *our* defence, and know that we shall not be greatly moved. He will

not suffer the heathen to prevail, though He may appear so to do; but His kingdom shall come, and though we may be removed, He can raise up others, and what does death, or rather what does death not do for God's children? They go to their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus, to a land of purity, happiness, and holiness. We are quite prepared for the worst, and feel that to depart and be with Christ is far better. The flesh a little revolts from cold-blooded assassination, but God can make it bear up. Should we be cut to pieces, you have, my precious parents, the knowledge that we go to be with Jesus, and can picture us happier and holier than in this distant land; therefore, why should you grieve for us. You know not what may befall us here, but there you know all is joy and peace, and we shall not be lost, but gone before you."

CHAPTER XIV.

The sail down the Ganges—Ráwalganj—Singarampore—Kásampore—Bithour—Náná Sáhib—The last scene on the Cawnpore parade ground.

HAVING recorded separately the lives of our dear missionary associates up to the time when they left the Mission premises, to accept the hospitalities of the Guises and Macleans, we have now to view them very early on the morning of the 4th of June en-

tering the boats for their sad journey down the Ganges. They are once more together. They have been together all night, wrestling with the angel of the covenant for his protecting care from bloody men, and guidance on the morrow and coming days, when, as they well know, they will be exposed to constant attacks from both sides of the river. There is no living spectator to record the scenes of that night. Sleepless, we know, it passed, for who could sleep at such a time? It was an anxious night; and not only was their own safety a subject of solicitude, but also that of the flock over which they were made overseers. To leave them in their defenceless condition, and exposed to the fury of wicked men, was a trial hard to bear, especially as but little hope could be entertained of their own future escape. To leave Futtehgurh, the scene of so many labours and hallowed associations, must have been a fearful trial. No wonder that, under such circumstances, they should unitedly turn to Him who is the strength and refuge of his children. The night of trial and wrestling is passed, and the morning light witnesses this little band taking their places in the boats ready to receive them. Others are waiting in their boats to accompany them. They now number one hundred and twenty-six souls. The party is large and composed of almost every description of character. One we know was an avowed Deist, who seemed to delight in ridiculing religion in every way. There are others who disregard God's holy day, and lived like heathens more

than like Christians, by which name they were known and called. The time to leave has come. They push off in the stream, and float down with the current, which carries them on at the rate of four miles an hour. But oh! what a difference there is in the secret thoughts of some in this party! The difference between the children of the world and the children of God.

As we cast our eyes on the picture of the boat at the head of this chapter, and which is a faithful representation of the boats on the Ganges, we can in imagination almost see the occupants as they watch the banks of the river, to see if they are pursued or danger threatens them. They go on unmolested some eight miles, when Ráwalganj appears in sight. As they watch, one of the party espies the villagers making ready for an attack. The boats approach. The villagers assembled on the bank, and armed with clubs, look intent on plunder; but the party is too formidable, and passes by unmolested. They are villagers, and not sepoys, armed with English rifles and taught their use by English officers. They go on their way rejoicing, but their joy is of short duration. They have not proceeded many miles before a large number of sepoys and desperate characters, collected at Singarampore, open a heavy fire on them. The fire is returned by some of the party, and the boats pass on. Let us stop, however, a moment at this place, for it is well known to our dear missionary friends. It is a noted place—noted for the number of its temples, and the character of its

fakirs. Pilgrims resort to it daily, and once a year a large *mela* is collected here. Three hundred and more disgusting beggars reside here, and consequently it is considered a very holy place. These beggars are dignified with the name, "Sons of Gunga." The Hindus assert that one of their most celebrated gods, Rám, once cursed a fakir and caused a horn to grow out of his head. This fakir happening to bathe at this place, found the water so efficacious that, at the very moment he immersed his body in it, his horn dropped and he was cured. In consequence of this, the place immediately acquired a celebrity, and many temples were erected. A village of some two thousand people is now the result, and nearly all the pilgrims stop there to take away, in bottles, some of its holy water. Every year some one of our number from Futtehgurh visited it for the purpose of preaching to the thousands who assemble on the *mela* occasion. How different is the reception of our brethren now, as they pass by it in their boats, and how applicable the language of the Psalmist, "the heathen rage, and imagine a vain thing!"

After passing this place a consultation is held, and it is decided that all the Mission party should occupy one boat and use the other three for their luggage. The change is made, and now they have a feeling of greater security. They can support and strengthen each other better in the emergencies which may meet them on their way. Their luggage is of the most scanty kind, and any anxiety it may

have occasioned is soon removed, for it is speedily plundered. They try to avoid the banks of the river, and keep more in the middle, but the channel winds so much, and beds of sand so impede their way, that they cannot always shun the shore. They now approach Kásampore, a Mahammadan village. The channel brings them close to its banks, when a volley is poured in upon them, and one of the party in the other boats is severely wounded in the thigh. The consternation produced by their success encourages the villagers, who continue to fire musket after musket. To silence them, and thus enable the party to pass, the fire is returned, killing eight of the villagers. They succeed in their attempt to pass, but are followed for nearly an hour by the people who continue firing whenever the boats come near, or the river bank is sufficiently high to enable them to do so with advantage. In this manner, fearing and hoping, they go on until the evening of the third day, the 6th of June, when they fasten to the shore for the purpose of cooking a little food; and whilst thus occupied they are watched. One of the Zamindars, or landholders, who exercise great power and influence over the people of their villages, observes their movements, and forms his plans for their capture. He musters his men and surrounds the party, who are told that they are at his mercy, and resistance is in vain. His object is money, and not blood, and this is easily satisfied by the payment of five hundred dollars. Had he been a Mussalman, blood only would have sufficed, and instead of re-

cording the escape of our friends, we would, in all probability, be compelled to narrate their massacre. Having accomplished his object, he is now ready to proffer every assistance and even to supply men to any extent. The proffer is accepted, and hope is again kindled, but the insincerity and duplicity of the Zamindar is soon apparent; for, of the five men promised as a guard, only one remains on the boat. They start once more on their way to Cawnpore, and continue their voyage unmolested for two days and nights, without stopping or meeting with further obstacles.

On the 8th June and the evening of the fifth day, the boat, owing to the low state of the water, came to and struck on an island five miles below Bithour, and about the same distance from Cawnpore. Bithour is the residence of the pseudo-Rajah, *Náná Sáhib*, a name too well known to need description, for he has recorded his infamy in such deeds of cruelty and blood as to make the world shudder and turn pale with disgust. He has been styled, "the incarnation of brutality and treachery," and for its truth, let the massacre of Cawnpore answer how well and appropriately he has been named. But before the mutiny he was regarded in a different light. The *eleve* of a Government College, and the possessor of wealth and rank, with polish of manner and address, he was more courted than despised. A professed admirer of every thing English, he manifested a most friendly feeling towards Europeans, inviting them frequently to his palace, and joining

them in their hunting excursions. At the time our party passed his residence at Bithour, it was not known that he had raised the standard of revolt, and made the region around Cawnpore, and the very place to which their boats were fastened, the scene of the most fearful and revolting deeds. But however unconscious of this they were on landing, it was soon made known by the roar of artillery, and the smoke of battle. For at that very time, General Sir Hugh Wheeler was besieged in his own intrenchment, and unable to defend his position. On learning their position, our missionary party made every effort to get a note to Sir Hugh, with a view of entering his trenches, but without success. During the three days of their detention on the island, they made repeated efforts to communicate with the garrison, but met with disappointment each time; and we now, with heartfelt joy, rejoice in their failure. For who that has heard of the massacre of that garrison—the butchery of the men—the separation of the women from their husbands—their reservation for a worse fate, and the crowning act of their being thrown, dead and dying, together into the well at Cawnpore, will not thank God, that our dear friends were preserved from accomplishing the object they so much desired, and used so many fruitless efforts to secure? To us it is not a little remarkable that they were permitted to remain four whole days on the island without being attacked, but it is probable that the Mahratta demon, Náná Sáhib, was so pre-occupied with General Wheeler's

garrison, as to be unable to deploy any of his forces.

On the 12th June, their fourth and last day on the island, they saw some sepoys crossing the bridge of boats connecting Oudh with Cawnpore, but supposing that they were on their way to Lucknow, it did not excite their fears, or even cause a suspicion that evil threatened their party. But it was not long after the sepoys passed, that they were made aware of their evil intentions, by receiving several balls from their muskets, one of which killed a child, and another a lady and native nurse. This induced the whole party to leave the boats, and take shelter in the long grass growing on the island. Concealing themselves in this way, they wandered from place to place, until they found protection from the sun's rays, under some trees, near which they found some native huts, and a well. Their request for water from this well was refused, but one of the three native Christians, who accompanied them, brought some from the river. Exhausted by their exposure, and seeing no possible way of escape, one of the Missionaries proposed prayer, stating that, in all probability, the day which they had so long dreaded, their last day on earth, was now come. They now are assembled for prayer. Mr. Freeman opens the meeting by reading a portion of Scripture, and accompanies the reading with exposition and remark. With what emphasis every word is read, and with what application every remark is received, in view of immediate death, we

are at no loss to imagine. It was the word of Him, who alone could comfort and cheer the heart, and console and sustain them in the hour of their great trial. A hymn was then sung, but which one no one can now tell. What could be more appropriate to the occasion than the following?—

"Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or, how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had *suffering saints* no mercy-seat?

There, there on eagle's wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more:
Heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat."

After singing, they all kneel, whilst Mr. Freeman engages in prayer. They need no form to give utterance to their thoughts. For their hearts are bursting to overflowing, and their language is but the eloquence of these hearts, finding vent in the pathos of deep feeling. Their souls warm and find relief, as they continue to wait on God. They find it good to draw near to God, and He draws near to them. Another hymn is sung, perhaps the following:—

"Lord, we adore thy vast designs,
The obscure abyss of Providence;
Too *deep* to sound with mortal lines,
Too *dark* to view with feeble sense.

Now thou arrayest thine awful face,
In angry frowns, without a smile:
We, through the cloud, believe thy grace,
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briers and the night.

Dear Father, if thy lifted rod
Resolve to scourge us now below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through."

They now listen to Mr. Campbell, whilst he endeavours to reveal to his little congregation the riches of grace in Christ Jesus, and tells of the blood which cleanseth from all sin. We can almost see him, with his earnest manner and strong language, urging his hearers to prepare for the last scene, and pointing to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, and telling amid the din and roar of cannon, and surrounded by blood-thirsty sepoys, about the Prince of Peace, and the crown of glory in reserve for all who are faithful unto death. The scene closes with another prayer, the last public one offered by any of the one hundred and twenty-six souls, there assembled. The prayer-meeting is ended. A consultation ensues, which results in their throwing into the river all their weapons of defence.

They are ready now to be offered up, and soon a boat load of sepoys arrives, and the party is made prisoners. They are taken over to the Cawnpore side, when they make known their character and peaceful occupations. The sepoys are informed that they being merchants, planters, teachers, and

missionaries, should not be molested. Some few are disposed to let them go free: but others said, "No—take them to Náná Sáhib, and let the unclean foreigners be rooted out." The latter were the strongest and prevailed. Accordingly they commenced binding with a small cord and in a way not to give much pain, the prisoners, two by two—husband and wife—brother and sister, until all were tied together. Mr. Campbell thus tied to his wife, carried in his arms his little boy, Willie, and a friend took his little daughter, Fannie. These were the only children belonging to the missionary party. They were now ready for their march. The native Christians were told to make their escape, and messages were sent to the church members at Futtehgurh. For even at such a time they were not forgotten. It is now almost evening, and they are about to start, when their old friend, Mr. Maclean, makes a final effort for the release of the party. Knowing their love of money, he offers the sepoys three hundred thousand rupees, or one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, if they would give the party their freedom; but there is no hesitation manifested in the reply made—"It is *blood* we want and not money."

All hope is now gone. The march is begun. Guarded and watched in all their movements, they move on slowly. They are helpless, and insulted by coarse remarks and insulting jeers. Exhausted by anxiety and fasting, they go on languidly. At last some declare their inability to go further. A halt is made, and the party surrounded by their sepoy

guard, is permitted to remain all night. Water is offered, but nothing to eat. What a night was this! Faint and weary as they were in body, they could not sleep. It is their last night on earth. Their souls are occupied with heavenly thoughts; and oh! what thoughts of love and what supplications for mercy and strength were offered up on that night! What spiritual strivings agitated and soothed their bleeding spirits! and oh! what sustaining grace and sympathy was manifested to them on the eve of their martyrdom! for God, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is with this beloved missionary band. They are his servants, and He will care for them. They are his ambassadors, and his supporting presence is not withheld. No, they are not left to themselves. At such a time the example of their Lord is not forgotten. He died a cruel death. Wicked men *crucified* the Lord of glory; and so might wicked men, and the very heathens whom they came to bless and save, slay them. No wonder they continue in supplication and prayer all night. Nor are these the only thoughts present to their minds. There are thoughts of home far away and absent friends, of mothers, fathers, sisters, brothers, and children. There are thoughts, too, of their work, and the great cause for whose good they have forsaken all. They know it is not their cause but God's, and He will not let it suffer. All is committed to his keeping, and oh! what a consecration has now been made of all to God! The morning light finds them still engaged in prayer and medita-

tion. They have renewed their strength by communion with their unseen Saviour. And now their march is resumed. They have not gone far on their way when they meet three carriages, sent by the Náná for the ladies, who are unable to walk farther. The party continue their journey until they reach the station, when they are all shut up for an hour in a house by themselves. What occurred in that house, and during that hour, none can testify. That it was a solemn hour all must feel.

On the 13th of June, at seven o'clock in the morning, they were released, marched to the parade-ground, and ruthlessly shot. Their death was agonizing, but not long delayed. Thus died the Freemans, Campbells, Johnsons, McMullins, and dear little Fannie and Willie Campbell. Peace be to their unburied ashes! No cold marble monument can be erected over their mutilated bodies, but their memory will not be lost. Let this be their memorial, and when read by Christians in this and other lands, may this effort to perpetuate their memory and deeds be accepted and inscribed on our hearts. May the turf ever be green on the spot stained with their honoured blood! May the pearly dew and the refreshing rain fall gently upon the sod; and while the winds of heaven breathe over it soft and low, may a voice ever rise like incense before the throne of mercy, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Their record is on high. Their days of sin and sorrow are ended. Their time of mourning is finished. God himself has wiped all

tears from their eyes. They are free, happy spirits now, rejoicing with the redeemed throng around the throne of the Lamb. Dr. J. L. Wilson's remarks are so much to our purpose, that we cannot resist the desire we feel to place them before our readers :—

"The night of sorrow is gone, and the day of gladness has dawned brightly upon them. The cry of anguish has been turned into songs of exultation. The blood-stained martyr garments have been exchanged for robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. They have left their friends, and the Church to which they belonged, a comforting memorial, in the declaration made in the immediate prospect of a violent death, that 'they were willing to lay down their lives for Him who had died for them.' Could the angel who stood by them in the dark hour of death, reveal all that transpired at that moment; the composure with which they laid their dying heads on the Saviour's bosom; the accents of love which he whispered in their ears; the beams of joy that were shed down upon their troubled spirits from heaven; and the bright visions of heavenly glory that were revealed to them, it would be more than mortal man could endure. We have but little idea of what is passing between the Saviour and the dying Christian, under any circumstances. The martyr Stephen, while enduring the ruthless assaults of his cruel murderers, 'looked up steadfastly to heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God.' This much of his experience has been revealed to us. What else he

may have seen and heard, we know not. So in relation to the death of these beloved missionaries. The Saviour was undoubtedly present to console and sustain, though he did not, for wise reasons, avert the stroke of death. And now that they are exultant in heaven, counting it their highest honour that they were called to suffer a martyr's death, why should we not wipe away our tears, and rejoice with them, that 'the Lord God omnipotent reigneth?'"

The Church and the cause have lost, by this unexpected dispensation of Divine Providence, their talents and their labours, but they have made a great gain. Is it not a cause of great thankfulness that their death was attended with no such dishonour as preceded the massacre of the sixty ladies, and the seven hundred and fifty prisoners, who constituted the garrison of Cawnpore? Who that has read the record of their sufferings, as found traced on the wall in a lady's hand, and in pieces of journals written on scraps of paper, will not exult in their deliverance from such atrocities? The Náná had not then tasted blood. This was nearly his first experience in cold-blooded murder. Afterwards he acquired the taste for blood, by means of which he has obtained throughout the world the reputation of a demon and monster. But whilst we deservedly condemn him for his foul treachery, wanton cruelty, and blood-thirstiness, let us not indulge even on this sad occasion in unkind and accusing words. Let our hearts yearn for the salvation of this malignant murderer of our dear sainted friends. Let us invoke

the blessings of mercy in behalf of this poor miserable man, that he may be saved from eternal misery. Christ prayed for the malefactor who was crucified with him, and he was received into Paradise. The Bible, which he was not permitted to read in the Government College, can alone exert a softening and transforming influence on his character, and change the tiger into a lamb. Though without information, we feel assured that such was the desire felt by our brethren when shut up in their prison house for an hour, and whilst standing over their bloody graves on the parade-ground. May the prayers then offered by them for this poor man be heard and answered! May their faith and hope be ours, and may we be enabled to finish our course with joy, and enter the peaceful mansions wherein they now dwell!

CHAPTER XV.

The mutiny continued—prophetic downfall of Islamism—effects of the mutiny on the government, people, and native church—its results at home.

THE mutiny did not terminate with the death of our missionaries at Cawnpore, but rather increased in violence and extent. Some of the most fearful scenes and diabolical acts occurred afterwards. We have only to mention the names of Cawnpore, Lucknow, Agra, Arrah, and parts of Central India, to recall them to the memory of the reader. And although a year has passed, still we hear of disturbances and reverses. This leads us to remark on one feature of the mutiny, which we have not seen noticed anywhere, and which we cannot refrain from suggesting as a subject deserving of consideration. We refer to the prophetic downfall of Islamism. This will enable us to comprehend, what otherwise must be considered inexplicable in the history of the mutiny. We refer to the satanic character, and licentiousness of the acts committed. The Apocalypse declares that Islam came "like a dark smoke from the bottomless pit." Satan then is its agent and inherent strength.

Fleming considers that as the sixth trumpet brought the Turks from beyond the Euphrates, so the sixth vial exhausts their power, as the means

and way to prepare and dispose the eastern kings and kingdoms to renounce their heathenish and Mahammadan errors, and to receive the truths and doctrines of Christianity. The sixth vial is thus described in the Revelation :—"And the sixth angel poured out his vial upon the great river Euphrates; and the water thereof was dried up, that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared. And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs, come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet."

An early writer, in speaking of the three unclean spirits like frogs, remarks: "That from the mouth of the dragon (the devil) means a general spirit of licentiousness, either in sentiment or practice, or both—any, or all kinds of blasphemy and abomination." These characteristics have, in such a peculiar and remarkable manner, distinguished the mutiny, that nothing more is necessary than to refer to the fact. Indeed it is in such direct variance with all our experience of sepoy character, as to furnish one of the greatest mysteries of the mutiny. Their present behaviour can be rationally accounted for, only on the supposition of satanic agency. And we have the cause of this agency accounted for, not only in consequence of the spread of the truth, but because of the prophetic declaration of the simultaneous downfall of two of Satan's hitherto greatest and most reliable instruments of evil, Popery and Islam. It is not a little remarkable, in this view of the subject, that we should have some of the oldest and

most reliable commentators, referring to the present period, as the time for the fulfilment of the sixth vial, and the termination of these two great systems of error and anti-christian powers.

This fact, in connection with events that have taken place within the past few months, in various portions of the Ottoman Empire, furnishes strong reasons for believing that the end of the Mahammadan delusion has approached. Ever since the Sultan of Turkey issued his celebrated *Hatti Sharif* decree, his subjects have manifested great bitterness against the terms of toleration granted by that document. Indeed, in spite of it, they have openly declared that all hope of the Turkish empire must be abandoned, unless this error is corrected and Islam again restored to her former pristine force and ferocity. Since the commencement of the present year, there have been cruel assaults made on missionaries, among whom are two of our countrymen, Mr. Dickson, of Jaffa, and Rev. Mr. Dod, of the Syrian Mission. And now whilst writing this, we are informed of a dreadful massacre of all the Christian inhabitants, including the English and French consuls, at Jeddah in Arabia, by Mahammadans. Jeddah is the port frequented by pilgrims from all parts of the Mahammadan world, on their way to the holy city of Mecca, and a place where the spirit of Islamism shews itself in its true colours of fierceness and bitter hostility to Christianity. It seems like the last effort of the great dragon, made for the purpose of retrieving the

ruinous posture of his affairs in the eastern world. He is now rallying all his forces and gathering together all his venom, to make one desperate sally, before all is forever lost. Though disposed to view this subject in the light of prophecy, we only state it here as a matter deserving of more consideration than has been given to it, and one, too, which removes many difficulties and perplexities. We are certainly better enabled to understand why God has dealt so severely with his servants, and permitted India to be drenched with the blood of Christians, shed by the hands of wicked and heathen men. There are some who are ready to conclude that there must have been something radically and fearfully wrong in the management of affairs in India, else God would not have suffered such a fearful calamity to fall on so many innocent people, and such a disastrous reverse to retard the work of Christianity, even for a time. But this is quite unnecessary, and can be explained in other ways, which are more consistent with the facts of the case. And yet there can be no doubt that the Government of India has been in many things at great fault, and its course, in matters pertaining to religion, unworthy of Christian rulers. Let us then look at the probable effects on the government; and to do this, we must refer to the past policy, and ascertain wherein it was defective.

1. There can be no doubt that the whole spirit of government has been to pet and patronize superstitions, and to discourage every attempt to disturb

or alter them. Toleration and neutrality have been the avowed views, and its settled polity was non-interference in religious matters; and there can be no question but that this was, all things taken into consideration, the best and wisest plan that could be adopted. But then the avowed policy was one thing, and the practice another and quite different. According to the latter, government lent its aid and influence to the support and encouragement of idolatry and false religion; for not only were grants made to heathen temples, but the sepoys were allowed to worship their regimental colours, and display their Rám Lílá exploits on the different parade-grounds. Besides all this, there has been a great favouritism shown to men of high caste, and the native army was almost exclusively made up of men of this character. And that which has been so fostered, even to infatuation, has sprung up and resulted in untold misery and desolation. God has, by the mutiny, spoken in an unmistakable manner to the India government, and we trust that the lessons taught will not pass by without being duly considered. We cannot believe that India is to be lost, but rather benefitted greatly by the changes which are now to be inaugurated and carried on to completion. It is only such a development as has been made, and made too in such a manner as to impress all classes, that could convince the governing powers in Leadenhall street, London, of the folly and sinfulness of their former course and opinions. The government must no longer mislead the people by

false statements, wicked compliances, or the repression of any truth whatever. All that tends to foster superstition and encourage false religions, must be discontinued, and perfect liberty of conscience must be allowed to all classes, independent of all aid or sanction from the powers that be. Let the Temples of Kalee and Juggernath receive no more or less protection and encouragement than the Churches of Christians. What is required is that all classes, whatever be their religion, should enjoy equally the most perfect freedom of worship, consistent with good morals, and every degree of proper toleration. And with respect to government schools, high or low, we must insist on no more exclusion of the word of God. This is a point of vital importance to the welfare of India and her rulers. We must have no more such graduates as Náná Sáhib to go forth into the world, to sow the seeds of rebellion, and imbrue their hands in the blood of Christians, whom they have been taught to despise and hate in the nurseries of infidelity, supported and encouraged by government. This may be regarded as strong language, but for its truth and propriety we appeal to facts to sustain us; and on such an occasion we think truth ought to be spoken boldly and honestly. The exclusion of God's word, and the expurgation of the name of the Saviour from the books taught in these schools, is a stigma under which good men have withered and suffered.

We know of one of the ablest and best men in the civil service, who, because of his refusal to have

any connection with these schools, was not only refused promotion granted to others, but was degraded by being kept in a position of less power and emolument. He was hung, after undergoing the ceremony of a mock trial at Bareilly, by the mutineers. This system must be changed. To allow a place to the Koran and Shastras, and not to the Bible, can be characterized only by the strongest language of disapprobation, and deserves the reprobation it so justly merits at the hands of all Christian men. The very statement that the most puerile productions might be read and studied, but not a word of God's revelation of mercy and love, is enough to condemn the system hitherto pursued by government. We trust that this will be one of the good effects accomplished by the present rebellion; and if so, what a glorious result will be achieved for the future interests of the people of India!

We might also speak of the cultivation of opium by government, and of its being forced, in violation of edicts, into the Chinese market. It is, indeed, a most humiliating thing to see Christianity and heathenism in such conjunction. And we advert to this because, as if to show his peculiar displeasure at this, God has desolated the very places where it has been most cultivated. Futtehgurh was one of these places. We trust that this will be discontinued. The principles here stated, we think, are just and true, and time only is required for their introduction and development. And yet we feel bound to say there is danger that the people both in

England and the United States, now connected by the Atlantic Cable, and one almost in feeling and interest, should ask and expect too much; for if the India government attempts to do all that the Christian public at home demands, it will be forced *ex necessitate rei* to increase the European army and make its appeal to the god of battles. This will result in a war of religions, than which nothing could be more unhappy and unwise; for it is not in accordance with our knowledge of human nature to suppose that the one hundred and eighty millions of fanatical Mussalmans and bigoted Hindus will consent to forego all their religious rights and privileges at the dictation of a few infidel and profane foreigners, as they consider their British rulers; and this, more especially, when they make so much more of these rights than nations nominally Christian do of their religious privileges. We must not forget that fanaticism and bigotry will not yield their power without a severe struggle. But independent of this, Christianity cannot consent to have her mild and heaven-born doctrines sullied by the propagation of the sword. All that she asks or wishes of government is to throw its equal protection over her children and subjects of whatever name, friend or foe, and then leave it to her inherent power, her purer light, and healthful influences to accomplish her proper work on the hearts and consciences of the people. This is all that a pure Christianity can either ask or accept with safety, and it is all that is required in India. It is, however, extremely import-

ant that the government take a firm and decided stand in the matter of removing some of the disabilities under which Christianity has hitherto laboured, and give full scope to all who unfurl her banner, and engage in fighting her battles on heathen soil.

2. Another effect of the mutiny will be, we trust, to do away with the most odious features of Caste. It is needless to enlarge on its evil influences, as we have already, in our fifth chapter, alluded to this subject. We do not look for its entire removal, but we think that there will be no more such encouragement given to it as has been done both by government and individuals. There cannot be a doubt but that the present mutiny was occasioned by favouritism to caste influences.

It is reported that one of the natives employed in the department which has the munitions of war under its inspection, said to a Brahmin, who had cursed him, "Who cares for your curse? you will soon, on the issue of the new cartridges, eat beef-grease." This greatly incensed the Brahmin, who spread the report, and stirred up a most bitter feeling throughout the native army. Under all former rule, the people and even the king, were required to worship the Brahmins; but now the charm is broken, and the common people no more regard the curse of a Brahmin than the braying of an ass. The government which has hitherto done so much to encourage and foster caste feeling among the sepoys, now, we trust, sees that high caste men cannot be relied on, and that it has more cause to dis-

trust than to confide in them as soldiers. Col. Neil on his visit to Cawnpore felt necessitated to shew his abhorrence of caste, by making Brahmins wash up the blood stains of his slaughtered countrymen and their wives. Sir John Lawrence in the Punjab, we are told, is giving employment to native Christians, and men of low caste, thus changing the relative position of Mahtars and Brahmins. This has also been done to some extent at Futtehgurh, since Sir Colin Campbell has made it his head quarters. The example thus set and the influence thus exerted, will tend more than all edicts and regulations, to destroy the power of caste, and preserve the equilibrium of society. At all events it will do away with its arrogance, and lessen its power for evil. This lessening of caste influences, will remove one of the greatest obstacles to the spread of the gospel, and act as a harbinger of a glorious day to benighted India. It will result also in putting our native Christians in their proper position in society, and enable them to occupy places of trust and responsibility, from which, hitherto, they have been excluded by government. The want of caste has been a stigma, which has met them in every place, and on every occasion. Let this oppressive incubus be once taken away, and our converts can not only associate with their heathen neighbours on terms of equality, but also exert over them a vast influence for good.

3. Another result accomplished by the mutiny, is the amount of moral influence wrought on the

inhabitants of India. This, we are told, is of the most encouraging and decided character. The heathens have seen, with their own eyes, the reality and sustaining power of Christianity, manifested in the firm adherence and faithfulness of those whom they had only regarded as having been actuated by worldly and unworthy motives. This has been a very common impression among the people, as they judge of our religion by their own, and consequently they are without any inherent power to support them in the hour of trial and death. This too is an influence which has been most ardently longed for, but the means of its accomplishment could not be found; by the mutiny God has done it for us. And if there was no other result accomplished by the rebellion, this is almost sufficient to reconcile us to the severe infliction with which India has been visited. For the heathen have witnessed the effects of Christianity on the feeblest Christians, and seen them calmly facing death amid all the circumstances of horror and blood, with which Mahammadan ferocity and Hindu cunning could surround it. And there are many others, who, though they have not witnessed it, will hear of it and turn their minds to the investigation of its cause. Let us not forget that it is scenes of this kind, which plant the roots of Christianity deep into the soil of any country, and evidence to the masses of the people, that it is not a thing which is either planted or plucked at the mere pleasure of earthly potentates, or at the mercy of earthly circumstances. Nor is this all,

for it will impart a new energy and fresh vigour to the teachings of our missionaries. They will hereafter also be in the possession of a whole class of new facts to appeal to, and a set of illustrations of the nature and power of religion, never before realized or understood. We will no longer be compelled to draw illustrations and facts from history, which are at best but half comprehended, and therefore inefficient in their influence on the mind. But now we have facts patent to the observation of all, and which cannot be overlooked; and the monuments of which will be found in all the villages around us. And whilst standing and walking near these mournful, yet inspiring monuments, not only of the power of Christianity, but also of the cruelty and bitterness of heathenism, the missionaries themselves will have their hearts stirred up to a deeper and more earnest application of the doctrines of the cross, and realize more vividly the necessity of delivering their commission with strong hopes and yearnings. Nor will it end here, but exert an influence over succeeding generations of Christians. They will have the examples of their fathers and forefathers to stimulate and quicken them in their walk, and the monuments of their death to keep them watchful in their lives and conversation. Thus we see the prospective influence which will be wrought upon the heathen and Christian population of India. The former will learn wherein the great strength of Christianity lies, and the latter be improved by the examples set them by the faithful

witnesses of the truth among their own number. Such are some of the effects of the mutiny, which we expect to be realized abroad; and now let us view some of the results accomplished at home. For if the mutiny has been of such great significance to the India Government, it is none the less so to our own church, the only sufferers by it on this side of the Atlantic. And it behooves us to consider well, and profit by the lessons taught us in such a painful, impressive manner.

4. One of these undoubtedly is to impress Christians with the true but sad character of the heathen, and the imperious necessity of prayer for India. We fear there are many in the Church who think that the heathen are sincere, and their sincerity will be accounted sufficient in the last great day. They do not believe that they are exposed to eternal misery, and that their moral state is one of the most deplorable character, being given up to work all kinds of iniquity, falsehood, dishonesty, and uncleanness, with greediness. The sepoy revolt has resulted, we trust, in opening the eyes of Christians to their true character. The Bible declares that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty, and we have seen how true this description is of the people of India. We need no better evidence that they are everywhere earthly, sensual, and devilish. We now see for ourselves how thoroughly Satan has blinded the minds and hardened the hearts of the Hindus, during the centuries he has had them in his power. We regard the impres-

sion made by these facts as a most important result, for unless the people of God are convinced of the lost and ruined condition of the heathen, they will not see the necessity, or feel the importance of prayer and other efforts for their salvation. And will we not now realize, as never before, that nothing but the Holy Spirit, operating through the instrumen tality of his truth, can accomplish the change which is unto life, and make the heathen meek, humble, and holy? The Church should humbly and thankfully acknowledge the severity of the discipline inflicted, and turn to the Lord. Her martyred sons and daughters now plead with her to dismiss all former apathy, and lean no longer on an arm of flesh, but to arise in the greatness of her strength, and lay hold on the power of God. If there is one truth more important than another, it is that God's Spirit is essential to the success of his work in the conversion of the world. We are not without warning on this subject, and are told expressly that it is not by might or by power, but by his Spirit, that the work is to be accomplished. And this, to be effective, must not be a mere conception or formal acknowledgment of a great truth, but must be of a practical nature in its workings. We believe that there has been a great neglect of prayer for the prosperity of Zion throughout the world, and especially for the influences of the Holy Spirit on missionaries and the work committed to their care. The missionary, above all others, is one who requires the presence of God's Spirit in his soul. It is, we know,

a very popular, but alas! a fanciful delusion, that the piety of missionaries is such as to require no special adjuncts. But how different is truth from fancy, and reality from romance! In heathen lands there are more secular trials to meet the missionary than ministers ever dream of in Christian lands; for he must not only be teacher and preacher, but house builder, mechanic, and every thing of this kind. And connected with these things, there is an amount of perplexity which is inconceivable to any one who has not been called to deal with heathen people. There are also many trials arising from the weakness and duplicity of native converts, who cannot lay aside at once their former habits, or appreciate to its fullest extent the purity and strength of Christian principle. This is a matter which frequently occasions the deepest sorrow, and yet one which requires the utmost patience, mingled with strong decision and firmness. Besides all this, familiarity with heathenism deadens the soul, and there is positive danger of sinking to the level of those by whom he is surrounded, without the special and constant influences of the Holy Spirit. But these influences are not only necessary for himself, but also for his work. The conversion of the world is very easy in imagination, but quite a different thing in reality. It cannot be met in any other way than by the almighty power of God; for "neither is he that planteth any thing, neither he that watereth, but God who giveth the increase." It is not by sending forth a mere handful of labourers, and furnishing

them with the means of physical support, nor the establishment of schools and presses, that will insure the requisite effect. These, however important, and in one sense absolutely necessary, are the least items in the great work. It is more by spiritual labour, and earnest wrestling on these means, that we must look for great results. The Church has been looking too much to human, and too little to Divine influences. Would that we could impress this truth of the indispensable influences of God's Spirit on the hearts of our Zion, and then no longer would it be necessary to take up the lamentation, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?" We also need the influences of God's Spirit for the Church to develope, and offer on the altar of God, the means to carry on this great work in some proportion to its extent and magnitude. The gold and the silver are His, and will be ours by asking for the manifestation of His glory among the heathen. How guilty we have been in not asking, and how severely rebuked and punished, too, have we been for our apathy and neglect of duty! There is an abundance of means in our Church, and though we hear it often spoken of, in the way of boasting, that so much is being done, we have not even begun to do any thing in the way of showing our ability; and what has been done, has been in consequence of efforts put forth on the part of the few and not the many in our Church. In proof of this, we would state that an average contribution of only two cents a week or a dollar a year would en-

able our Board of Foreign Missions, not only to meet all the losses and extraordinary expenses in sending out a large reinforcement to supply the places of those who have fallen, and many more besides, but leave a large surplus for other Missions in China and Africa. We trust, now, that our Zion will feel the greater importance of prayer for the Holy Spirit's influences on our work, and also have her sympathies more awakened in behalf of those who have been sent forth for its execution. When danger threatened our brethren, and a bloody death seemed in prospect, what profound interest was manifested in their welfare, and what fervent prayers were daily offered up! What large crowds gathered in our churches, and how intense the feeling shown in behalf of these beloved sons and daughters of our Church! Shall we feel less now, that we know they wear a martyr's crown? The letters written in view of their bloody death breathe a noble spirit, and should be regarded as an important legacy to the Church. Henceforth the names of FREEMAN, CAMPBELL, JOHNSON, and MCMULLIN, will be precious to the Church everywhere, and live while time shall last, and even in the heavenly world, will hold an honoured and glorious place throughout eternity. Let not the interest felt in them cease, but let the knell of the dead, which hath rung through our land, be a call to the living to continue in prayer and supplication. And now that the hearts of our beloved brethren and sisters have ceased to beat, let the Church come forward and pant more for the liv-

ing God and his converting influences to be poured out on India's sons and daughters. Let there be more wrestling and strong crying of the soul for these influences, and then will India be made glad, rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

5. Another of the lessons to be impressed on us deeply by the mutiny is, that we are bound to identify ourselves more than we have ever done, and feel more our deep responsibility. Is it not true that many conceive the missionary work to be one of supererogation—a work in which they may or may not engage at pleasure? We know it is true. Such are ready to award their meed of praise to those who devote themselves more particularly to the work of Foreign Missions, but are not willing to acknowledge that this work has any claims on them as individuals. Now this is all wrong, for we are all under the deepest obligations to glorify God in body and spirit, with our intellects, affections, and all our means to the fullest extent. It is an error, and one, too, that is paralyzing in its effects, to suppose that Christians are under no obligations to propagate his word, and make known the way of salvation to those who are sitting in darkness and exposed to eternal misery. Too long has this been regarded as an optional service, as if engaging in it was meritorious, and refusing to engage in it sinless. It is not so, for every man is a debtor, and we are all bound to consecrate ourselves and our all to the service of God and the promotion of his glory; and if we cannot go in person, we are bound the more to assist

and pray for those who are privileged to engage personally in evangelizing the heathen world. We are said to be the light of the *world*, and the salt of the *earth*, and not of the places or country in which we are born. Our influence is to be co-extensive with the human race and the expanse of the wide, wide world. By the very terms of the covenant and profession we have made in entering the Church of Christ, we bind ourselves to the performance of this duty. Looking at the matter in this light, or rather in the light of God's word, do we not see cause why he has touched us in our very heart of hearts, and thus caused us to re-consecrate ourselves to his holy cause? May our Church find in this afflictive dispensation, by means of which God has spoken so solemnly to us all, an admonition and warning that will not pass unheeded! Let none imagine for a moment that He intends us to withdraw our efforts to benefit the people of India. We have now a special call to prosecute our labours there, for the seed of martyrdom has been sown, and the harvest to be gathered is such as we have never been permitted to see before. Let us rather redouble our efforts, and show the heathen that we feel for them a love that is unquenchable, and the greater because nothing but the gospel can soften and change their vile and polluted hearts May God endow us more and more with this spirit of love for the poor, degraded, and blood-thirsty heathen of India!

CHAPTER XVI.

Concluding reflections—need of labourers—what kind—the qualifications necessary—Missionary character in India.

We have passed in review the nature and character of the work in which we, as a Mission, have been permitted to engage. We have considered the encouragements and discouragements attending the performance of this work. We have seen how full of promise and success our prospects were when God permitted the storm of mutiny to break in upon these labours, and scatter ruin and desolation on every side. We have seen our dear missionary friends, surrounded with danger from wicked men, fleeing from their post, and finally suffering a painful and bloody death on the Cawnpore parade-ground. But we have also seen, (however dark this dispensation may have appeared at first,) that God, by this very means, was effecting for India what no other instrumentality probably could ever accomplish; for He has not only removed some of the greatest obstacles to the spread of his truth, but caused his own people to realize, as never before, the importance and necessity of prayer for the influences of the Holy Spirit on the labours of his missionary servants. He has also so impressed the na-

tive mind with the power and reality of Christianity, as to give the cause a new impetus, and an influence for good, never before realized, though most ardently sought and longed for. And this leads us to turn to the young men in our Colleges and Theological Seminaries, and ask who of their number will come forward and be baptized for the dead? Who will enter this inviting field and gather the harvest so ready to be reaped? The call made by the death of so many labourers is surely one that should come home to the hearts of our young men, for it is the voice of the dead calling to the living, and who will turn a deaf ear to it?

The Directors of the East India Company find no difficulty in getting men to fill the places of those fallen in their service; but, on the contrary, have so many applicants that all cannot be sent. Shall it be said of our pious young men that they are not willing to go to India from a better motive than that of mere mercenary considerations? There never has been a time when missionaries were so much required as the present, and when the prospects of eminent success were so encouraging. We are now prepared for the most vigorous and energetic measures, and must call for reinforcements to be sent out and occupy the land. The present year has been noted for extensive revivals throughout our land, and especially in our Colleges, and we trust that the young men, who have been brought to the knowledge of the truth, will, in the ardour of their love, consider their duty to the heathen. God often

works by mysterious means, and the mutiny in India and the revival in America, seem to indicate that whilst He is preparing India by the removal of obstacles, and the formation of the native mind, He is also, by the outpouring of his Spirit, pointing our young men to a field of labour in which his glory is so much concerned. Let our young men consider the teachings of Divine Providence, and prepare themselves for this great work. Every student should give the subject of personal engagement in the work of Foreign Missions a careful and prayerful examination. This is a duty, the neglect of which has occasioned many sorrows in after life. The question for investigation should be, Where can I best accomplish the most good? And surely, when we contrast the wants of the home and foreign fields, we cannot but see that while one is cultivated to a great extent, the other is neglected and comparatively overlooked. It is a most remarkable fact that so far as we know there is scarcely a missionary living who regrets that he has left home, friends, and country to labour in building up Christ's kingdom abroad. There is a two-fold call made on our young men—one general, and the other particular. The first is contained in the command of our Saviour to preach the gospel to every creature; and the other made by the death of so many labourers, who have been taken from their earthly field to the higher and holier services of the sanctuary.

Concerning the qualifications necessary for those who devote themselves to this work, we need not

say much, as this is no new subject, but one that has been frequently discussed. They may also be inferred from the nature of the work, and the means employed for its success, both of which have been discussed in this volume. The kind of men needed in the Mission field are those of sound sterling talents and good accomplishments—men who are able to meet and satisfy minds of the most inquisitive cast, and also able to resolve the doubts of those who are given up to errors of the most subtle character. We need humble, quiet, and persevering men, with some natural aptitude to acquire a foreign language, and above all, men of yielding tempers, who live near to God, and are willing to labour under the most trying and perplexing discouragements. The missionary in India must have strong faith, and his piety must be cheerful and healthy, to enable him to triumph over difficulties, and bear up under the depressing influences of climate and spiritual deprivations. He must be a man of enlarged views, and in a great measure free to act on his own responsibility. It is a common remark that missionaries, as a class, are men of one idea, and this may have originated in that tendency of the mind which induces men to feel a deeper interest in those things more particularly engaging their thoughts. But however true this may be in most matters, it does not apply to the great work of evangelization in India and other parts of the world; for it is quite impossible for any one to realize to its fullest extent the importance and magnitude of the missionary

work. It is something which human conception cannot fathom, and the utmost devotion any one can give to it, is far short of that which the cause demands and the Saviour requires. And however exaggerated may seem the language and views of missionaries on this subject, it cannot be grasped by any of us to that degree that we can possibly overrate or even comprehend its nature and extent. Let none mistake our meaning. Our language and tempers may not always be what they should be, and our zeal may not be characterized by that heavenly wisdom becoming our characters; but our work is not of human device, and cannot be susceptible of any such charge; for it is God's work, and we cannot manifest sufficient zeal, or evince too great anxiety in representing its claims. We cannot show too great a devotion in labouring for its success, or even do enough for its accomplishment. Let us try to realize this more and more, and engage in the work with redoubled energy, and the day will not be far distant when the impurities of Hinduism and the proud bigotry of Islamism will be exchanged for the pure and substantial enjoyments of the Christian religion. Then "all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord; and all the kindreds of the earth shall worship before thee; for the kingdom is the Lord's, and he is the governor among the nations."

We feel that there could not be a better conclusion to this volume than the following remarks from the Calcutta Review, written by a layman, and one

thoroughly conversant with missionaries and their work in India:—

"We may as well say here respecting the missionary character, and missionaries themselves in general, as they have come under our observation, that we have been constrained to respect them very highly. We think they are a class of men much misjudged by most persons. The missionary character, in the abstract idea, is doubtless duly venerated; but somehow the missionary himself, in the actual living reality, is not estimated amongst us here in India, as we think he ought to be. People are inconsiderate. They seem to expect a missionary to be a man above the reach of human infirmity, and even of human feelings and human wants; a man of an anchorite's self-denial, an apostle's zeal, a giant's power, and an angel's disinterested devotedness. They conceive the idea of a sort of compound character, made up of the best features of many others, and seem to expect to find the idea realized in every missionary they meet. They take the heavenly mind and even the splendid talents of a Martyn, the untiring energy and great success of a Swartz, the deep humility of soul of a Brainerd, the laborious self-denial of an Eliot or a Judson, the resistless gentleness and winning of a Corrie, the solid sense, agreeable manners, and ready address of a Weitbrecht, and the physical energy and iron constition of a Lacroix, and forming to their imaginations a character composed of such elements, they seem to expect to find it wherever they find a missionary.

Of course they are disappointed: 'God,' as Cecil says, 'who alone could make such ministers, has not done so:' admirable Crichtons and Berkeleys, endowed with 'every virtue under heaven,' are but rarely seen in this degenerate world; but in their disappointment men are apt to fly to the other extreme, and think nothing of the man who has not every thing they fancied he had. But this is unreasonable and unfair. 'Every man,' says St. Paul, 'has his proper gift of God, one after this manner and another after that:' and though there are exceptions to what we are about to say, among the missionary body, we must in candor express it as our opinion that the missionaries, as a body, form the most truly respectable class of society in India:—respectable for their general ability, respectable for their usefulness and laboriousness, respectable for their high Christian character, and respectable above all (we mean more than any other class) for their disinterested and single-minded devotedness to India's good. Of no other men in the country can it be said, as a body, that they came to India only to seek the good of India and her people; and we must add, as the result of our own not very limited observation and experience, that amongst no other body are you so sure of meeting with a ready response and cordial co-operation, when you want to carry out any well-laid scheme for the real benefit, even of a merely temporal kind, of the sons and daughters of the land. We are well aware, and rejoice in the acknowledgment, that among the members of the pub-

lic services, civil, military, and clerical, there is a considerable, and perhaps an increasing proportion of persons, feeling a lively interest in such undertakings, and ready to lend them energetic and substantial aid; but of none others, that we are acquainted with, save and except the missionaries, can this be said, as a body, and of them it can. There are exceptions; but we have fonnd them but few. The people and the friends of India are sure of finding friends in them.

"The amount of labour gone through by a diligent and zealous missionary in India few persons are aware of. It is not merely going to preach now and then, or teaching a little in a school, with natives to help him. It is the constant and wearying pressure of many and often conflicting claims upon his time and his exertions, that wear him down. Most missionaries have more or less of a native Christian congregation to attend to, and some, as for instance those of the Church Missionary Society in the Kishnaghur district in Bengal, and of that and other societies in several parts of South India,—of many hundred members such as are considered more than enough to fill the time, and tax the energies of a strong man in the bracing air of Europe. But this is but a small part of the zealous missionary's charge. He has (in addition to the usual European requisites for ministerial usefulness) to acquire a full and familiar knowledge of perhaps two or three strange and difficult oriental tongues, so as to discuss in them not only ordinary matters of business

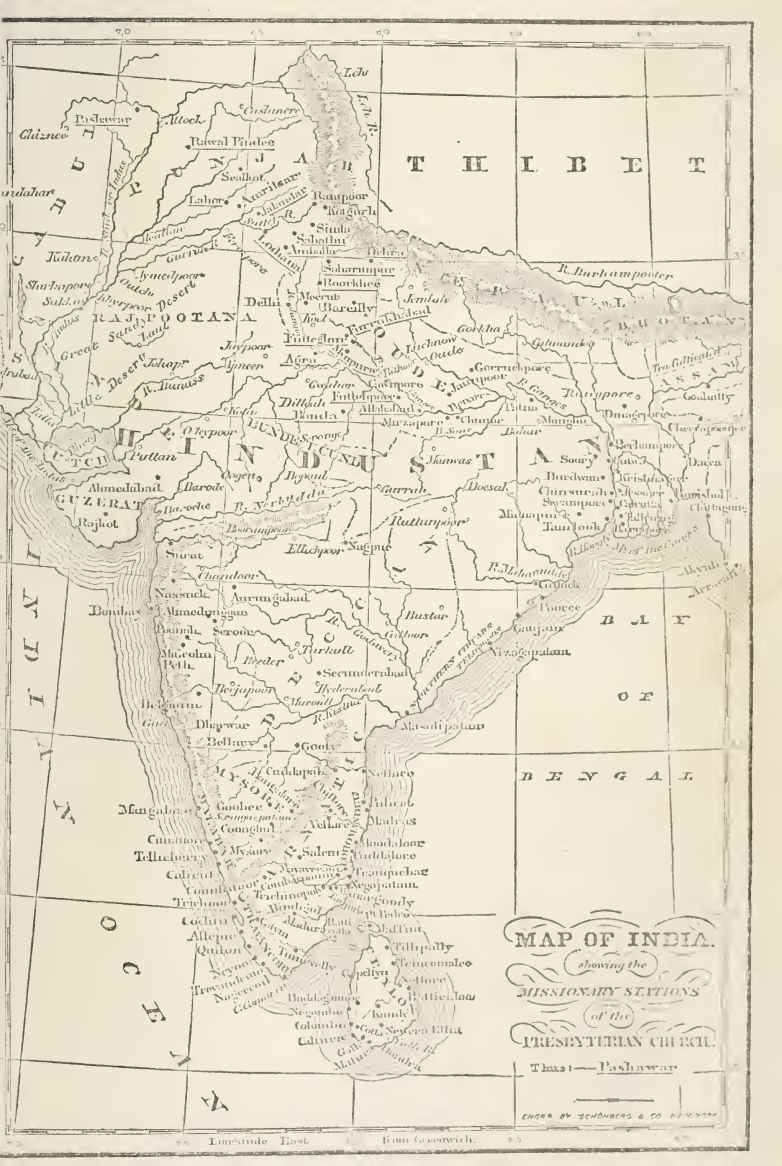
or routine (such as the planter or the Government servant has to do with), but abstruse religious doctrines and the niceties of eastern philosophy and metaphysics. Whilst he is learning these, his time is perpetually demanded, and his studies interrupted by the care of the before-mentioned native flock, by the concerns of his schools, of which he has probably two for native Christian children, boys and girls, in his mission compound, and two or three others in different parts of his district, at some miles distant from him and from each other; and none of these can go on at all satisfactorily without his frequent and steady superintendence. Missionary preaching tours occupy a good part of the season of the year when it is possible to itinerate in a country like India, and exclude everything else for the time.

"As he becomes known and respected amongst the people, he is constantly visited by inquirers, some seeking with a measure of sincere earnestness to know what is the true way of salvation; some coming merely out of curiosity,—like the Athenian idlers gathering round St. Paul,—to have a talk with the Sahib, and hear how he talks their language, and what he has to say about his religion, and about theirs; they want also to see how he lives in his house, and what kind of beings his wife and his children are. Some, again, come again and again, veiling their object under a thick cover of simulated concern about spiritual things, in hope of securing the Sahib's intercession with the neighbouring Judge

or Collector or other Government officer, for the obtaining a situation, or the decision of a lawsuit, or some such matter. All these persons the missionary thinks it right to attend to. It is impossible often to distinguish the sincere from the hypocritical; and even though it were not, he knows not but that God's mercy may have led, unknown to himself, even the curious questioner or the seeker of worldly advantage, to hear from him the words of life which will yet convert his soul. Hence the missionary receives and converses with all, usually giving them tracts or books to take with them to their homes. Besides, he is often the physician of the neighbourhood, and has, morning by morning, a crowd of applicants for medicine and medical advice, with which he endeavours to impart the 'Balm of Gilead' for the sin-diseased soul. He is not unfrequently, too, made (though we think he ought not to allow it) the arbiter in the disputes of his vicinity, and thus brings upon himself much trouble and annoyance.

"But whilst all this is going on, occupying and over occupying his mornings and his days, he feels the want of new books, or translations of books, for both his Christian flock and the unbelieving multitude. There is no one to prepare them but himself, or some brother missionary, who is no better off than himself. True, he is already pressed out of measure above strength, but the want is pressing too, and he sets to work, giving the brief occasional intervals of his interrupted days, and a portion of

his nights due to repose, to the work of composition or translation. In this way many of the now numerous religious books and tracts in the native languages have been prepared, and not a few of the translations of the Sacred Scriptures themselves. And this part of the work goes on silently and in private, whilst harshly judging persons are thinking that the missionary is indulging himself in ease. But even yet the missionary's labour is not at an end. In many places there is something of a European flock without a shepherd, to whom he feels bound to minister the word of life, hoping that the benefit done may revert in good to the work of missions; and though this is a labour which oftentimes brings much refreshment to the missionary's own spirit, still it is a labour, and consumes both time and energy. And in addition to all, he has to prepare reports for his Society, to keep up correspondence about his Mission, and frequently to collect some of the funds for its support; and as most missionaries have a family, some time and attention is required for their culture and instruction too, especially surrounded as they are by the uncongenial influences of a heathen land. Thus is the missionary pressed and worn down."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